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April, 1970

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TRUE WEST Frontier Times OLD WEST — PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

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There isn't a place on earth where the air is purer, where body health is more lavishly bestowed. No place where the words at the top of this page — live longer and better — fit more than they do in New Mexico.

And in all New Mexico itself it would be difficult to match the climate and beauty of the region surrounding Deming. As spectacular as the northern portion, but without the cold of winter. As dry and pure as Arizona, but not as hot in the summer. And, as actively vigorous and prosperous as the city you now live in, yet without the fever, without the tension.

To live anywhere in New Mexico is to live better. The superb climate, naturally air-conditioned in the summer and brilliantly sunny in the winter —the breathtaking beauty of a lavish Nature—the young vigor of a state that is causing a business and investment boom—these are the reasons that tens of thousands of Americans already have come here to live.

Consider then: Here in the center of this miraculous climate and beauty are towns which have grown amazingly in the last few years. Las Cruces, for example: In 1950 it had 12,000 people. By 1960, 37,000 . . . **a rise of 300% in 10 years**—and still growing. Like Tucson and Phoenix, this area has the same desert allure, where pure air, pure drinking water permits lovely towns to flourish. Statistics show the same 85% of possible sunshine, summer and winter, of Phoenix and Tucson.

Beginning 3½ miles from the flavorful city of Deming (population 10,000) are 24,000 acres of former ranches whose farthest boundary is 25 miles from town. Spectacularly set off by the breathtaking Florida Mountains, this land is so typical of the romance of the southwest that it has been photographed for the covers of many magazines. In this lovely basin every DEMING RANCHETTE fronts graded earth roads already dedicated to Luna County in widths of 50 and 80 feet. Every Ranchette has direct access to avenues leading to three major highways—U.S. Highways 80, 70 and brand new Interstate 10.

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Deming's friendliness captivates the fancy of people from every state in the Union. To visit us is like going back to the warmth of one's own family. Here are the practical benefits of living anywhere near Deming.

GOLF—The Rio Members Country Club Golf Course is right in Deming itself. It is a beautiful course with the Florida Mountains towering in the background. You play 12 months a year and green fees are very reasonable.

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HORSEBACK RIDING—You'll find the Florida Mountains enthralling. Bring along a treasure pouch and join other rockhounds seeking amethyst, agate and opal.

INVESTMENT — More than 18,000 people have bought Ranchettes through the mail and on site.

The new U.S. Interstate 10 is now being built with interchanges right in the heart of Deming. Consider other developments such as the new Retirement Home and the new road being built from Palomas, Mexico (33 miles south of Deming) into the interior of Mexico and you will agree with us that Deming has a tremendous future.

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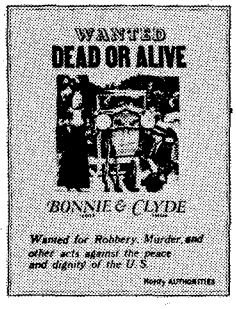

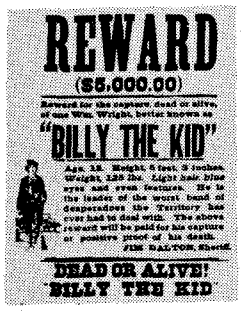

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March-April, 1970
Volume 17, No. 4
Whole No. 98

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

TRULY WESTERN 4
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 5
UNDERCOVER AGENT FOR WELLS FARGO ..... By Fred Dodge 6
BOB OLINGER AS I KNEW HIM ..... By Lily Casey Klasner 10
A TON OF COAL FOR BABY DOE ..... By Albert L. Durning 13
GUNFIGHT AT CUTTHROAT GAP ..... By Steve Wilson 14
CHUCKWAGON ETIQUETTE ..... By Jay J. Kalez 20
SHOSHONE WAR PARTY ..... By Victor H. White 22
WAGON TRACKS AGO ..... By C. L. Packer 24
CAPTAIN TOUGH AND HIS BUCKSKIN SCOUTS ..... By Joseph W. Snell 28
HOME BASE FOR THE MUSTANGERS ..... By Robert H. Thaxton 32
TWENTY NOTCHES ON HIS GUN ..... By Agnes Wright Spring 34
WILD OLD DAYS 36
TRAILS GROWN DIM 69
TUMBLEWEEDS ..... By Tom K. Ryan 72

Cover: Mark Storm

"Billy the Kid—One Moment from Freedom"

Artist's note: Just exactly how Billy's escape came about was known only to Billy himself since the other participants, Olinger and Bell, were killed on the spot. As to some of the details of the painting, I have tried to show Bell as relaxed and unaware; Billy as calm and cheerful, yet tense and apprehensive. The calendar is from a sample of that day and shows the month of April 1881. The table is the type mentioned as a relic of the Murphy-Dolan days. The card game is a cross between three-card poker and coon-can. The handcuffs and leg irons are like those on display in the Lincoln Museum. Looking through the window beyond Bell, the man in the black hat is Olinger who had taken a couple of other prisoners across the street to lunch. The building shown was replaced by the present-day structure around 1900. The mill in the background is as it is today and as it was then—given or take a cedar bush or two.

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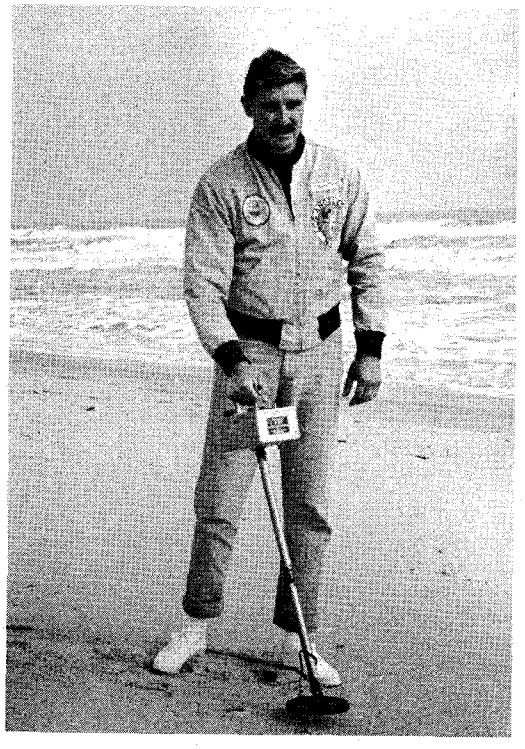
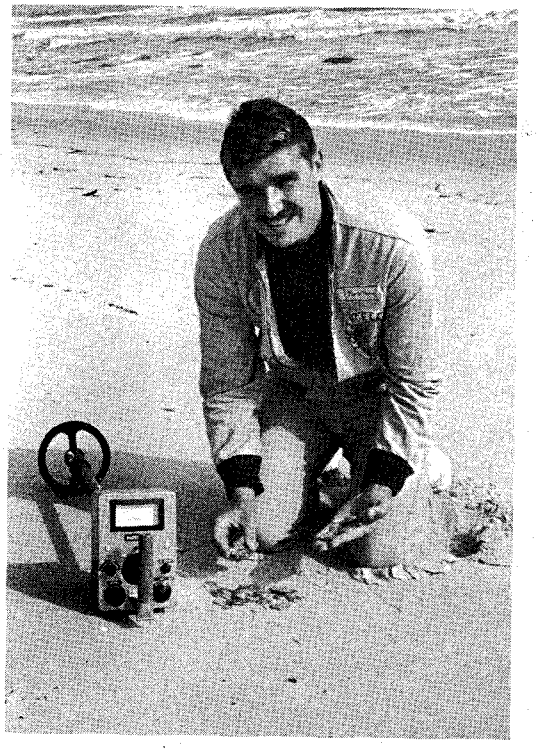


Robert Marx treasure hunting on Florida beach.



Robert Marx with coins found in less than 30 minutes with D-Tex Professional.

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Certified to by

Robert Marx

Robert Marx is at present associated with "REAL EIGHT" in Florida. When in Florida be sure to visit their fabulous treasure museum located at 8625 Astronaut Blvd., Cape Canaveral, Florida. You may purchase your D-TEX for beach combing from them and "STRIKE IT RICH".

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Truly Western

Our Own Acrostic!

Gentlemen:

I am sort of an old-timer, born in Colorado in 1893 in a mining camp called Perigo near Central City and Black Hawk. My father was a miner in the gold mines. I herewith express my feelings about your magazine which my wife and I greatly enjoy:

Thrilling tales of the early West,
Rich in memories old-timers like best!
Untimely deaths by a lynching mob,
Elusive bullion bandits sought to rob!

We who lived in those good old days
Extend our thanks for your Western ways,
Stories of by-gone scenes of the West—
Thanks again, we like TRUE WEST best!

—Herman H. Rudolph, 380 Adams Avenue, Pomona, California 91767

Postcards for Uncle Sam

Dear Friends:

Looking over those beautiful old cards in "Penny for Your Thoughts," December TRUE WEST, reminded me of something that happened in the mid-forties during the Second World War. I was a high school student in Odessa, Washington, and my class was involved in a Paper Drive for the War Effort. (We used a lot of capitals in those days.) One afternoon while loading paper onto a truck I ran across hundreds of old postcards. I kept loading, but in my heart I thought, "These should have never been donated!" Then I found an entire album containing postcards, valentines, calling cards, and a few old fans!

I would have been considered less than a patriot if I'd filched them, but today, looking back, I know exactly what should have been done!—Mrs. Peter A. (Shirley Heimbigner) Weber, 336 Sandalwood Drive, Calimesa, California 92320

Garcia Saddle

Dear W.P.:

I wonder if any of your readers would be able to tell me where the famous Garcia Saddle is at present? I have the history of it up to about 1920 and thought I might locate it in Elko. No one there, however, seems to know. And the State Historical Society of Nevada had no data on its present whereabouts.—Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring, P. O. Box 326, Longmont, Colorado 80501

Living on "Tasajo"

Dear Joe:

I have read *A Vaquero of the Brush Country* by J. Frank Dobie and in one chapter, mention is made of a staple diet Mexicans made from the flesh of longhorn cattle and called "tasajo."

When I was a youth in the '30s and reared by ranch people, the diet of my father's camp was tasajo. I always thought it "tasso." It was made by cutting the flesh of a yearling in strips and hanging the strips over a net-wire scaffold erected on four fence posts about four feet high. Then a slow fire, mostly smoke, was built under the meat, the flies minded off with a sweet-gum limb, and the meat smoked dry until it would keep in summertime without spoiling.

After this process was complete, the tasajo was put in a tow sack and carried aboard the wagon or used in camp to make the tastiest stew one could eat. The daily menu was stew, cooked and served with plenty of potatoes and onions, rice, pinto beans, biscuit, syrup and strong coffee.

I am glad to know that tasajo is Spanish for jerky or *carne asada*.—Frank Abshier, Route 1, Box 89, Liberty, Texas 77575

Inyo County Ghosts

Dear Friends:

I greatly enjoyed the article "How to Tame a Town," featuring Keeler, California, which appeared in the October 1969 TRUE WEST. It happens that Keeler is one of my favorite ghost towns and I have visited it many times over a period of about thirty years.

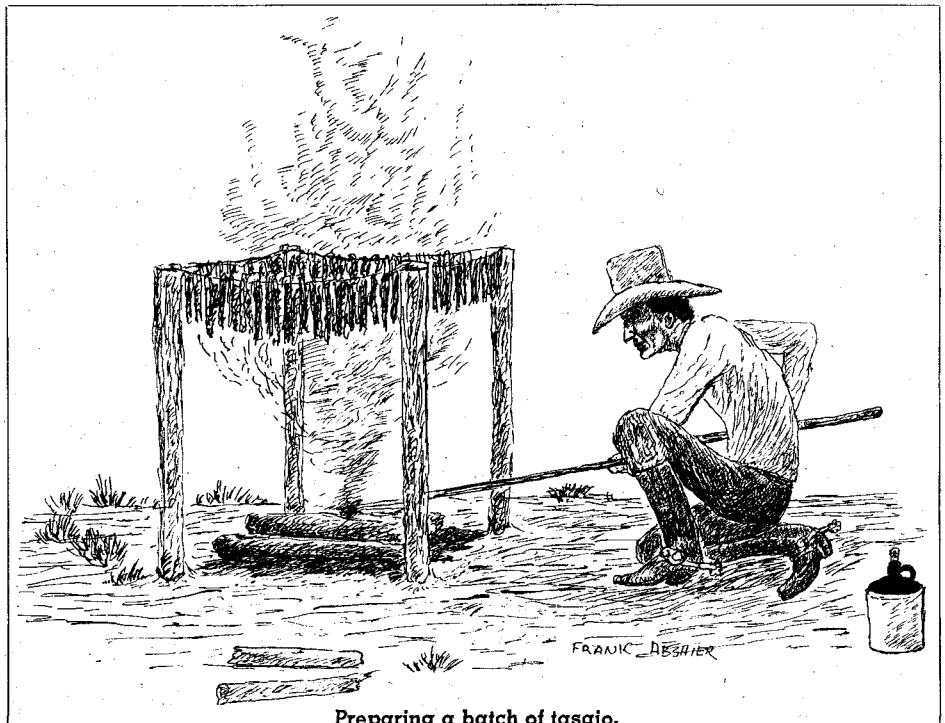
The last time I was there (about a year ago) cruising about the place, I estimated that there were something like 50 or 60 inhabitants. Up until about a dozen years ago there was an aerial tram which in earlier days was used for transporting ore (lead and silver) to Keeler from the mines located at Cerro Gordo high up in the adjacent Inyo Mountains.

This tram was dismantled and I understand it was re-erected someplace in the Columbus Salt Marsh area of Nevada. Keeler was the southern terminus of a narrow gauge railroad, the train being known as the Slim Princess. In later years it carried only freight. The rails were removed some years ago but the old railway depot still stands. According to the best authority, Keeler once had a population of 7,500.

Inasmuch as some of your readers might wish to visit this area I am going to pinpoint it for you. It is on the northeast edge of the dry bed of Owens Lake in Inyo County, California. From Los Angeles, it is about 235 miles and then about 15 miles east of the town of Lone Pine.

A short distance west of Keeler are several old buildings which are the remains of an old town known as Swansea. Then there is another interesting ghost town about twenty-five miles east of Keeler—the famous, and infamous, old mining town of Darwin. There are numerous buildings here, and there is a small population. It was to this location

(Continued on page 68)



Preparing a batch of tasajo.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

GREAT GUIDE

Texas, A Guide to the Lone Star State (Hastings House, $8.95) is a new and completely revised edition of the volume in the American Guide Series that first appeared in 1940. The text, maps, and numerous illustrations are new and reflect the progress and changes of the past thirty years in this reviewer's home state. He was pleased that editor Harry Hanson and the publisher chose to use a number of fine photographs from his old agency, the Soil Conservation Service, to show the dramatic improvements in the farm and range lands. Having had a hand in getting the conservation work underway during the compiling of the 1940 *Guide* and having flown and driven over much of the state in recent years, he can assure the reader that the photographs truly reflect overall progress, not isolated examples. The skylines of the cities, the Astrodome in Houston, NASA, oil drilling in the Gulf, Big Bend National Park, and the Tower of the Americas in San Antonio are among the new features pictured and described in this rewritten guide. In fact the pictorial maps on the end sheets and the chapter heads and end drawings plus a couple of portraits seem to be about the only carry-overs from the 1940 *Guide*. This is a must for Texans as a reference and visitors should buy it well ahead of time to help plan their trips and then take it with them. There are a few minor errors—J. Frank Davis (not Dobie) was the State Supervisor when the 1940 *Guide* was compiled; Siringo's *Riata and Spurs* was published in 1927 (not 1912) and there is a serious doubt that his *A Texas Cowboy* was issued as a paper-back as early as 1886 (1890 to 1893 seems more likely) as the known copies of the 1885 and 1886 isues are all clothbound. Such quibbling is perhaps out of place in view of the tremendous merits of this book as a travel guide. Strongly recommended.

ARKANSAS OUTPOST

Fort Smith; Little Gibraltar on the Arkansas (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95) by Edwin C. Bearss and A. M. Gibson is a detailed history of the first United States army bastion in the turbulent Southwest. Established in 1817, the fort was intermittently occupied by the army until 1871 when it became headquarters for the Federal Court for the Western District of Arkansas and the famous "Hanging Judge Parker." By

order of Richard Graham, Secretary of War, Commanding General Andrew Jackson of the Southern Department, directed Major William Bradford to establish the fort at Belle Point on the Arkansas River. His charge was to "take all proper measures for the restoration of peace, and the preservation of harmony between the Osage and Cherokee tribes." The Cherokees, recently settled in Indian Territory from the Southeast were unwelcome, to say the least, by the indigent Osages. Indian uprisings, treaty making, exploration, law and order, whiskey commerce, intrigue, politics, communications, supply problems, disease, desertion, internal strife, and war all shaped the activities and destinies of the fort and its troops. Men mustered from the army after five years of service were given free land on the public domain or they squatted on Indian lands. Fort Smith was a Confederate stronghold during the early years of the Civil War, but was captured and became a Union bastion. In 1961 it was made a National Historical Site. Bearss is an historian with the National Park Service and Gibson is professor of history and curator of the Western History Collection of the Stovall Museum at the University of Oklahoma.

LINKING

One of the most significant and inspiring moments in the history of Western America was the linking together of the east and west coasts by a continuous railroad system completed at Promontory, Utah, May 10, 1869. The centennial celebration of this event has brought forth several well-written and profusely illustrated books to portray the toils, troubles, triumphs of the Union Pacific and Central Railroads. *The Track Going Back; A Century of Transcontinental Railroading, 1869-1969* (Amon Carter Museum, Ft. Worth, $4.95) by Everett L. De Golyer, Jr. is a report encompassing the completion of the transcontinental railroad, the role of railroads in the past one hundred years, and the end of the railroad as a passenger service. As the railroad was the ultimate in transportation one hundred years ago, jet air travel is the ultimate today and for the foreseeable future. The book includes over 100 photographs and accompanying narrative depicting all phases of railroad building, operations, and decline. The romance of the railroads, new relegated to history, is well-documented and preserved through such books as *The Track Going Back.*

WINNING THE WEST

Negroes in the Early West (Julian Messner, $3.95) by Olive W. Burt and illustrated by Lorence F. Bjorklund is a tribute to early Western black men for young readers. Chapters are included on explorers, mountain men, business men, soldiers, cowboys and women. Some of the principals such as Estavanico, The Black; Jim Beckwourth, mountain man; Jean Pointe de Sable, the halfbreed; George W. Bush, wagonmaster; and a few others are covered in some detail. Many of the others barely receive honorable mention. The illustrations by Bjorklund are good, but unfortunately "York" of Lewis and Clark fame (on page 23) is captioned as "Fremont's trusted companion."

In his book *Breeds and Half-Breeds* (Clarkson N. Porter, Inc. $7.50) Gordon Speck honors the vanguard heroes with Indian blood who helped Caucasians explore the unknown West. The white pathfinders needed the services of guide-interpreters conditioned to the native environment who could negotiate with local Indians for food, trade and safe passage. Hundreds of these mediators with Indian blood, plus a few white and black men with Indian wives, cooperated to hasten the westward march of Anglo-Americans. Some of those recognized are: Chief Matonabee who helped Samuel Hearne traverse the Canadian barrens from Hudson's Bay to the Arctic Ocean and disproved the theory of the Northwest Passage by sea; Jim Beckwith (name spelled variously) and the Negro, Ed Rose, who became Crow Indian leaders and squaw-men, served a number of pioneer adventurers and mountain men; and slippery Pierre Dorian Jr. of Missouri River fame, who worked for Manuel Lisa and others. Toussaint Charbonneau, long obscured behind Sacajawea's fame, gets the fair biographical treatment he deserves. Also included are notes, bibliography, index, 50 contemporary prints and illustrations and 15 maps.

GERONIMO!

Odie B. Faulk's *The Geronimo Campaign* (Oxford University Press, $6.00) is a searching and informative study of frontier and army politics as related to the Apache Wars. The author had the privilege of using the material on the campaign and its aftermath gathered over four decades by Charles B. Gatewood, Jr. His father, Lieut. Charles B. Gatewood, a friend of the Apaches and leader, from time to time, of a band of Apache scouts, found Geronimo in Mexico and talked him into returning to the U. S. to surrender to General Nelson A. Miles. Miles resented any credit being given Gatewood for the surrender and used the occasion to further his own career. The Gatewood Collection, including hundreds of photos, is now in the library of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society at Tucson. Notes, a bibliography, an index, end sheet maps and carefully selected (several from the Gatewood Collection) photos enhance the text. A major contribution to the history of the Apache Wars.

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UNDERCOVER AGENT FOR WELLS FARGO

The name of Fred Dodge seems curiously familiar, and yet even historians of the American West may be hard pressed to identify him. He is not the Dodge of Dodge City. There is no evidence that he ever visited Dodge City in Kansas, and in any case Dodge City was a landmark of the westward push before Fred Dodge was born. But the name leads the mind down an appropriate path; Fred Dodge, heretofore almost unnoticed in history, helped more than most men to push the Southwest across the threshold of time away from the tyranny of the badman in mining camps where law and order found scant vogue.

At Tombstone in 1881 he steps off a stagecoach, sent from San Francisco as undercover agent to protect Wells Fargo banking and commerce against a deadly concentration of frontier outlaws, and he is met by Wyatt Earp—but only because Wyatt is expecting his brother Morgan, and Dodge closely resembles him.

Dodge always succeeded in evading the limelight. His nature and his job required that he be just off the stage of tumult but never out of action; he was the prompter in the wings, the conductor in the pit, the scrim man in the flies.

Now the story of Fred Dodge emerges from a padlocked old wooden Wells Fargo box found on the bottom of a closet in San Diego by the daughter of the late Stuart N. Lake. . . . Lake's littered studio was a sanctum in which Lake found communion with the Southwest of half a century earlier, and where his wife and daughter seldom ventured. Lake kept his own counsel as he pondered the world of Fred Dodge. No one close to Lake knew what the Wells Fargo box held. When Dodge died in 1938 at the age of eighty-four, one of the last peace officers of the frontier, Lake knew he was sole custodian of an important historical link in the American West. Shortly before the Second World War, Dodge's widow turned over to Lake the last of his diaries and notes. But wartime service and bad health intervened. Lake died in 1964 without bringing Dodge Onstage.—Neil Morgan, October, 15, 1968.

By FRED DODGE
Edited By CAROLYN LAKE

—bandits and biscuits

Reprinted from **Undercover for Wells Fargo: The Unvarnished Recollections of Fred Dodge**, Edited by Carolyn Lake. Published by Houghton-Mifflin Co., Boston. Copyright 1969 by Carolyn Lake.

Introductory Note: For some time after my father's death in 1964, I was sorting out his studio of more than forty years, and when I came to an old wooden Wells Fargo box on the floor of a closet, I wondered what I was going to find. It was one of the last things I investigated because the box had a heavy padlock on it and no key around the studio would fit. I put off prying loose a board. Eventually, when I did and saw the contents, I recalled the Dodge letters in the files and upon reading one from Mrs. Dodge laughed to find her saying *she* had pried a board off that box too, as there was no key to fit. She just nailed the board back on and shipped the box that way. Stuart Lake had opened it once again and later put it back as it was. So I had to break in, too. What I found was a small but valuable piece of American history in Fred Dodge's journals, written in an inimitable style by a man of great character, subtle wit, compassion, and loyalty.

Fortunately, he was prompted in his later years to record details he recalled of his exciting life of loyal service to Wells Fargo and adventure on the American frontier. These reminiscences are offered to the reader as they occurred to Fred Dodge. They are purposely not rewritten in terms of the late twentieth century.—Carolyn Lake, September, 1968.

SHORTLY after January 1887, there was a Train Robbery just South of Nogales. The work was done by 3 men—2 of which was arrested by Rurales under my friend, Colonel Kosterliski, and through this source I learned the name of the man who had made his escape into Arizona. (The Robbery was in Sonora.) I knew the man well—Bill Taylor was his name. Taylor was in rather bad Standing in Arizona and was on the Dodge from Officers, but he was not much in Dainger from them, for all most

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Every one was in sympathy with him for what he had done. He was driving a Freight team of 6 mules and there was another team with him of 6 mules belonging to the same man. Taylor had not been paid for a long time and had continually tried to get them to pay him something but was not able to do so. One night, he took both Teams and took them over the Line into Sonora and hid them out, and then sent word to the owners that when they sent him what was oweing to him that he would return the mules—but they thought that they would catch him and send him up, and while all this was pending, Bill Taylor got into this Train Robbery.

I Knew about where he would be hiding out and where he would get his Grub—it was just inside of the Sonora line and I had no apparent jurisdiction, but I was fixed up all right by my friend, Colonel Kosterliski. As I Neared the place, I caught sight of a man going into an Arroyo just behind the House. I knew this was Taylor, for I would know him as far as I could see him. I knew that Taylor would watch me and I stopped at the House and the man come out—this man that Kept this place was a friend of mine and I could rely on him to truthfully give me any information that he had. I just set on my horse and talked to him—I asked him if Taylor was around there and he told me that he had just gone up the Arroyo.

I stayed long enough to show Taylor that I was not in a hurry, and then rode along, taking the trail that led through the Arroyo, which was a Saddle trail on a cut off to Fronteras. I had not gone far when I saw Bill standing by a mesquite tree close to the Trail—he had his

Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano

Fred J. Dodge in 1906.
Photo from **Undercover for Wells Fargo: The Unvarnished Recollections of Fred Dodge**

The last run of the old Modoc Stage, in Tombstone, Arizona.
Courtesy Arizona State Library

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Winchester, and I sort of halted a little, like I was surprised at seeing him, and started right along, saying, "Hello, Bill. What are you doing here?" And he said to me, "Don't come any Closer, for I am not going to be Arrested." I did not stop my horse any but I kept right on talking, saying, "What is the matter with you? I don't care a thing about those mules, and if you had them here with you, I would go right along on my way—I am going to Fronteras."

By that time, I was up close to where he was. I did not fool myself any, for I knew that Bill was a sure Shot and that he would be hard to take, if he ever thought that I wanted him for that train Robbery. He had told me to stop several times, and I finally stopped and got right off my horse, saying, "I am as tired as a Dog for I have ridden a long time." I set right down on the ground and Commenced to make a Cigarette. Bill stood off by the tree, and he said to me, "Where you from?" I told him that I Stayed with Frank Leslie last night.

Courtesy Tex Shannon

Arizona Rangers and Mexican Rurales meet at the Arizona-Sonora line. Left to right, Lt. John Brooks, 1st Sgt. Arthur A. Hopkins, Capt. Thomas H. Rynning, Col. Emilio Kosterlitzky (friend and confidant to Fred Dodge) leader of the Rurales, a trumpeter and a sergeant.

I KNEW that Bill knew the Country and I had to make my rides right—so as he would know that I was right. He then asked me what the news was in Tombstone. (Now, this Train Robbery took place 3 Days before.) I told him that I did not know any, for I had not been in Tombstone for over a week and then I kept right on counting back—I saw that Bill was thinking. He asked me what I was going to Fronteras for and I told him that I was going to try and get Jesus Escalente—that I had a tip about him and thought I could get him. Bill knew about Escalente and that he had shot at me and that I had shot at him. And I got quite Confidential about the tip that I had—I just had to keep Bill interested. I was sure I could beat him to it, if I could get a chance. Bill told me I had better look out for myself for Escalente would kill me if he got the chance.

I made another cigarette, and asked Bill if he wanted one. He said, "Yes, I have no Tobacco and Papers with me." I told him to take mine, for I had some more in my Saddle Pocket and I pitched the Sack and Papers over to him. He Come to where they were and Set down on his feet like I was setting—and as every one set in those days. When he come to Roll the Cigarette, he had to have two hands and he laid his Winchester acrosst his legs—I Knew that it was my time, and I sure went fast. I had him covered and told him to get his hands up quick, or I would sure have to drill him—he got them up. And then I told him to get up, which he did, and the Winchester then fell to the Ground. I made him step away from it and turn arround and then I had my Gun shoved against his Back. I then took his Six Shooter and then I put the Handcuffs on him which I had in my Pocket, Searched him thougherly, unloaded the Guns, made him Get on my Horse, tied the Handcuffs to the Horn of the Saddle and tied his legs together under the Horse, Got up behind him, and Started for Bisbee about 8 miles away. When I got there, I got a good team, and borrowed a pair of Leg Irons and fastened Bill to the Buggy so that he could not reach me and I drove into Nogales before Sun up.

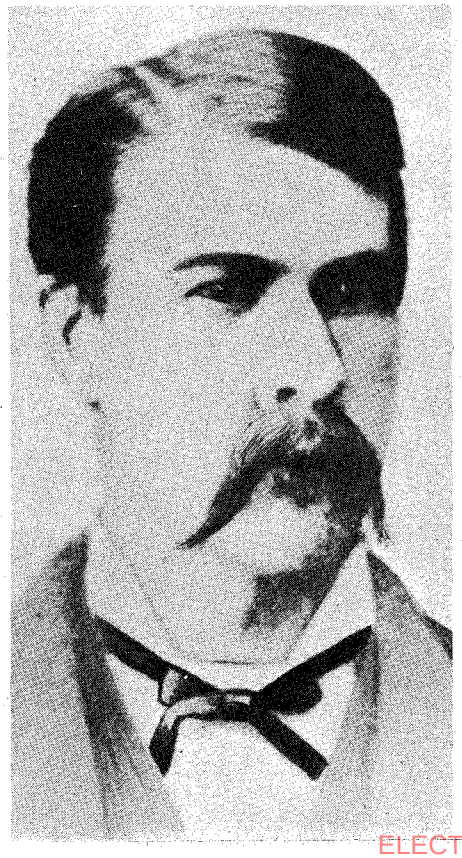
It would take about 3 months to Extradite a prisoner Either way, and where there was no question as to the Guilt of the Accused, there was a working agreement between the Officers on both sides of the line.

The most prominent Saloon in Nogales was built right on top of the line—part of this Saloon was in Mexico and part of it in Arizona. Right where the Cigar Stand joined onto the Bar was the Line, and the Line was Marked across the Floor of the Saloon.

I had turned Bill Taylor over to the Officers at Nogales, Arizona. That Evening, Taylor was up town with the Officers to Eat, and then they went into the Saloon, and while there, there was a fist fight Started, and in the *mele* the Officers and Bill Taylor were pushed, while getting out of the way, across the Line. Col. Kosterliski's men were there in the Saloon, and when they Saw Taylor across the line, they arrested him, and then he was in the hands of the Officers of Mexico and within the Jurisdiction of the State of Sonora, Mexico, where he was wanted for Train Robbery, which Crime was, in that Country, at that time —upon Conviction—Punishable by Death. Two of the men had allready turned State's Evidence and made Confessions—Bill Taylor, later on, also confessed.

Morgan Earp, whom Dodge resembled.

Courtesy the Western History Collection, University of Oklahoma Library



Virgil Earp was ready for action and accompanied Dodge and the other lawmen in search of the robbers.

Courtesy the Western History Collection, University of Oklahoma Library

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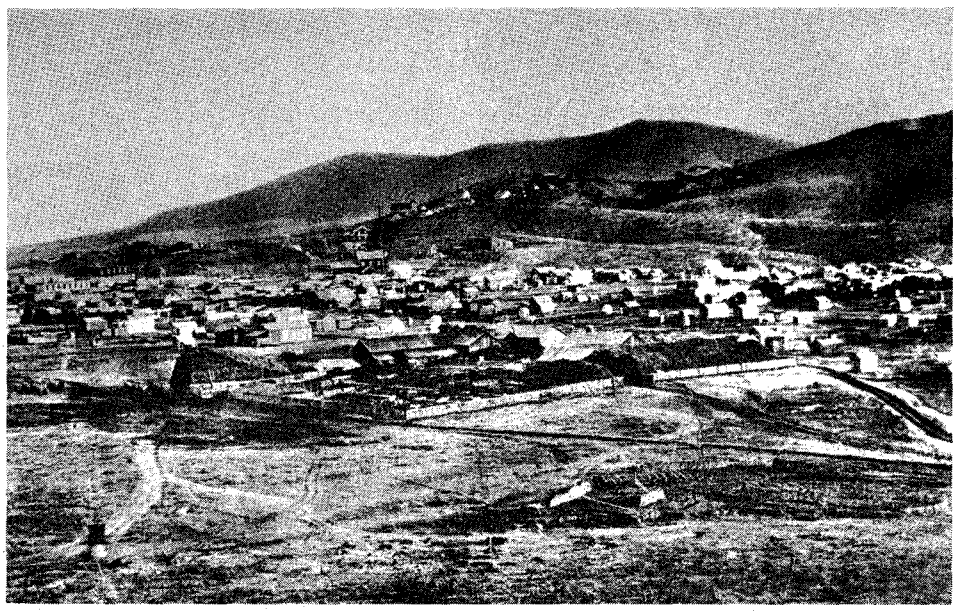


Courtesy Arizona State Library

Bird's-eye view of Tombstone in 1880.

Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco

John Thacker, special officer for Wells Fargo Express.

SOON AFTER THIS, I lost my Dep., Charley Smith—he was Shot and never did ride any more. About a year before this there had been a fight between Charley Smith and Charley Cunningham, in which Cunningham was Shot in the Leg. They were both of them my friends, and I got them together, and they had a talk, and then Burried the Hatchet.

There was a man by the name of Lazzard—a 6 footer, and nearly as dark as a Mexican. He did not like Charley Smith or Charley Cunningham—this I knew—but he posed as the friend of Each of them. I had cautioned both of them against Lazzard, but he kept working on them, carrying his lies from one to the other, untill he finally had them worked up to where it would take very little to Start them going. I had been out considerable of the time, and could not Keep up with them very well, but I knew what Lazzard would do, for he was as unscrupable as a Snake and as daingerous as a Den of Snakes.

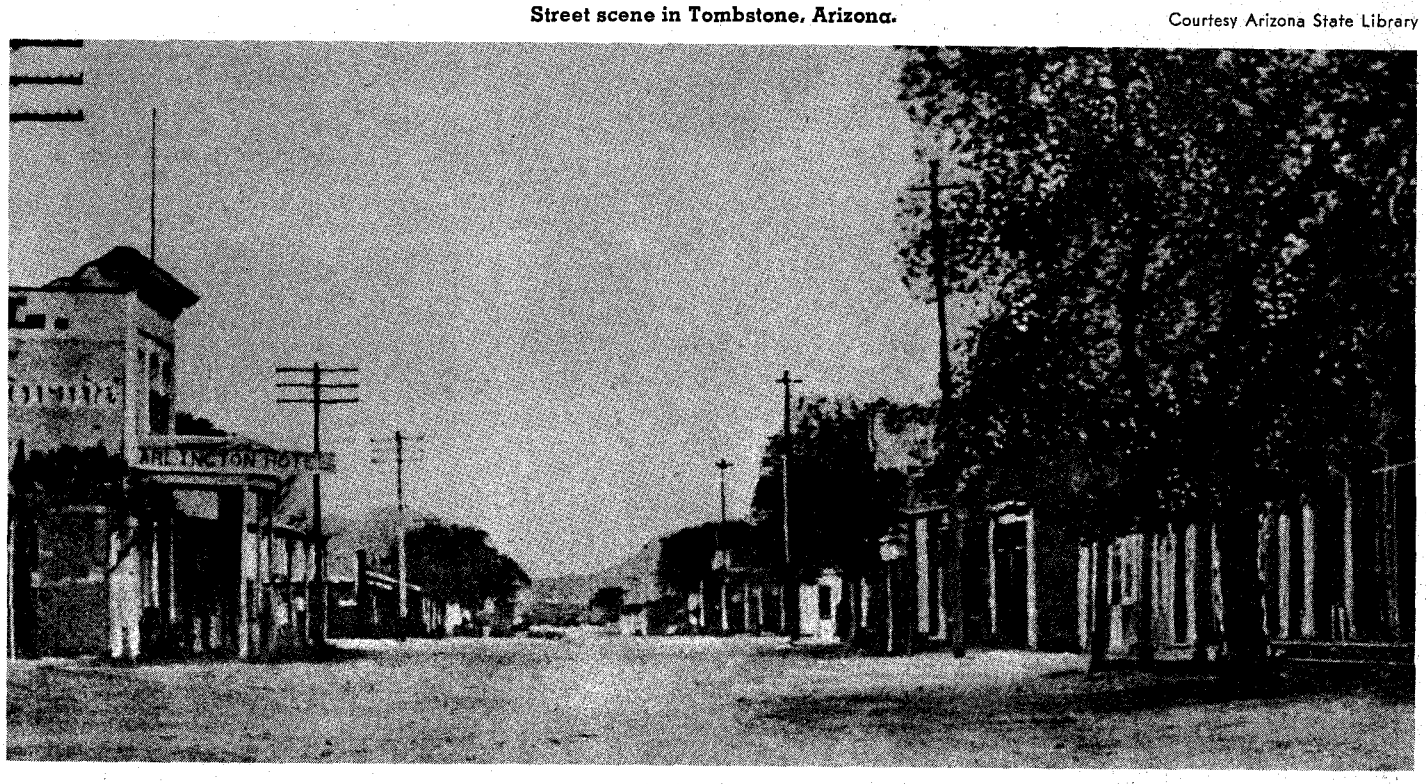
I come in one night near Midnight, and had just put my Horse away, and got back up town. I was at the Oriental Saloon when I heard Shots down Allen Street some where. I soon heard that Cunningham had Shot Smith, and they had taken Charley Smith into Pony Brown's Saloon—I got right down there and they had laid him on a table. One of his Legs was broken and when I got to the Door of the room, there was Lazzard holding the Leg. I Stopped in the Door and Said, "Lazzard, you would-be Murdering Son of a Gun, turn that man's leg loose and get out of here, You Cowardly Cur." My language was not as mild as I have put it here, for at that time, it was strongly Emphasized, and much more forceable than Polite—I was mad and Sore. Lazzard got out, and out of town that Night. He very soon left the Country, and I have never seen him since.

Dr. Goodfellow got there immediately, and he Said that Charley's Hip Bone was shattered all to pieces, And he told me that there was very little hope of saving

(Continued on page 39)

Street scene in Tombstone, Arizona.

Courtesy Arizona State Library



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One small voice convincing—but

BOB O

By LILY CASEY KLASNER
Edited By EVE BALL
Photos Courtesy Author

Illustration by B. D. Titsworth

Explanatory note: There are always two sides to every story, and sometimes, as in this case, many. But a defense of Bob Olinger is rare, and contrary to the generally accepted opinion. If Lily Casey Klasner was correct in her estimate of Bob Olinger's character, she has indeed shown us the dark side of the moon. The consensus of those who have studied the details of the Lincoln County War is quite opposite.

Maurice Garland Fulton, who collaborated with Lily Klasner in writing her account, definitely could not subscribe to her opinion of Bob Olinger. His *History of the Lincoln County War,* completed and edited by Robert N. Mullin, clearly indicates this. But Col. Fulton was writing not his own account but that of Lily Klasner.

The incident of the meeting at Fritz Spring in which Bob Olinger captured Frank Coe, took him to Lincoln, and aided him to escape, even returning his pistol, was contradicted by Frank Coe, who said that it was Wallace Olinger, Bob's brother who figured in that occurrence. This has been substantiated by Coe's daughter, Edith Coe Rigsby, and numerous other sources.

The circumstances attendant upon the killing of John Jones, too, have been questioned. However, Mrs. Klasner's account is the generally accepted one. But the Jones family, who got their information from Jim Ramer, have a different story. Jim Ramer, who had witnessed the killing of John and went to Seven Rivers to inform the family of John's death, gave a different report, but warned the family that if it were known that he had told them the truth he would be killed. He added that he had been told that before leaving the camp of Pearce and Paxton to inform the family of John's death and bring a wagon for the return of the body.

There was bitter enmity between the Casey family and the J. J. Dolan Group because of a dispute over the ownership of the Feliz ranch which Tunstall purchased. This was based upon the claim made by the Caseys on squatters' rights, a customary but perhaps not legal basis of ownership, fast losing force because surveying had been begun; and without a survey a warranty deed could not be obtained.

There was, and still is, a well authenticated belief that Lily Casey was engaged to marry Bob Olinger, and that

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against a multitude of detractors is not very
this young woman's loyalty never wavered

LINGER

AS I KNEW HIM

Courtesy the Western History Collection, University of Oklahoma Library

Bob Olinger's killer, William H. Bonney, better known as Billy the Kid.

consequently she may have been deceived as to his character. She wrote that after her father was murdered, her mother had a struggle to hold her land and cattle. Shortly before Bob Olinger was killed by Billy the Kid, he had gone to Mrs. Casey and arranged to take over the management of her property for an annual cash payment to her of $5,000. He had informed Lily's mother that Dolan might defraud an elderly, crippled widow of her property, but that he, Olinger, would defend it and make her secure in its ownership.

It should be recalled, too, that there were perhaps thirty-five to forty young men to every girl at that time, and that young women were undoubtedly the recipients of much attention. Bob Olinger had no time to keep any promises, either of matrimony or property management, for about a week later he was killed.

After the death of Olinger, his six-shooter, field glasses, and gauntlets were given to Lily Casey, and she cherished them as long as she lived. Though there is no verification for the report, it was rumored and believed that Lily carried Bob Olinger's six-shooter in a large black leather bag which she used as a purse. This bag was much larger than those carried at the time, and whether or not the report was true, it was accepted by her contemporaries.—Eve Ball.

AS NO FULL and unprejudiced account of the Lincoln County War exists [in 1927], many of the participants have been misunderstood and even misinterpreted. To the present generation none of this seems more nearly true than in the case of Bob Olinger. Emerson Hough in his *The Story of the Outlaw*, published in 1905, gave a lengthy account of the Lincoln County troubles with which he had become familiar through hearsay during his stay at White Oaks in 1883 or 1884. For some reason for which I am unable to account, Emerson Hough chose to depict Bob Olinger in the darkest colors. Hough had every opportunity to make inquiries and to ascertain just what sort of man Bob Olinger was, but he possibly contented himself with getting information from some person who from envy was hostile to Bob.

The unfair picture of Bob Olinger became greatly intensified at the hands of Walter Noble Burns in his *Saga of Billy the Kid*. Burns' tendency to write in the style of the dime novel led him to endow Bob with all the customary attributes of the conventional villain of melodrama.

In the face of this misrepresentation I feel that the time has come to break a silence I have kept for nearly fifty years, despite many requests to break it, and to try to get a friend in a truer light.

The Olingers came originally from Ohio to the West and settled for a while in the Indian Territory. When Bob Olinger came to New Mexico in 1876, he went first to the Seven Rivers section of Lincoln County. His brother, Wallace, had come to that part of the country a few years previously, and had gone into the cattle business in partnership with W. A. Johnson, the son-in-law of Hugh M. Beckwith. As Wallace did well with his cattle it was logical for him to eventually get his younger brother, whose full name was Robert Ameridth Olinger to join him. Their mother, Mrs. Staffored [Safford], came out with Bob, and they lived for a time in one of the houses on the Beckwith place. I give these details about the Olingers because I wish to make it clear that Bob and Wallace Olinger did not belong to the class known in those times as renegades, but in reality were decent, industrious folk who had come to New Mexico because of business opportunities.

Bob was a quiet young man who worked faithfully for Hugh Beckwith for a time as foreman on the ranch. He was not drawn into any of the earlier incidents of the Lincoln County War. He was not, for instance, in the deputy sheriff's posse under Billy Matthews that went out to the Feliz ranch in February 1878, and whose visit led to the killing of John H. Tunstall. That posse had been largely recruited from among those living on the Rio Pecos and in the vicinity of Seven Rivers; but Bob Olinger did not go along although his brother Wallace, was summoned and did become a member of the posse. It is almost certain that Bob knew of the getting together of the crowd and, if he had really been the bloodthirsty, swashbuckling kind of young man he is said to have been, he would most certainly have gone.

BOB OLINGER made his appearance first in the crowd of twenty-five Seven Rivers Warriors who, under the

Bob Olinger's last effort was made heading for this building. He was blasted with his own shotgun from an upstairs window by the Kid.

Courtesy the Western History Collection, University of Oklahoma Library

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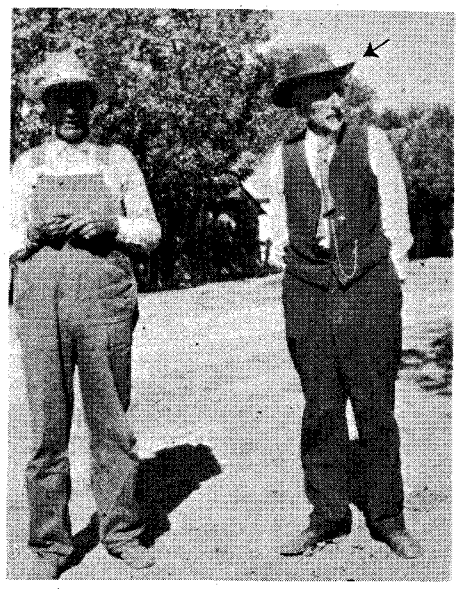

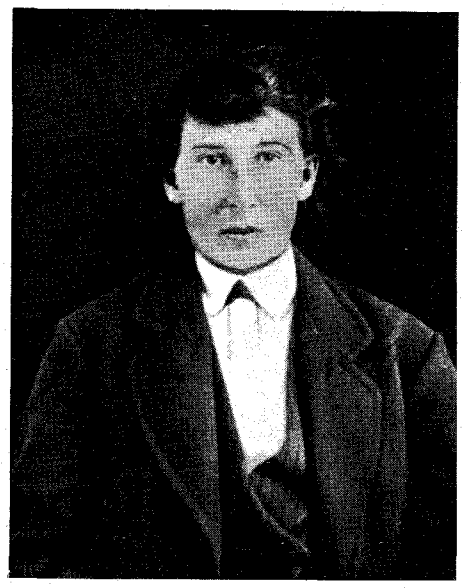

Courtesy Mrs. Edith B. Rigsby, Alamogordo, New Mexico

At left, Frank B. Coe at age 21. At far left, Frank B. Coe later on in years.

leadership of Marion Turner, started toward Lincoln in the summer of 1878 to settle this trouble or fight it out. At the Fritz ranch, Marion Turner's crowd unexpectedly came across three men belonging to the Brewer side: Frank McNab [MacNabb], Frank Coe and Al [Ab] Sanders. Despite the great difference in numbers, shooting began between the two groups. McNab was killed, Sanders wounded, and Frank Coe hemmed up in a cave [arroyo]. It was Bob Olinger who vigilantly kept the arroyo under the range of his pistol. He told me afterwards how Frank Coe would thrust out his pistol every few minutes and take a shot at him; then he would shoot at Coe. Although his bullets could not reach Coe they cut away a good deal of the bank which protected the man. When Coe's supply of ammunition was exhausted he called out that he was willing to surrender. Bob used to say that he was glad to end the affair in that manner, for he and Frank Coe were not in any sense personal enemies. Their shooting at each other was owing to the fact that they were on opposite sides of the feud raging in Lincoln County.

Frank Coe was taken prisoner and carried with the Seven River Warriors to Lincoln where he was placed in the Murphy store and left with Bob Olinger as guard. The next morning when shooting began at the other end of the town Bob itched so to get into it that he left his prisoner to shift for himself. In doing so he showed his respect for the amenities of warfare in a nice way. Knowing that Frank Coe was unarmed and at the mercy of any of Marion Turner's men who might want to kill him, Bob before leaving him, handed back Coe's pistol and said, "Take this, Frank, and use it if you need to protect yourself." I mention this incident to show what strain there was in the Olingers.

Bob Olinger was in Lincoln during the subsequent fighting which lasted three days and terminated in the burning of the McSween house and the killing of McSween. His part in the fighting does not seem to have been especially outstanding as was that of others, including Marion Turner, Joe Nash, John and Jim Jones, Bob Beckwith, Andy Boyle, and Buck Powell. Toward the end of the fight when the McSween house was being consumed by fire Bob Olinger was in the group in front of and near the McSween place and he witnessed the driving of the men from room to room of the residence by flames until they were forced to make a break from the kitchen.

Their bursting from the door was the climax of the three days' fighting. Numerous shots were fired by each side and Bob Beckwith was killed. One account states that his gun hung fire and that he was killed accidentally by a man on his own side; another says that when he went forward to receive the surrender of someone who had called out that he wished to stop fighting, that one of the McSween men shot him. Bob Olinger and Bob Beckwith were close friends and it was logical that Bob Olinger would resent the killing of his friend. I do not believe that the death of Bob Beckwith should be attributed to Billy the Kid; and as Bob Olinger was in a position to know the facts of the affair, his statements should be accepted. I am aware of stories to the effect that there was strong animosity on Bob Olinger's part toward the Kid because of Bob Beckwith's death, but think they are creations of fictitious origin. I can certainly testify that Bob Olinger's account to me did not coincide with them. He talked much to me about the Lincoln County War, and he had a different explanation as to the trouble between Billy the Kid and himself from that usually accepted.

The author, Mrs. Lily Klasner.

SHORTLY after the McSween house burning, Bob Olinger accepted an appointment as United States Deputy Marshal. The circumstances of his being selected for this office are creditable both as to his courage and his desire to be of service in checking lawlessness. A notorious band of outlaws was making its rendezvous along the Pecos and in the nearby mountains, especially in the Guadalupes and the Davis range. They frequently descended upon the stages on the line running from San Antonio, Texas to El Paso, Texas; and upon one occasion staged a holdup at Peg Leg, Texas. The Texas Rangers were doing their best to cope with these bandits, but were too few in numbers to accomplish much. Company D was stationed in that area under command of Captain D. W. Roberts, and it was expected to patrol the vast stretch of country in the western part of the state known as the Llano Estacado (Staked Plains) and also the Pecos Valley. This group was responsi-

(Continued on page 66)

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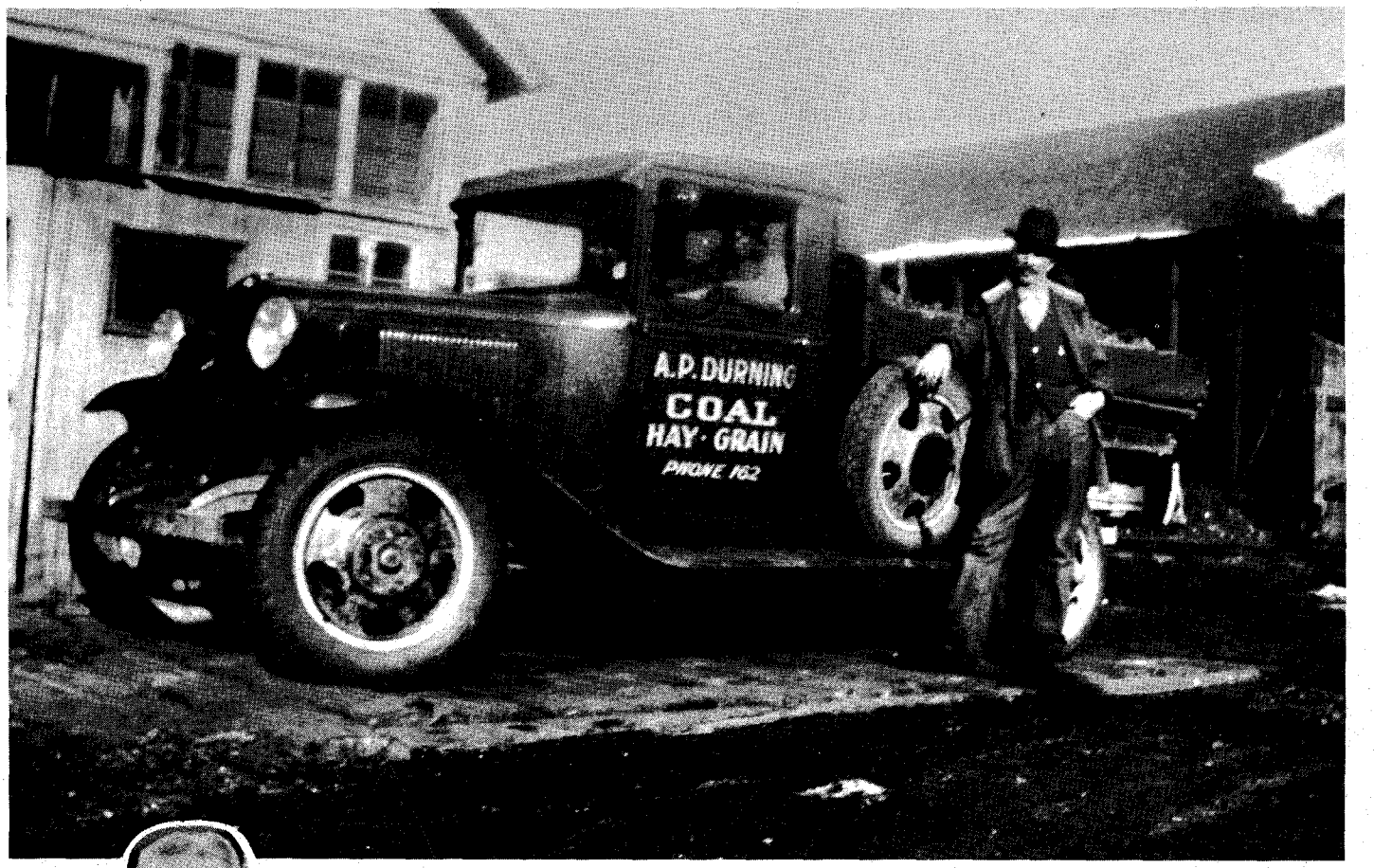
A TON OF COAL FOR BABY DOE



There's an old saying that you can't live on pride—but you can, if your neighbors help you

By ALBERT L. DURNING
Photos Courtesy Author

BABY DOE TABOR was sitting in our living room talking with my father one evening when my brother and I returned from basketball practice. Our entrance was barely noticed as she continued telling about the riches Dad would soon be enjoying if he would put some money into the Matchless Mine. This was not the first time she had made the offer, nor would it be the last.

There was more than one reason why Dad would not think of complying with her request. First, he was sure the Matchless was worthless. Second, it would have been impossible to work the mine because Mrs. Tabor became suspicious of anyone who even looked in the direction of the shaft. On one occasion several businessmen raised a few hundred dollars and hired two miners to do the work, with Baby Doe's approval. One evening as they left, she gave them her best wishes and enthusiastic support. The next morning they were locked out and she was nowhere to be found. Ever after, she told everyone how much those two men stole in five days. The third reason was that Dad just didn't have any extra money. Mrs. Tabor accepted this reason when he told her that three of us would be in college within three years.

By the time she had gone over and over the story of past riches and chances of bigger riches in the future, it was

(Continued on page 44)

At left, A. P. Durning, owner of the business which kept many Denver residents warm in winter, as well as providing hay and grain.

At top, the author's father standing on the scales used to weigh out loads for customers.

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GUNFIGHT at CUT

—aftermath of the last gold rush

The *Mineral Kingdom* published at Lawton, Oklahoma, tells of Wildman's progress.

In 1905, this 50-ton water-jacket smelter was erected next to the Lyon Lode, within the Wildman townsite. Dr. Clark Black (left) and Professor Tucker (right) are standing just to the right of the stack.

By STEVE WILSON

Photos Courtesy Author

IT WAS PARADISE to the gold seeker —that rugged, awesome land in the southwest corner of Oklahoma Territory. Few places in the West offered such plentiful game. Wild turkey, pheasant, quail and prairie chickens could not be found any fatter in the most luxuriant eastern restaurants.

The massive old oaks, pecan, walnut, black locust and cedar trees provided all the needed fuel and planking for the mines. Cool, limpid streams which flowed out of these lofty granite hills furnished an abundant water supply. What's more, the Wichita Mountains had been forbidden land to the gold seeker and lay virtually untouched by pick and shovel.

A gaping valley into the hills from the north, Cutthroat Gap earned its title early in the 1830s when a band of Osages beheaded their Kiowa neighbors there. Seventy years later another deadly conflict culminated at the Gap. Its roots stemmed from many years of trying to open the Kiowa-Comanche-Apache country to white settlement.

For years prospectors drifting in from Colorado and New Mexico had been driven out, arrested and harassed by Fort Sill soldiers and Indian police alike. But these determined hardrockers weren't about to leave this Promised Land, on the verge of being opened to settlement and abundant with stories of gold nuggets to be

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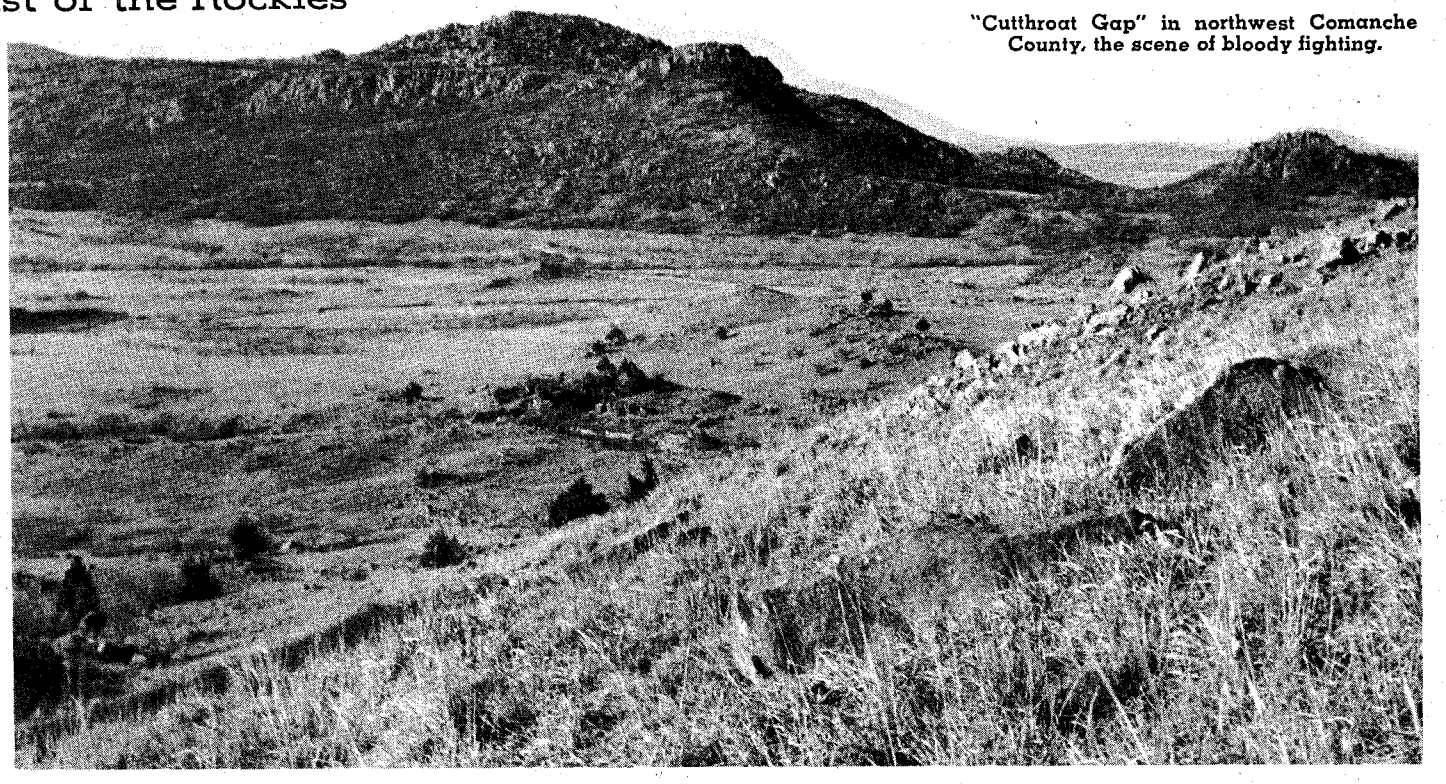
THROAT GAP

ast of the Rockies



"Cutthroat Gap" in northwest Comanche County, the scene of bloody fighting.

had for the taking. The sanguine reports were many, and one who believed in them was forty-six-year-old Elisha Augustus Williams.

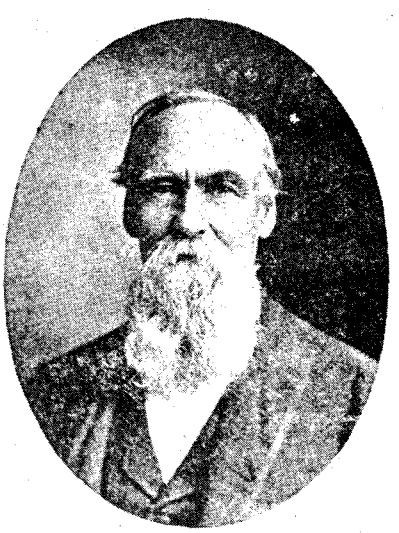
WILLIAMS was a veteran trail blazer. A tall, lean fellow, he wore a graying mustache and goatee. He was a soft-spoken individual, whose doughty individuality set him apart. At the close of the Civil War he had migrated from Alabama to Texas with his family, studied civil engineering, helped lay out the townsite of Calahan City in 1876 and, later, Indian Gap.

E. A. was well on his way to becoming an opener of the West. In the fall of '78, he became deputy district land surveyor of the Graham land office, covering the entire Texas Panhandle at a time when the Indians were making a last ditch stand for their freedom. Still later, he helped open the first mail route between Fort Griffin and Mobeetie, a stronghold for buffalo hunters.

In April 1892, the Cheyenne-Arapaho country in western Oklahoma was opened to settlement. E. A. was there and became surveyor of Washita County. It was at this time that he met some of the old boomers sneaking into the Kiowa-Comanche country to the south and he, too, was impressed with their reports.

About 1897, E. A. moved his family of thirteen to Navajoe, just outside the western edge of the forbidden land. Brothers Will and Wesley stuck close by to help with his prospecting and surveying claims for other miners who were

Professor E. M. Tucker was Wildman's official mining engineer and assayer.



Almost a year before the Kiowa-Comanche country opened, E. A. Williams established the Wildman post office. Williams stands to the right of the entrance in foreground.

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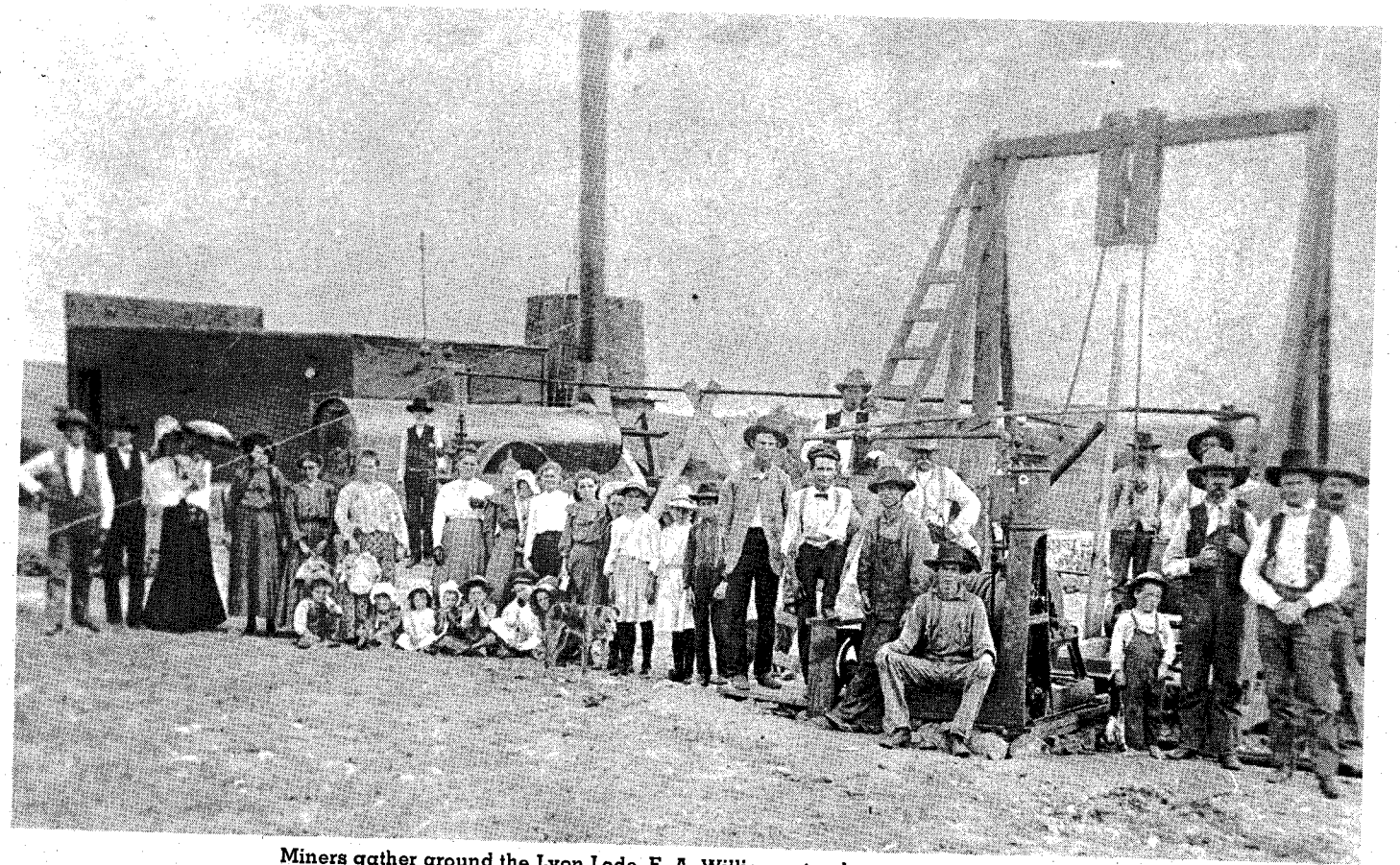


Miners gather around the Lyon Lode. E. A. Williams stands next to the huge boiler.

using Navajoe as a jumping-off point.

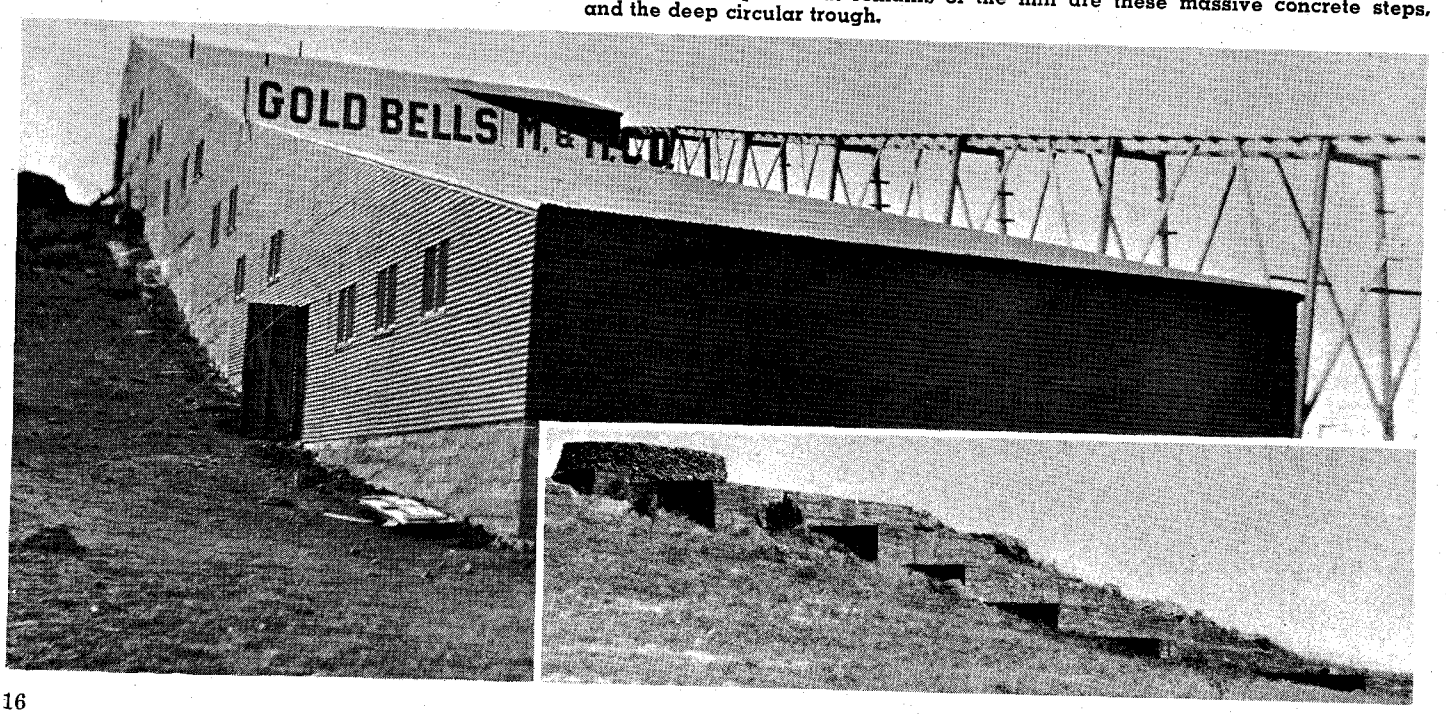
Several years later, the Williamses moved to Oakdale, afterward named Mountain View, just north of the Wichita Mountains. It was here that E. A. met Frank R. Wildman, a prominent resident who had built the first cotton gin in that town. Wildman's friendship was to prove a boon for the hardrockers, and because of that lasting friendship, the first mining camp in the Wichitas, soon to be established illegally, would be given Wildman's name. Frank Wildman had foreseen the potential of the vast, unsettled country, and in the summer of 1900 his interest turned to the development of a mining industry in the Wichitas.

As far back as 1894 a group of miners had formed the Old Entering Wedge mining company and built shacks at the head of Otter Creek. In 1896 prospector, assayer and Indian fighter William Cooley joined the influx of miners. Soon the Indian police raided their camp, burned their buildings, and filled their mines. Still, loners with pick and burro came.

In June 1900, the miners began to return. This time when they crossed into the forbidden land, they wouldn't be alone. Frank Wildman and E. A. Williams quickly formed the Wichita Mining Company and resumed operations on Middle Otter, nestling just south of looming Nest Egg Mountain. Later in the month, the hardrockers organized the Otter Creek mining district in Post Oak Canyon, and 152 miners were there to witness it.

The new mining camp would need a post office, and E. A. Williams, already an old hand at founding post offices, decided to establish one—Indian reserva-

Begun in 1904, E. A. Williams built this 50-ton cyanide mill at a cost $17,000, one mile south of Wildman. The tramway led from the ore plant to the Gold Bell Mine, one-quarter mile away. Inset, today all that remains of the mill are these massive concrete steps, and the deep circular trough.



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Above, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wildman in 1941.

At left, stock certificates. With more than a score of mining companies operating in the Wichitas, over 5,000 stockholders in every state and territory in the Union, even Puerto Rico, invested in the mines.

tion or not. He sent in Wildman's name. No doubt had the Federal Government known just where the Wildman post office and townsite were being established, it would have been a different story, for the government wanted anything but a mining camp on the Indian reservation.

IN THE MEANTIME, work on the first smelter in the mountains had begun. When the brick walls were in the course of construction, Williams' troubles were just beginning. Indian Agent James Randlett received word of the unauthorized intrusion. Colonel Randlett was furious to think the miners had such gall. Neither he nor the Department of Interior would tolerate it.

Both Williams and Wildman caught wind that the authorities were planning a raid on the mining camp. Both tried to stop it before the miners and soldiers fought a bloody war over a situation that had been seething for the past six years.

E. A. wrote the Indian Agent at Anadarko on July 8. In part he stated: "I am just from the mines on Otter Creek. Our smelter is just about completed. I must inform you that upon the passage of the Act opening the mineral lands, our friends in Congress telegraphed us that the bill had been approved and that we now can go on our mineral claims.

"So we did in good faith. In the event you come and destroy our works, we shall sue through the Court of Claims. We have waited long and patiently. I hope you will not act too hasty in this matter, from the fact that we are right and you are wrong. We cannot move out in three days what it has taken one month or more to place in there."

Williams was bent on protecting the miners' interest. He meant to stand fast. When Randlett sent J. W. Zams to the camp to see whether his demands had been carried out, Zams reported that 200 claims had been staked, and that the men at work on the five-ton smelter refused to abandon their holdings.

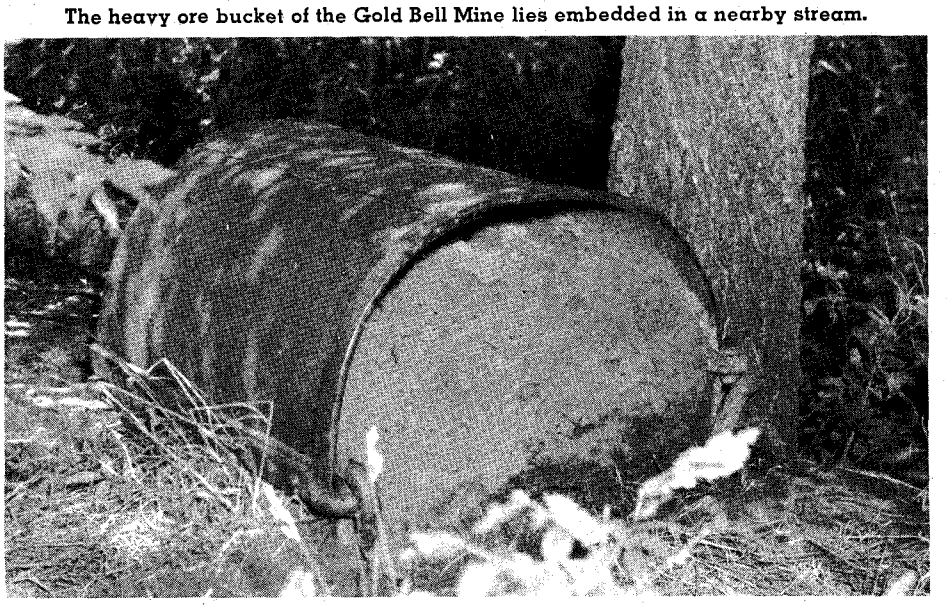
Frank Wildman, too, wrote Randlett telling of their good intentions, saying they were not staking new claims and that only a handful of men were watching the machinery until some agreement could be reached. But the sincere efforts were to no avail. Agent Randlett formed his plans for a raid as miners continued pouring in.

El Reno's *News* reported on September 27 that Randlett had issued orders to the Indian police to clear out all prospectors on the reservation. The first of October brought a detachment of U. S. troops from Fort Sill. The soldiers rode into the miners' camp, pulled down their tents, and rendered the smelter useless. Their tools were confiscated. Then the miners were escorted to the reservation line where they were left with a warning not to return. The furious workmen shook their fists and shouted colorful words at the troopers. Agent Randlett had gone too far and the miners were out to make him pay.

On October 10, 1900, E. A. Williams as the miners' spokesman, appeared in Judge C. F. Irwin's court in El Reno and described their story of hardship and Randlett's unreasonable action. Judge Irwin immediately summoned Randlett to appear in his chambers at 1:30 on the 13th.

Agent Randlett appeared as ordered. After some minutes of reviewing the case, Judge Irwin ruled that he had

The heavy ore bucket of the Gold Bell Mine lies embedded in a nearby stream.



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Today all that remains of the bustling mining camp of Meers is this grocery and post office north of Mt. Sheridan. The building once housed the weekly *Mount Sheridan Miner*.

"failed to obey the court and that said plaintiffs had lawfully and legally staked their claims." The courtroom rang with the miners' shouts of triumph. It seemed at last that the tide had turned in their favor.

BY MID-MAY 1901, the mountains were stirring with hardrockers long seasoned in eluding patrolling soldiers or Indian police. The long-awaited opening of the Indian reservation to white settlement was now only three months away, and all the armies Randlett could muster couldn't hold back the gold-hungry prospectors.

Reports had it that Wildman had been officially platted, several shafts were down to a depth of 40 feet, and no less than 500 men were stirring about by May 16. As the miners toiled in their shafts, E. A. Williams set to work building his town. It was he who hauled the lumber for the post office from Mountain View to build it on the south edge of what was soon to be a bustling town.

Wildman was the first post office established in the Kiowa-Comanche-Apache reservation, and the townspeople were proud of the fact. Among those early boomers were Williams, his father, his son Charlie, and brothers Mack and Will. Not lacking was the grizzled Indian fighter William Cooley, a bald-headed oldster with flowing white beard, and William Bruce, an Arizona miner whose flowing hair reached to his shoulders.

On the eve of August 6, 1901, feverish gold seekers were stirring all over the rugged Wichita Mountains, wide-eyed, anxious, dust-choked. Tent cities or rag towns stretched from one end to the other of the sixty-mile-long mountain range. Even Kit Carson, an assayer and grandson of the famous Indian scout, and a host of other Colorado miners were present for the last great gold rush east of the Rockies. Not to be forgotten was the reformed outlaw, Al Jennings, who staked out his Poverty Row claim.

Their numbers steadily rose to 5,000. The mining camps of Wildman, Meers, Golden Pass, Craterville and Oreana clung to the granite hills. Wildman's Otter Creek *Miner*, founded the year before, began to roll its four-page weekly once again. In due time, the tent city of Meers would boast its own paper, The

Hundreds of shaft houses like this one were scattered throughout the craggy Wichitas.

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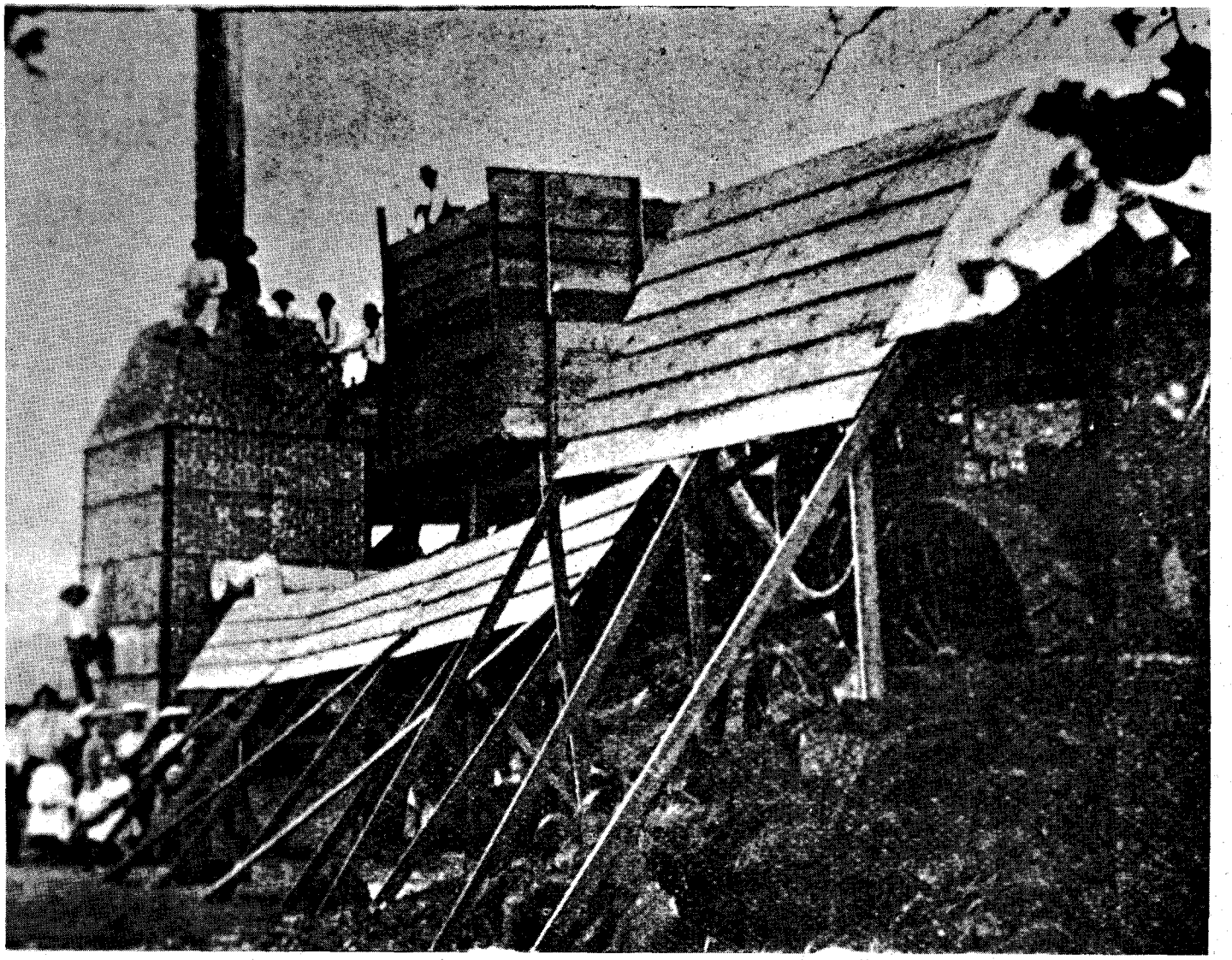


The John Pearson smelter south of Golden Pass was built in 1905 at a cost of $10,000.

Mount Sheridan *Miner*, followed by the *Mineral Kingdom* at Lawton.

Windlasses and shaft houses dotted the landscape. Wagons loaded with lumber and tools rumbled into the roadless hills. Within weeks, the New York *Times*, the Chicago *American*, even the *Scientific American Supplement* were sending gold seekers off to the latest "Golden Fleece." In the latter publication, reporter W. R. Draper announced in November 1901, that "fully 20,000 persons have been into the mountains since the opening. Six thousand claims are staked. The Wichita Mountains have begun to draw like the Klondike."

BUT THE MINERS' troubles were not over. The gold seekers here would have to contend with the sod-busters. If the hardrockers had been on the brink of warfare with U. S. troops before, that boiling pot which once had sizzled was now seething again. These men of two separate interests were at constant loggerheads.

Wildman was the toughest camp of them all. E. A. Williams, its founder, quickly saw to it that his town had all the makings of a contender for the county seat of Kiowa County. Just west of Middle Otter and south of looming Nest Egg Mountain, Wildman was only two miles east of present Cold Springs. Its chief rival was Hobart to the north.

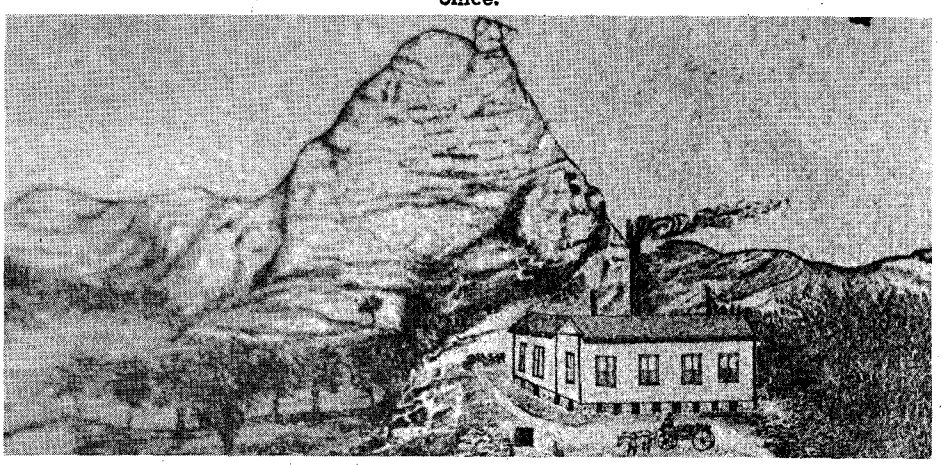
Williams platted the town on a mining claim. Unfortunately, part of the townsite would also be claimed by a land lawyer who happened to be the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office at Lawton, one Charles A. Morris.

Wildman's first trouble came only three months after the opening. At sunrise on the morning of November 7, Morris walked down Main Street and passed Joe Johnson's Hotel De Rastus. Under one arm he carried a shotgun and under the other, signboards with a very sour message. As he came to several gnarled mesquite trees, Morris nailed his vehement warning—that he, Morris, had filed an agricultural claim on the property and that all persons thereon were squatters and henceforth all persons could move out taking no improvements!

About this time several miners and townspeople gathered to see what their neighbor was up to. When the signs were read, Morris was about to depart on the morning stage for Mountain View, but the miners detained him. "They said they

(Continued on page 61)

On Middle Otter Creek the Wildman Mining and Milling Company constructed their office.



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CHUCKWAGON

By JAY J. KALEZ

Illustrated by Willard Ballow

THERE USED TO BE an old southern hillbilly saying that lonesome homesteaders often handed out in rating a neighbor's hospitality—"You never know a man until you've spent a night under his roof." Out in the Montana-Wyoming cattle country, range hands altered that saying a bit. "You never know an outfit until you've squatted on the long-shadow side of their chuckwagon for a meal."

Old Lue Thompson, Glacier Park's trail party guide in the mid-1920s, was a stickler for trail discipline and trail etiquette. He ran his trail parties like a true trail boss and his campfire briefing, the night before his party stepped out for its primitive area venture, was always worth the night-chill it usually necessitated.

There was a careful explanation of the deportment Lue expected for the coming trip. "Our trail party cook this trip," old Lue would begin, "will be Sour-Face Smith. I've known Sour-Face Smith since back in the days when fence posts and barb wire were missing in this country. He was one of the best chuckwagon cooks that ever came into the territory. He can be meaner than a she bear hunting for a stray cub; more stubborn than a stall-fed bull and stingier than a Mexican's widow, but he can cook. On this trip you will see him do things with hot coals and a Dutch oven that can make even city folks forget home and mother.

"Back in those old range days," Lue would go on, "I've seen drifting trail hands light to rest their saddle, figgering on just taking the wrinkles out of their middle. They'd stow away one of Sour-Face's feeds, then darn near break their neck getting to the boss to hit him up for a job.

"Roundup crews get mighty tempershy during the month or two grind of open range combing," Lue would continue. "Between fighting the dust and heat from sunup until sundown and working like the Lord never meant any man to work, a roundup gives a fellow about a thousand reasons to wish he'd never seen the likes of range critters. There's only one thing that'll soothe him down like the licking of a mamma cow's tongue across a bawling calf's ear. That's the chuck you throw into him. Feed a cowhand and he'll stick to the outfit like a sage-tick to a colt's belly."

ABOUT HERE Lue would pause and stare up at the campfire smoke spiral. "I can remember back one spring when old man Menham throwed his Holy 7 roundup crew in with Scot Graham and his Diamond A outfit. Scot Graham was one of those Montana big-spread bosses who believed in working his crew 'til the hands' ribs showed through their shirts like riffles on a washboard. Menham had thrown in with him to comb for a bunch of drifters that had meandered on across the divide into the timber country. We were mixed about even up with Holy 7 and Diamond A hands, but old Sour-Face with the Holy 7 chuckwagon was feeding the crew.

"Now getting range critters out of timber is like riding herd on a bunch of

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ETIQUETTE

Nothing was quite so rigid as the rules laid down by the cooks—undisputed kings of a tailgate empire—the big ranch country of the West

quail. Timber country does something to range critters that makes them wild as deer and about twice as smart. A deer will get your scent and hightail it to put its hide over the nearest ridge but a timber-wise critter will plow into the brush and hide there until you run him out with a spur dig across his rump.

"We'd been combing that timber country for a month, with every night some of us taking on the extra work of chaperoning what we had bunched, on down into the open country to keep them from scattering next day. Scot Graham had been riding the boys pretty hard and adding a lot of personal misery to what we already had. We'd gotten the timber pretty well cleared of cattle, but there was still a good week's work ahead.

"About that time Scot started getting real ornery, so the Holy 7 crew just ups and decides that when they started to drive the bunched stuff for the open country next morning, they'd all just tail along for home. All but Sour-Face. Sour-Face didn't waste any words or time in telling them what he thought about a bunch of yellow-bellied quitters that would walk out on a roundup crew. The Holy 7 chuckwagon was staying and he was staying with it. Scot Graham might be a topnotch s-o-b but he was trail bossing the outfits and that was enough for Sour-Face.

"What the trail cook called us all didn't matter much after all we'd been called the past month, and every hand turned in with his mind made up that the next day would be his last as a brush-hound under Scot Graham. Come sunup next morning and nobody'd changed their minds. That is, nobody until they rode in alongside the chuckwagon and started sniffing the air like a mare catching cougar scent.

"That scent business only started them weakening. When they set eyes on the dozen or so brown crusted apple pies cooling on the chuckwagon tailgate, each with the Holy 7 mark worked in with a dough roller on the top crust, they were past the weakening stage. And when old Sour-Face bellowed out something about, 'Stay away from them pies, you lop-eared galoots, those are for supper tonight,' the weakness was plumb exhaustion. Not a Holy 7 hand could have been bribed out of camp range.

"Next day even Scot Graham seemed to have adopted some new ideas. Maybe it was the pie and maybe it was something Sour-Face told him, but when the two crews come down out of them timber hills, brotherly love was just bar-room affection compared to the way the two outfits put on a splitting-up ceremony."

DURING a roundup, the chuckwagon is everything from crew headquarters to first-aid station. Usually it was as heavy a rolling piece as money could buy. The wagon was rigged up with a canvas tarp covering a man-high, drop tailgate, big enough to serve as a work bench for the outfit's cook. A couple of water barrels were roped on each side of the wagon box, and lashed on wherever possible was firewood picked up while on the move.

In the front end of the wagon was the space where the crew's bedrolls were stored, and behind them was the stock of grub. Some outfits carried a separate wagon for hauling bedrolls and firewood, but most outfits tried to get along with one wagon and loaded it so heavy that four horses could work up a sweat pulling it downhill.

When the crew starts out in the morning, the outfit's cook got his orders from the crew's ramrod as to where they'd be bunching stuff that day and about where they'd be holding them come sundown. Soon as the cook had his breakfast chores done, he and his camp flunky started loading up while the horse wrangler

(Continued on page 54)

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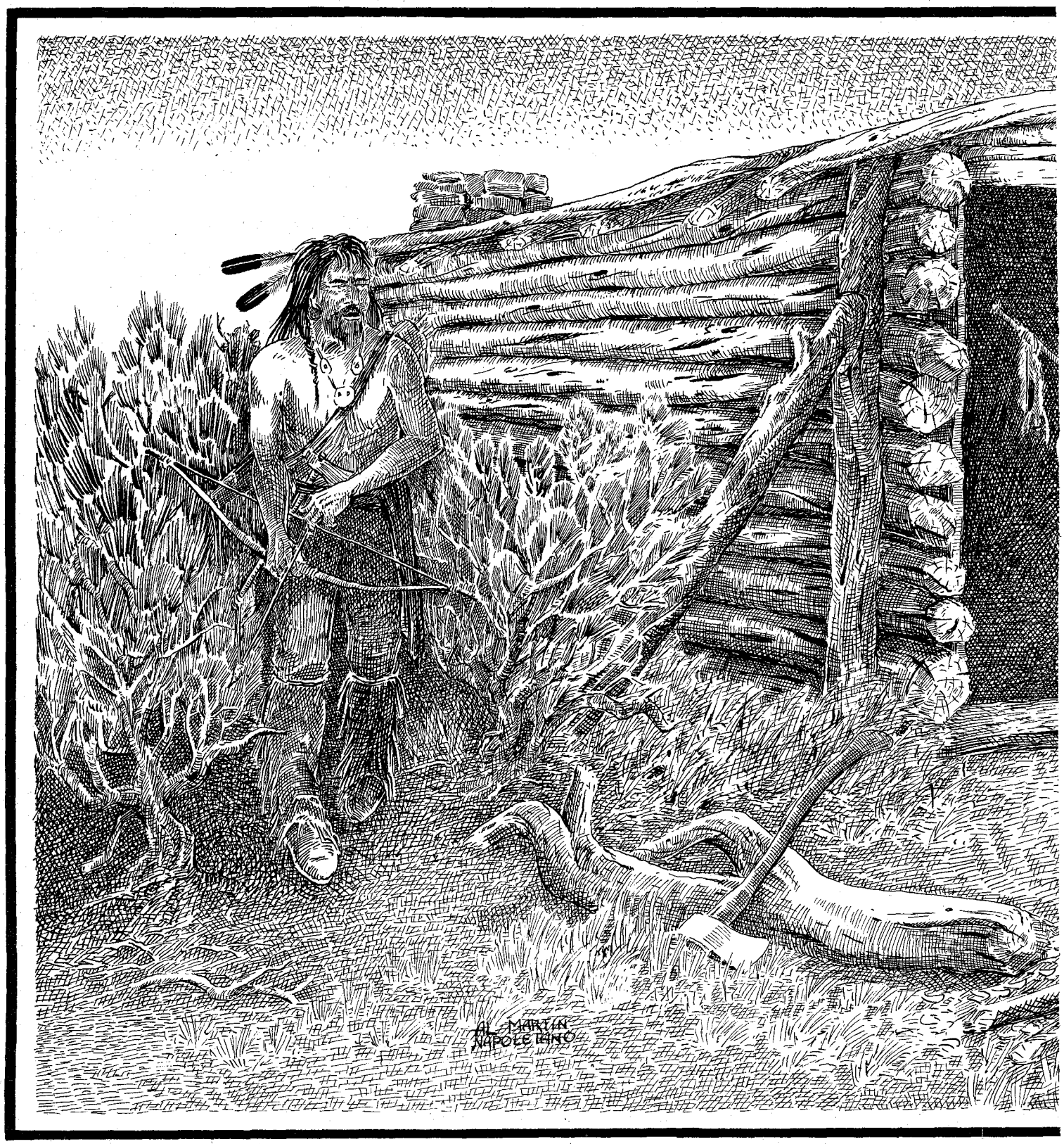
SHOSHONE WAR PARTY

The Indians were intent on lifting white men's scalps, and the trapper was wise enough to let them lift his horses instead!



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By VICTOR H. WHITE

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

I LITTLE THOUGHT when I was eight years old that a woman, whose remarkably long red hair was all that aroused my boyish curiosity, would twenty-five years later lead me to a story of one of the most fascinating true Indian experiences I have ever encountered.

The Harry Kaufmans lived at Manchester, Washington on the first waterfront property north of the steamer landing. Mrs. Kaufman and my mother used to joke about sitting on their hair. I knew Mother could sit on her own dark, glossy hair but when I saw Mrs. Kaufman's beautiful red tresses flattened out on a chair around her, it was something not to be forgotten.

I hardly noticed Mr. Kaufman at that time. He was a rather short man but tremendously chunky, strong and active. To a boy my age he already seemed old and, in fact, he was twenty years older than his wife.

One day twenty-five years later, I called at the manager's office of a Seattle apartment house in connection with work I was doing with the Seattle Apartment Operators Association. The

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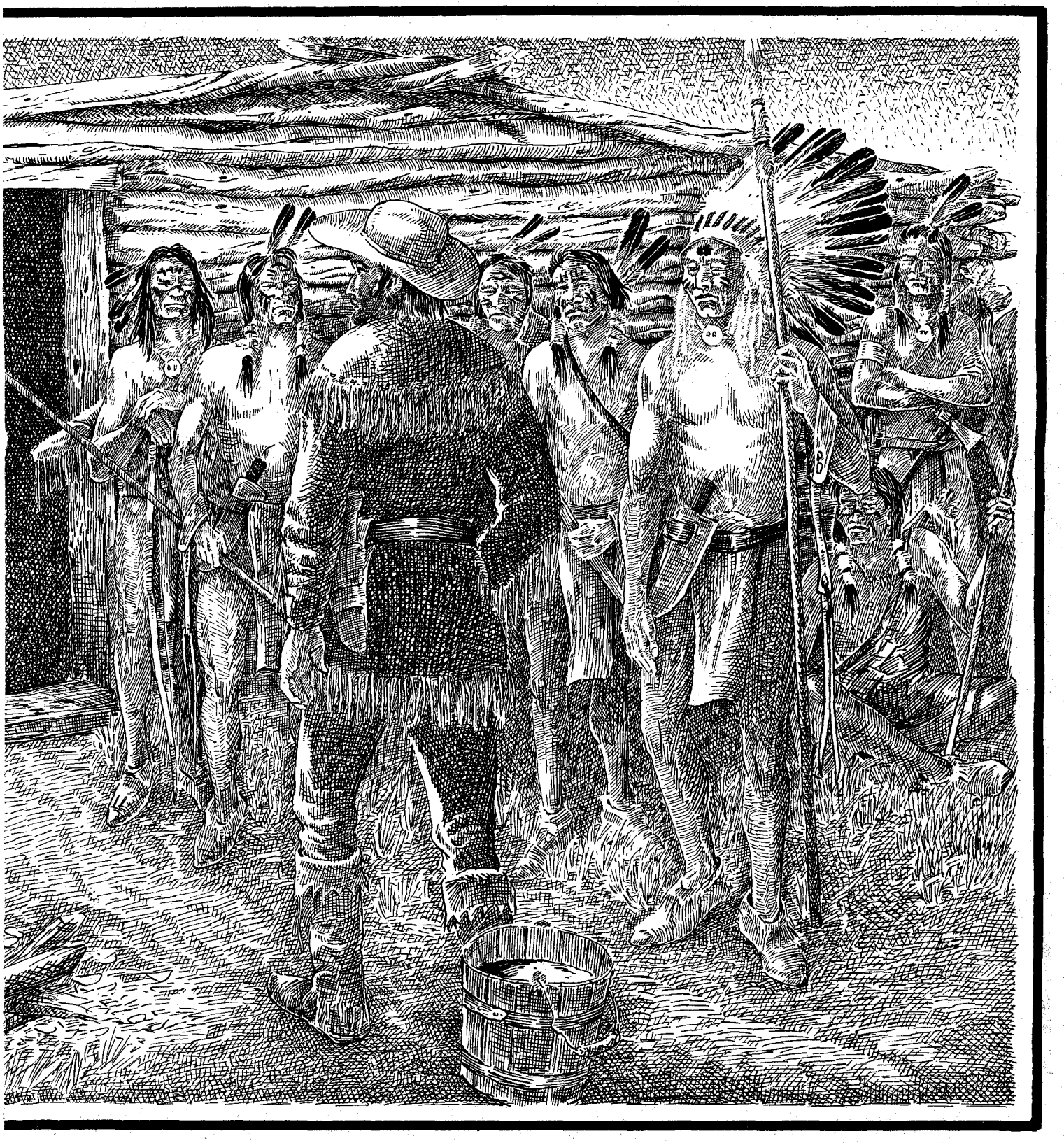

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Not all the dust has settled from

The chuckwagon, backbone of any trail drive.
Courtesy Beau Cheval Ranch, Wynnewood, Oklahoma

Ox cart at Witte Museum, San Antonio, Texas. During the days of the Comancheros these carts were pulled over terrain where wagons couldn't go.

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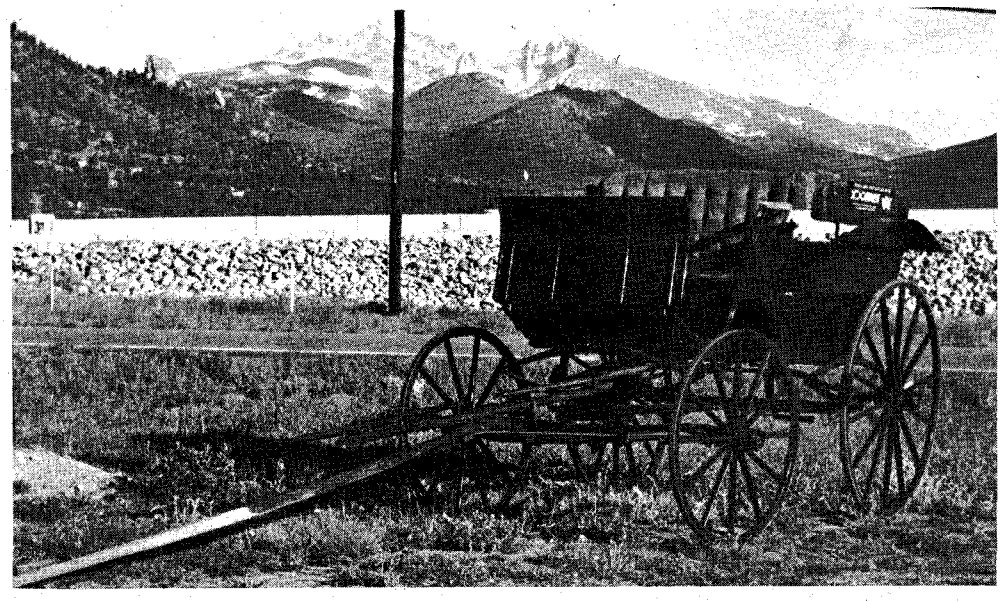

Near Estes Park in Rimrock, "Movie Capital of Colorado." This replica of a frontier town has one of the best collections of old vehicles in the nation. This is one of the many on display. In the distance is Long's Peak, one of Colorado's highest mountains and long ago a landmark for pioneers crossing the plains.

By C. L. PACKER

Photos Courtesy Author

A covered wagon typical of those used by settlers seeking homesteads.

A HOWLING BLIZZARD raged over the bleak landscape, piling snow deep in the timber where some freighters had driven down from the high prairie to find shelter in a bend along the South Canadian River.

Numb with cold, they clomped around on near-frozen feet, fumbling with stiff fingers while unhitching teams and tying them to wagons. Then each man took an axe and floundered through snowdrifts in search of firewood. Soon chips were flying as they chopped at top speed to keep from freezing.

One chopper noticed a companion standing motionless near a cottonwood snag. He yelled, "Hey there! Git to *choppin'!*" When the man paid no heed, two choppers nearby rushed over and began pounding him—shouting, "Wake up!"

The fellow was in a stupor—so near gone he was standing there freezing. The mauling brought him around. Soon he was chopping away on the snag.

Later, when the men were thawing out around a roaring fire the revived one got a good-natured ribbing about "just standin' there too lazy t' chop and freezin' to death on yore feet."

The freighters had made good time that day—until the blizzard struck. The wagons had been loaded the day before at a warehouse in El Reno, the westernmost warehouse in Indian Territory. They pulled out and headed west before dawn on the day of the storm. In mid-afternoon the driver of the lead wagon pointed toward the northwest where a murky haze merged with a gray-violet cloud that edged the horizon—darkening as it climbed higher. The weather-wise freighters could read nature's signs as well as any Indian. Knowing only too well what this meant they prodded the teams into a fast walk while the storm cloud moved closer. The first icy gust and scattering snowflakes caught the rumbling wagons about a mile east of the wooded bend.

Whipping their horses into all the speed possible with their heavy loads, the freighters veered from the trail and headed the teams downslope at a trot toward the sheltering thicket. Before they reached the timber the blizzard was sweeping over the upland, blowing prairie knolls bare of snow and piling up drifts along the river bottom. The freighters pulled the teams to a stop at the first thicket they reached. It was then they had gone to find fuel for a fire.

After warming themselves the men fed the horses. There was plenty of feed in the wagons for the teams but little food for the drivers—only the lunches each one had brought along to "nibble on" while driving. Their usual procedure was to stop at various trading posts and small stores along the freight trail that snaked across the Cheyenne-Arapaho country and into the Texas Panhandle.

Chopping wood brewed wolfish appetites. The men gulped their lunches, then dozed by the fire—each taking his turn at staying awake and tossing on wood. All night long with no let-up the wind howled as snow blasted the prairie and piled drifts higher in the river breaks.

Dawn revealed the blizzard raging even stronger than on the day before.

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Fearful of getting lost in swirling snow that swallowed objects a few yards away, the freighters hugged the fire and hoped their supply of fuel would last.

As the day wore on the men fed their horses again while hunger gnawed at their own stomachs. Knowing they had eaten every crumb of their lunches only aggravated their hunger pangs. Finally someone suggested opening one of the boxes of provisions in the wagon—food destined for the posts and settlements. But doing such a thing was not taken lightly among honest freighters in those days.

That night the unrelenting cold, plus their mounting hunger, caused most of the men to waver from the straight and narrow. The last of the dissenters gave in when one famished freighter remarked, "Well-l-l-l—for me—I'd druther be in jail alive than starved to death and honest!"

Even so, it was with plenty of misgivings that a big wooden box was pried open and canned sausages, cookies, crackers and cheese were parceled out to men

Above, this covered wagon is located in a park in southern Kansas on the Santa Fe Trail route.

Below, this Rimrock vehicle is used today for hauling sightseers about the Estes Park area.

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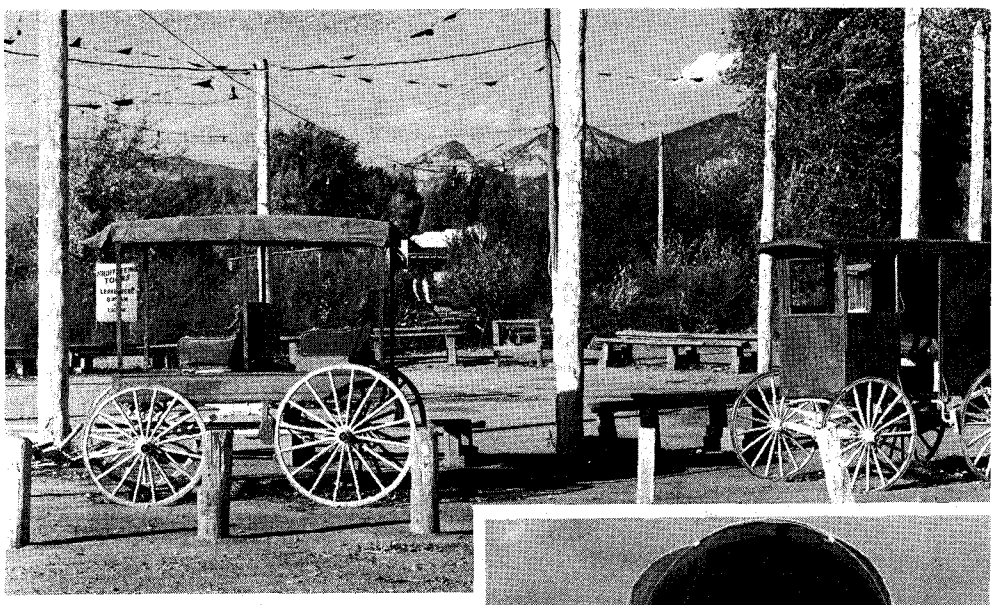
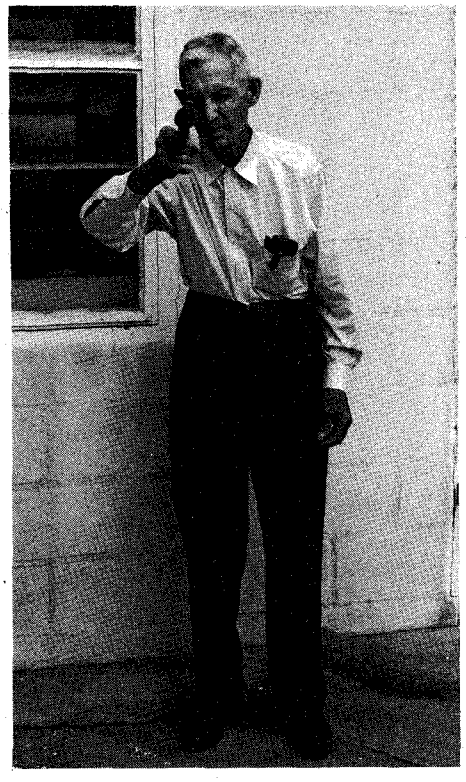
who gorged themselves till they were long past full.

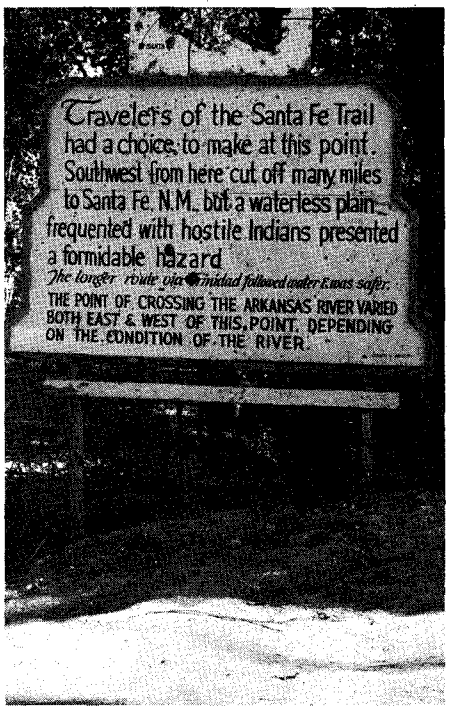
Next day dawned clear and cold. Teams were hitched to wagons and the journey continued. It was heavy pulling uphill through the snowdrifts, but once on the open prairie the going wasn't too bad.

THE OLD freighter who told this was Sanford Boren. During his freighting days he was a six-foot, 225-pound man with blue eyes, sandy red hair, a handlebar mustache and the strength of a young bull. As he ended the account Sanford remembered something else: "You know, we were all so worried and sorry about opening up that box that we could hardly wait to get back and report it at the warehouse. When the boss heard our story he just sorta smiled and said, 'We'll forget about the groceries. The main thing is that we didn't lose six good freighters and the horses.' "



Above, two "old-timers" in the Jack Denver collection in Taos, New Mexico. The vehicles are on display around his "Blue Skies Motel" and trailer park.





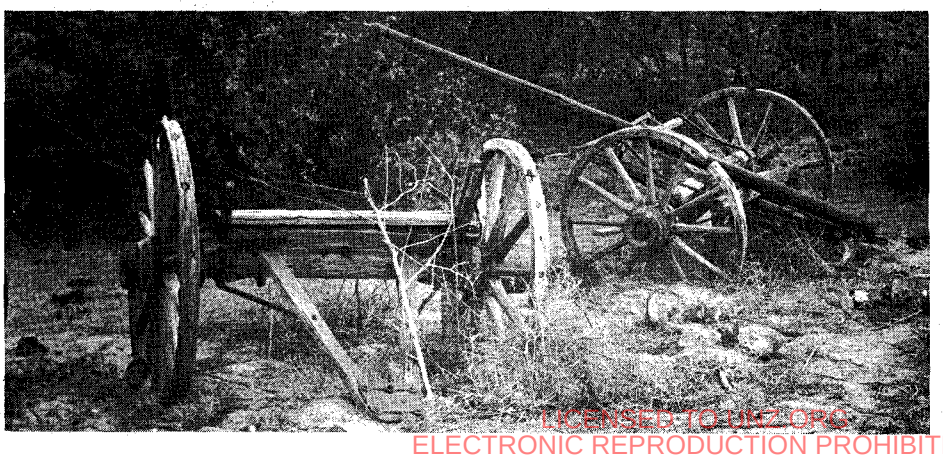
Courtesy Beau Cheval Ranch, Wynnewood, Oklahoma

Working end of the chuckwagon, where utensils and supplies were in easy reach of the cook.

Above, left, is Sanford Boren, a freighter back in the old days. He remembered the hardships as well as the satisfaction the job offered.

Above, right, the Arkansas River is just a short distance in back of this sign. Here, caravans headed for Santa Fe could continue to the right (west) or veer south (road to left of sign) and cross the Arkansas River, swinging in a southwesterly direction on the "Cutoff" trail. This led through the Cimarron Breaks which harbored outlaws and marauding Indians.

Below, reminders of days long past, this wagon with iron coupling pole and some others nearby are in a brushy draw in the southeast corner of Colorado's Black Mesa region.



Cedars lined countless canyons and draws leading to streams along the freight trail to the Panhandle. Post oaks were plentiful along the sandy stretches. Many settlers helped eke out a living by cutting trees for fence posts. Some worked at small sawmills set up here and there in wooded canyons. Freighters filled out short loads with logs and posts. Often they would deliver regular freight, then pick up a load at some mill or post-cutter camp and deliver them to settlements along the freight trail on the return trip.

Sanford Boren used to do this. He never liked to pull an empty wagon back to El Reno so he usually loaded up with posts and sold them at various places when he headed home. Many were peddled to nesters he knew with farms near the trail. After his freighting days were over, Sanford settled at Geary, Oklahoma where he and my dad and uncle became good friends.

One time Boren was recalling the old days and asked me, "Would you like to hear the one about the man with the wagonload of white Stetson hats?" Know-

(Continued on page 50)

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CAPTAIN TOUGH

Courtesy Douglas County Historical Society, Lawrence, Kansas

William S. Tough, Chief of Scouts for the Union's Army of the Frontier.

By JOSEPH W. SNELL

Photos Courtesy Author

"TOUGH, TOUGHER, TOUGHEST" was the manner in which the Leavenworth, Kansas, *Daily Times* described Capt. William Sloan Tough in November, 1864. It was a good description, for few adventurers on the Kansas-Missouri border during those years could match his daring, his bravery or his skill.

He was called "captain" because he was chief of scouts for the Union's Army of the Frontier which was at times also known as the District of the Frontier and the District of the Border. His men were sometimes called "Red Legs" and sometimes the "buckskin scouts." They included fine horsemen and crack shots, all picked for their courage and ability to operate effectively in extremely dangerous tactical situations.

Among their number were such men as Johnny Fry, one of the first Pony Express riders, and John "Jack" Harvey, later a contemporary on the plains of James Butler Hickok and in his time as renowned an Indian scout as Wild Bill. There was Tom Cullinan who was called "Yellow Tom" though he was perhaps the finest city marshal Junction City, Kansas ever had in her turbulent frontier period. Others, famous in their day, included Walt Sinclair, Charles Gordon and Andy Martin. Legend has it that the great Wild Bill himself was once a Red Leg but the story has yet to be proven.

The pay of the scouts ranged from a dollar a day for a Choctaw scout to five dollars a day for a detective. These were high wages when one considers that in 1863 an army private earned $13 a month. The scouts wore no uniform unless one called their reddish leather leggin's or their buckskin jackets a uniform. Though they were essential to the operation of an army they were not accorded the rights given a uniformed soldier. If captured they were treated as spies and were executed.

and His Buckskin Scouts

The bestiality of guerrilla warfare often lingered with the night rider for the rest of his life. Capt. Tough managed to put it behind him...

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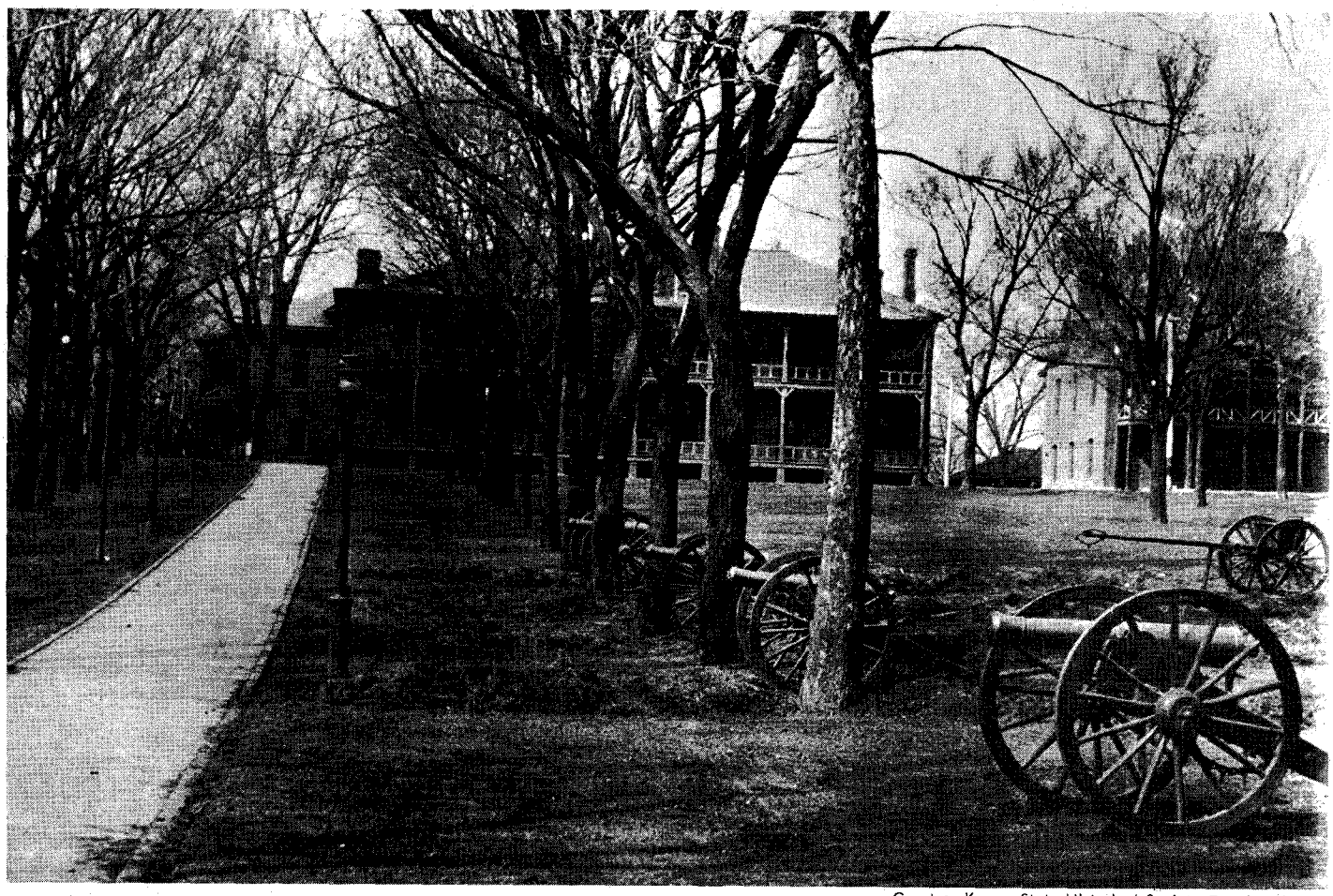


Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas

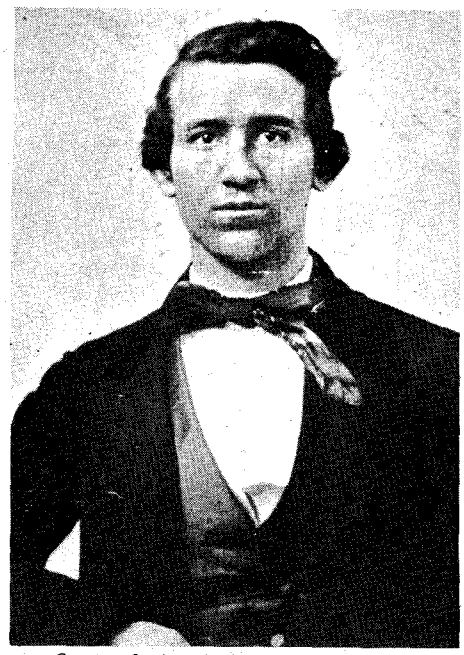
Fort Leavenworth, post headquarters in 1872. Tough made his way to the fort to try to obtain help in seeking out robbers who had attacked one of his employer's wagontrains.

Regulations were very specific about this penalty. "Scouts or single soldiers," they read, "if disguised in the dress of the country [and scouts always were], or in the uniform of the army hostile to their own, employed in obtaining information, if found within or lurking about the lines of the captor, are treated as spies, and suffer death." A later paragraph specified hanging as the mode of killing "whether or not he succeeded in obtaining the information or in conveying it to the enemy." While these were regulations of the Union army, there is little doubt that the Confederate army held scouts in similar esteem.

William Tough was the kind of man who would not have wanted the rules to be any other way. Someone who knew Tough after the war thought he was "one of the outstanding—I might almost say romantic—characters of those stirring times, . . . the story of his life would make fiction tame."

OVER six feet tall and well built, Tough was a born horseman and an excellent shot. His birthplace had been Baltimore, Maryland, but when he was just twenty years old he transferred his loyalties to the West and remained there the rest of his life.

First he tried trapping in the Rocky Mountains but the business was not as profitable as it had once been so he journeyed to St. Joseph, Missouri, where he secured employment with the McDonalds as field manager for their freighting outfits. His above average education and good family background made him stand out in the crowd with which he associated. Today it is difficult to understand how a man of his abilities and character could participate in the savage brutality which characterized war on the border. Perhaps the almost accidental way in which he became involved explains part of it.



Courtesy St. Joseph Museum, St. Joseph, Missouri

Left, Johnny Fry, one of Tough's "Red Legs." He was one of the first Pony Express riders.

While Tough was employed by the McDonalds a gang of Missouri border ruffians attacked one of their wagontrains, drove off the mules, appropriated the goods and finally burned the wagons. Tough, though he was not with the train, determined to regain the mules and punish the attackers. In search of his enemy he plunged into the brush of western Missouri alone.

He had not gone far when he was jumped by some bushwhackers and seriously wounded. He escaped his pursuers and found refuge in the cabin of a Negro squatter where, after a month, he regained his health. While in the cabin he learned the whereabouts of the McDonald mules and reported this fact to his employers as soon as he could reach St. Joe.

The McDonalds suggested that Tough go to Fort Leavenworth and ask for help since the wagons had been filled with military goods and the robbers had taken government property. Tough agreed, and after drawing $80 for expenses proceeded on his journey.

As he rode south along a wooded road he was waylaid by three armed boys who came at him from the willows on either side of the road. In answer to their

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questions Tough told them he was on his way to report to Cy Gorden, a local Confederate guerrilla leader. Though the boys doubted his story they agreed to lead him to Gorden. Since Tough really was on the other side of the fence their help amounted to little more than a death sentence because Gorden would surely recognize him.

The Missouri youths were not taking any chances with their companion and tied his feet under his horse and his arms behind him. As they rode along, the two younger boys kept grumbling that they did not see any sense in going to Gorden's camp as it would make them miss the dance in town that night. Perhaps to soothe their feelings, they stopped at a wayside inn and went in for a drink, leaving Tough tied to his horse outside.

Apparently the boys imbibed too much, for as the whiskey inflamed their minds they decided to do away with their captive. One of them grabbed a shotgun from the tavern keeper and rushed outside where he held the barrel to Tough's body and pulled the trigger. Fortunately the percussion cap failed to ignite. By this time the tavern keeper had come out and grabbed the gun away saying, "Don't kill him in front of my place, take him into the woods."

The oldest of the boys grabbed the reins of Tough's mare in his left hand, leaving his gun hand free, and started off. As they rode along Tough worked at loosening his bonds and finally succeeded though he removed a large portion of his hide by doing so.

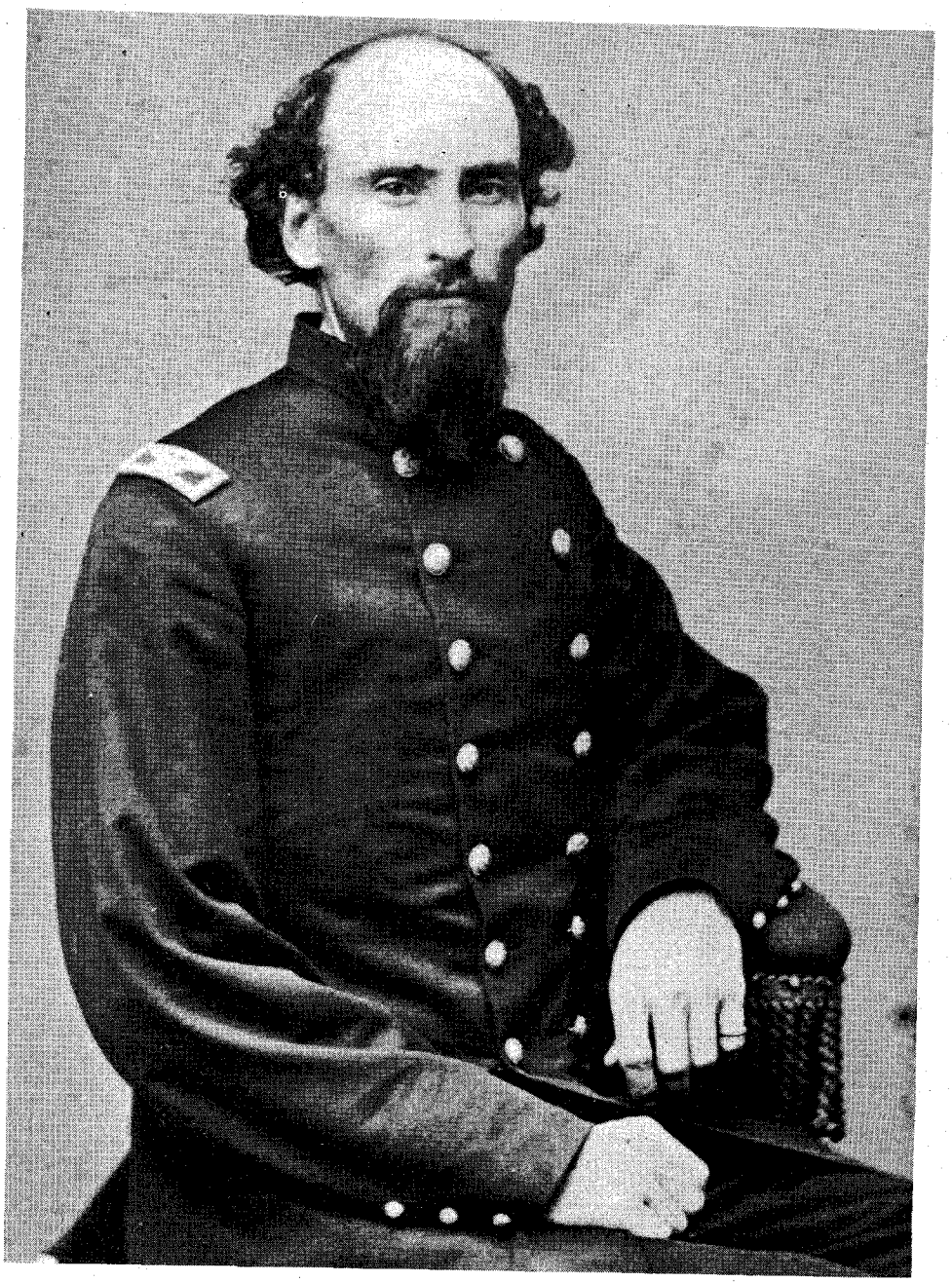
After a while the wagon road, with Tough in the left track and his captor in the right, came to a small ford. The Missourian turned down the creek, and Tough's mount balked. The lead rope tightened and caught on the youth's sheath knife, lifting it farther toward the left. Tough, seeing his chance, grabbed the knife and buried it in his captor's body.

Tough was free now and he hurried on to the Missouri River which he had to cross to reach the fort. But when he came to the ferry, whom should he encounter but Cy Gorden himself. Thinking quickly, Tough decided that the best defense was boldness. Accordingly he rode directly into Gorden's camp and stated that he was crossing to Kansas after some abolitionist horses he had spotted. He even invited the Missourians to accompany him but they refused, having what they considered more important business to attend to. Gorden did not recognize Tough since, uncharacteristically, he was unshaven and filthy.

Just as the ferry, with Tough on board, was pulling away from the bank one of his recent captors rode up and told Gorden of Tough's true identity. The Missourians threw down on the little ferry boat but it was too far astream for their bullets to find a target.

TOUGH encountered no difficulties on the Kansas side of the river and was soon in Leavenworth where he washed, donned fresh clothing and then rode north to the fort.

Its commanding officer was just newly arrived from the East and did not react



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas

Tough scouted for Capt. Samuel J. Crawford, who was to become governor of Kansas. He is wearing a colonel's uniform of later days in this photo.

Below, Kansas Jayhawkers stealing horses from pro-slave Missouri farmers. Such activity was rampant on the Kansas-Missouri border during the Civil War years.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas From Pictorial War Record, May 13, 1882

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Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas

Above, Gen. James G. Blunt. His encounter with Quantrill's men at Baxter Springs was testimony to his leadership abilities under stress.

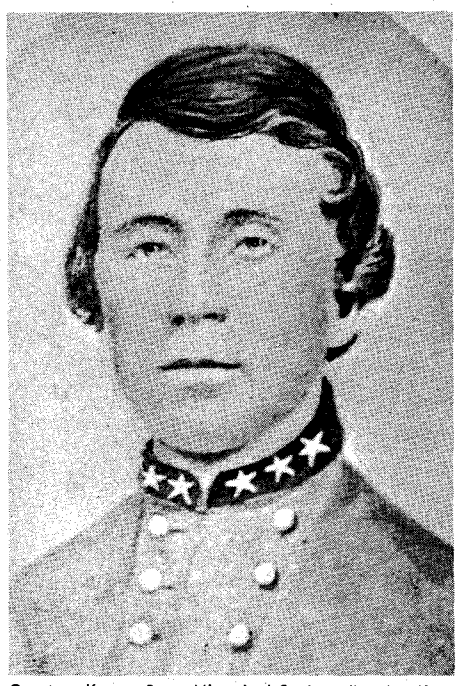
kindly when Tough made his request for assistance. Soon the room was filled with warm expletives. "I don't know what else you learned at West Point but you learned no courtesy," Tough finally shouted. "I suppose that can't be taught a man who is no gentlemen," he concluded.

This the colonel could not tolerate. "I will have you put in the guard house!" he retorted.

From that point one thing led to another and soon the officer found himself tied securely to a bookcase in his office. Tough rode serenely off the military reservation into a new life of outlawry —for now he was wanted not only by the Missouri bushwhackers but also by the Union army authorities. It was at this time that Tough began to gather an informal band of followers who spent their time making raids on Confederate and Missouri guerilla forces. Apparently Tough's Union sentiments still directed the course of his activities.

Charles M. Chase, the Kansas correspondent for an Illinois newspaper, reported in 1863 that Tough had raised seventy-five men who were mounted on captured Confederate horses. They were relatively well disciplined and had adopted a system of disguises and spying well suited to their work. "In just one month from the time he took his men into the brush," Chase reported, "he had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing the five who first assaulted him swinging from the same limb. He seemed to have been transformed into a demon, he said, and to take the wildest delight in in seeing the 'poor cusses gasping for breath.'"

Judging from his newspaper articles, there can be little doubt that Chase was not an admirer of Tough. "By many Tuft [as Chase called him] is regarded as a pure horse thief and murderer; others of a rabid, lawless nature incline to wink at his crimes as long as his avowed purpose is to rob and murder Rebels. It proves dangerous, however, to suspend the law and give such characters as Tuft discretionary license to rob and murder. Where there is a fine horse in the way, or a personal enemy,



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas

Col. William C. Quantrill, guerrilla leader.

Tuft's discretion between Union and Secesh is not accurate," the newspaperman concluded.

Chase was not being fair. Undoubtedly much of his information was second-hand, and if, as it appears, he interviewed Tough, there can be little doubt that the reporter was fed a line in true Western exaggerated style.

By mid-1862 Tough was officially on the government pay roll though he may not yet have been a scout. It is known that in August he was guide for an expedition under command of Lt. Col. John T. Burris, Tenth Kansas Infantry, sent from Fort Leavenworth to relieve Independence, Missouri, which reportedly was under Rebel attack. Though the enemy had flown by the time of their arrival, Tough was successful in capturing eight prisoners and a small herd of Confederate beef cattle.

In late November and early December, 1862, Tough participated in the battle of Cane Hill. By this time he was referred to as chief of scouts though official records of his employment date only as far back as early 1863. Both Capt. Samuel J. Crawford, later governor of Kansas but then commander of Co. A, Second Kansas Cavalry, and Albert A. Greene, a private in Co. A, Ninth Kansas Cavalry, mention Tough at the Battle of the Boston Mountains.

Below, Gen. Blunt's band members. They were brutally massacred by Quantrill's men at Baxter Springs.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas

FOR five days after the Battle of Cane Hill, Gen. James G. Blunt, commander of a division in the Army of the Frontier, remained stationary. Eventually reports began filtering in that Gen. Thomas C. Hindman was advancing toward him. Captain Crawford was sent with a detachment to ascertain Hindman's strength and position. On Friday morning, December 5, Crawford met Hindman's advance of about 1,000 troops. The Confederates stopped and prepared to go into camp. Crawford posted pickets

(Continued on page 64)

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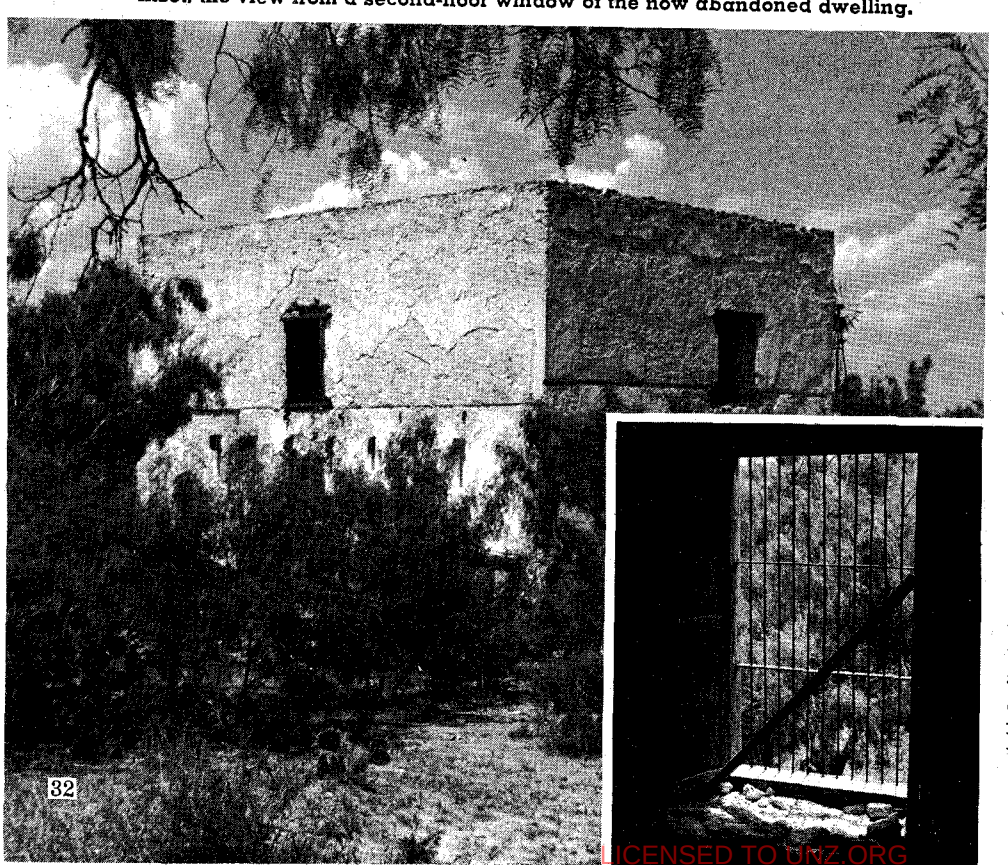
HOME BASE FOR THE MUSTANGERS

U.S. Signal Corps Photo No. 111-BA-98
(Brady Collection) in the National Archives

—San Antonio Viejo is a ghost town. Dust devils may prowl its streets but sand thrown skyward by the pounding hoofs of fleeing horses is gone forever

Above, a view of the old main road going northwest out of San Antonio Viejo toward the village of Guerra. This was probably the road traveled by Robert E. Lee and his party. Inset, William E. West portrait of 24-year-old Robert E. Lee, then a second lieutenant. Lee passed through San Antonio Viejo in 1857, some 25 years later.

Below, San Antonio Viejo's only two-story structure. Information supplied the author points out that it was occupied by descendants of Victoriana Gonzales, the original grantee. Inset, the view from a second-floor window of the now abandoned dwelling.



By ROBERT H. THAXTON

Photos Courtesy Author

IN THE AUTUMN of 1856, a lieutenant colonel in the U. S. Army arrived for a routine court-martial at Ringgold Barracks on the Texas-Mexican border. He was only one of several officers attending, but his name was Robert Edward Lee, the man who, a few years later, would lead the Confederate Army in the Civil War.

Colonel Lee, then serving as commander of Camp Cooper in northwest Texas, joined the court to try Major Giles Porter for "repeated acts of drunkenness while in the performance of duty." Lee's court convened on October 1, 1856, but the trial of Major Porter moved slowly.

In a letter to his wife in Virginia, Lee said, "The case is protracted by the presence of two Texas lawyers accustomed to the tricks and stratagems of special pleading, which of no avail, absorb time and stave off the question."

After a month, little progress had been made and the presiding officers moved the proceedings from the crude outpost at Ringgold Barracks to the more desirable accommodations at Fort Brown near the flourishing port city of Brownsville.

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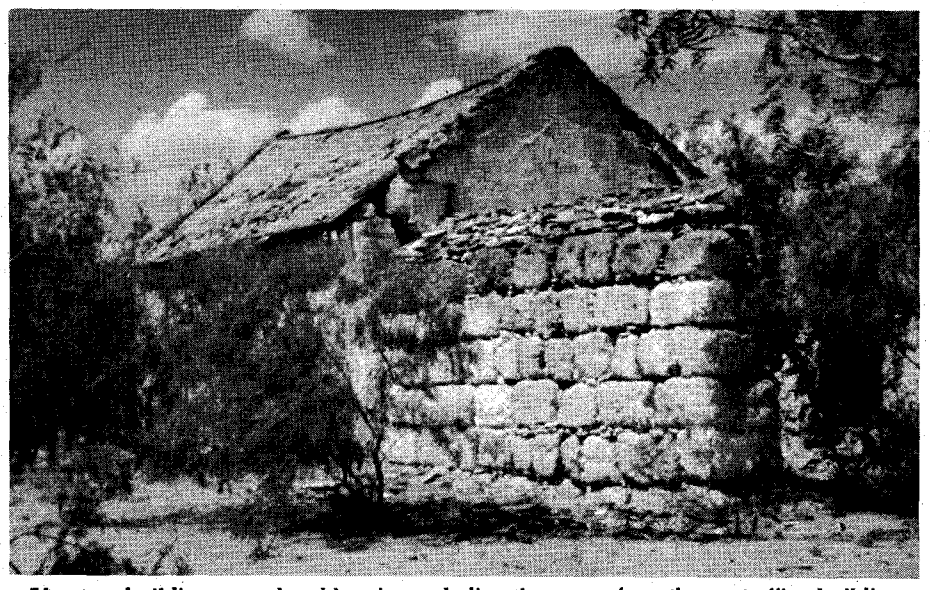

Above, a building near the old main road, directly across from the post office building.

Above, the old general store and post office built by the Guerra brothers late in the 19th century. It was closed by the government in 1934.

Above are the remains of a building across the road from the Gonzales home. Originally built to house servants, it was put to other uses, including a shift as the town cantina.

Below, an old home once belonging to the Guerras, but now used for hay storage by the Muñoz family who owns San Antonio Viejo and the surrounding land. Inset, one of the village cemeteries, and behind the graves the dry marsh at the edge of town.

Lee had served at Fort Brown during the Mexican War a decade earlier, and had many friends in Brownsville including Captain Richard King. When the two met, King was a steamboat operator plying the trade on a route which extended from Bagdad at the mouth of the Rio Grande to Ringgold Baracks, some fifty to sixty miles upriver.

Lee and King became good friends, and the steamboat captain invited the soldier to inspect some land up the Texas coast on Santa Gertrudis Creek. Lee approved of the area and advised the captain to buy more of the land. He did—and it later became Texas' famous King Ranch.

COLONEL LEE spent some four months in Brownsville before the court-martial reached its end on February 18, 1857. Major Porter was found guilty of "repeated acts of drunkenness."

With the trial over, the members of the court set about returning to their regular posts. Lee and a number of other officers booked passage back up the river to Ringgold Barracks on one of Captain King's steamers. At the outpost, the group separated. Lee and four other of-

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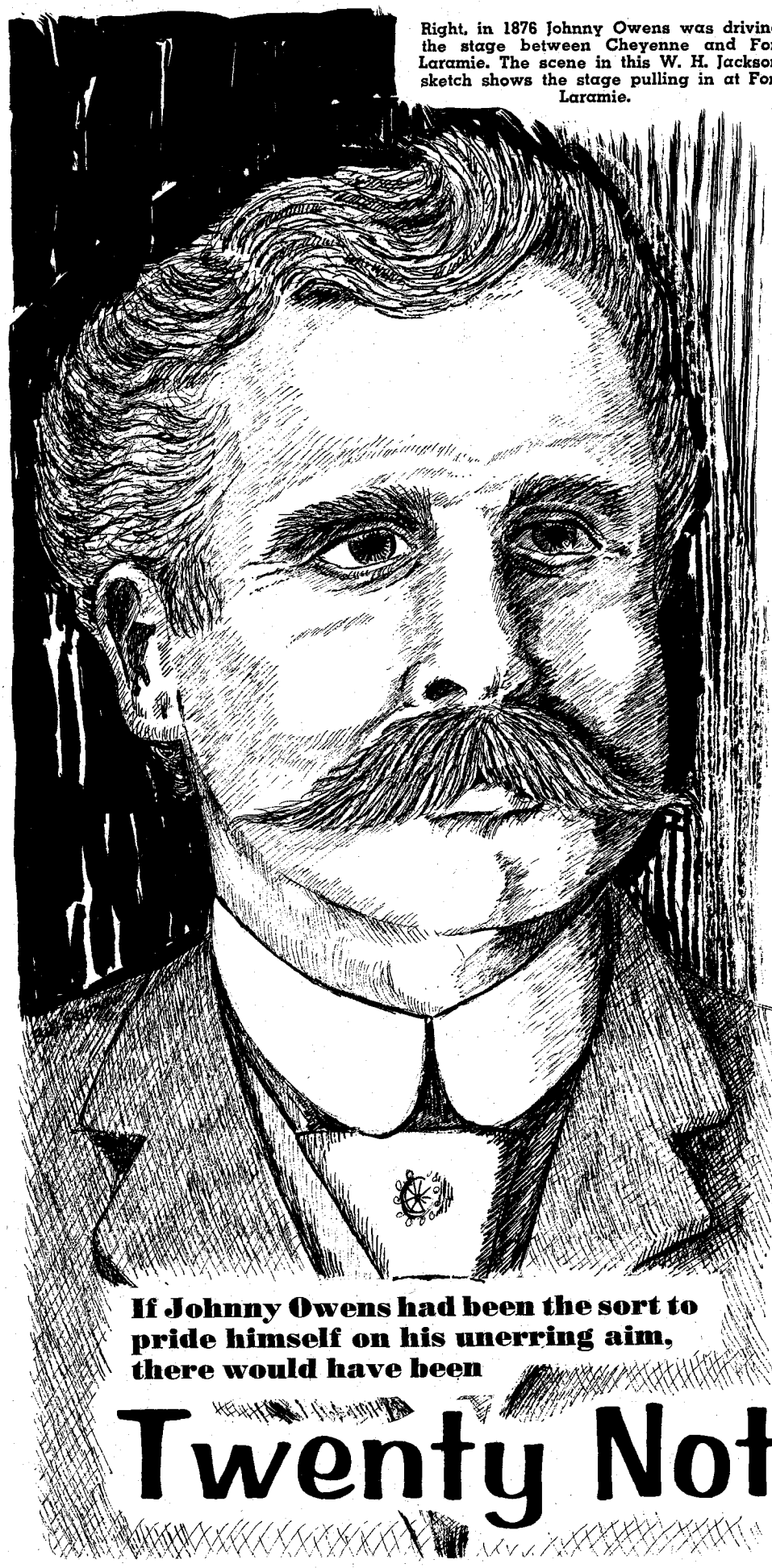
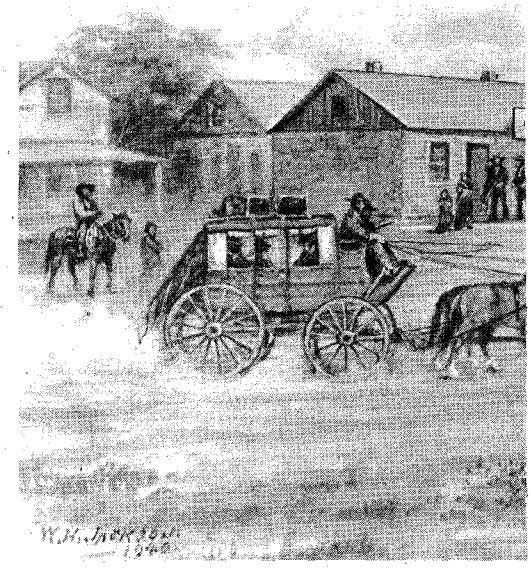


Right, in 1876 Johnny Owens was driving the stage between Cheyenne and Fort Laramie. The scene in this W. H. Jackson sketch shows the stage pulling in at Fort Laramie.

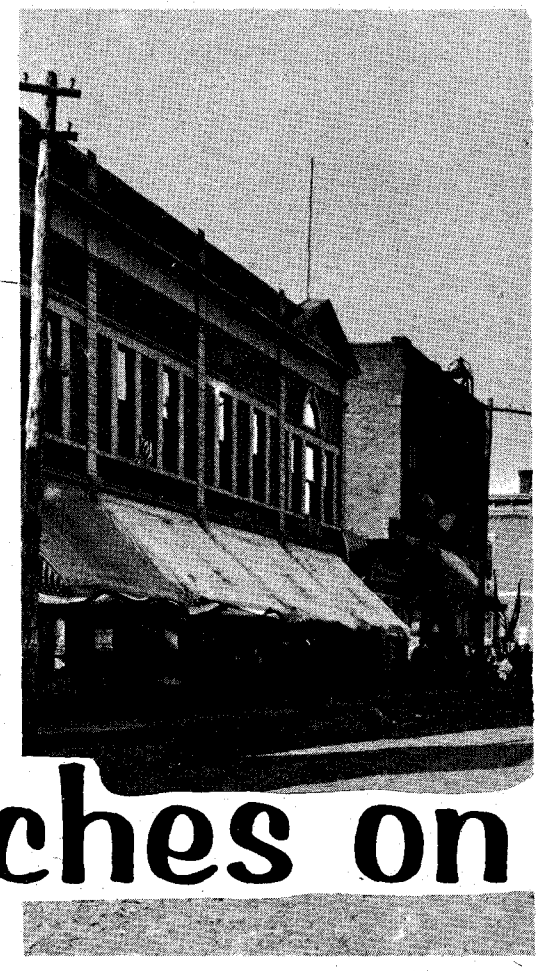


If Johnny Owens had been the sort to pride himself on his unerring aim, there would have been

Twenty Notches on

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

JOHNNY OWENS was known as a "sure shot." He had twenty notches on his gun and always carried another for reserve. In 1875 he outshot Wild Bill Hickok and Major John Talbot in a match at Cheyenne, Wyoming. But his twenty killings were made in self-defense or in line of duty as an officer of the law. According to Dr. Fred Horton, a health officer at Newcastle, Wyoming



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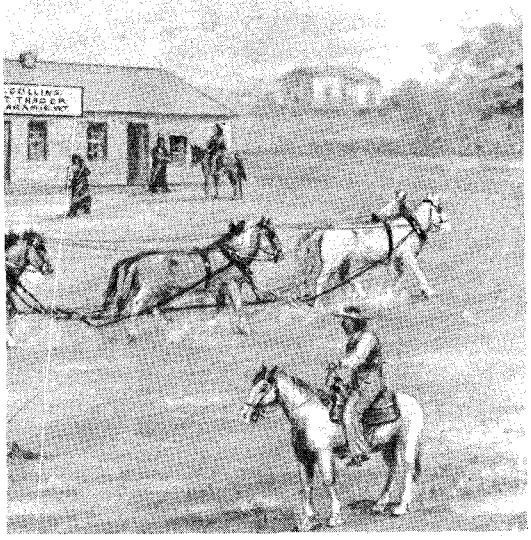

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Lusk, Wyoming in September 1886. Owens opened a dance hall and saloon in Lusk. He also served as marshal for the town until his unexplained resignation.

for many years, Johnny Owens was a straight-shooter, literally and figuratively.

"Johnny," said the doctor, "never took aim. He just shot. He could always tell where he had hit a man. He would come straight to me and tell me exactly the spot. But Johnny was never trigger happy. Many a time he averted a tragedy because of his calm nerve and because he held his fire. If, however, a criminal deliberately ignored his command, Owens warned only once. And then his gun was swift and sure."

Although Johnny Owens was primarily a gambler, he neither drank nor smoked. He was respected as an honest, unpretentious, and friendly man. Slender and of medium height, Johnny was handsome, with bright, steel-grey eyes. He was always meticulously groomed and tailored. Despite his shady profession, army officers and other men at Fort Laramie in the early days entrusted their wives and daughters to Owens in making trips to and from Cheyenne, some one hundred miles away.

Born in Marshall, Texas, August 1, 1843, Johnny Owens went with his father to West Plains, Missouri, when he was sixteen to take care of horses. During the Civil War he joined Quantrill's guerrillas. Owens came to what is now Wyoming in 1864. One old-timer who knew him well declared that "at eighteen he had run the scale of emotions."

In 1876 Owens was driving the stage between Cheyenne and Fort Laramie when C. P. (Dub) Meek first met him. Meek, a long-time member of the Wyoming Legislature, said that he decided to freight to the Black Hills at the beginning of the gold rush. He left Cheyenne with a fourteen-bull outfit, headed north, in April 1876.

Said Meek: "At Chug Springs, a station and roadhouse on the [Fort] Laramie-Cheyenne stage line, I made camp one night. There was a big poker game in progress in the saloon and I sat in. One of the players was Johnny Owens, then a stage driver. Another one of the players was the owner of the roadhouse. When the stakes got pretty high the rest of us dropped out just leaving Johnny and the station master. The game went on between those two until daybreak. By that time the station master was cleaned out. Owens was winner of the roadhouse and stage station and a well stocked saloon.

"When the next stage went through, the former station master climbed up with the driver while Johnny tied on the white apron and took over behind the bar. Before the stage left, Owens gave the loser $50 as a grubstake."

Chug Springs had been a stopping place for travellers since 1871 when a man named Patton built a small log roadhouse there. Indians were still making forays into the area when Johnny Owens became the owner. Soon afterwards he, with Little Bat Garnier, found the body of James Hunton, killed by Indians, in nearby Goshen Hole. In August 1876, the Sioux swooped down on Chug Springs and ran off Owens' horses. By this time the stage company had moved its station to John Hunton's ranch at Bordeaux, making it a relay station.

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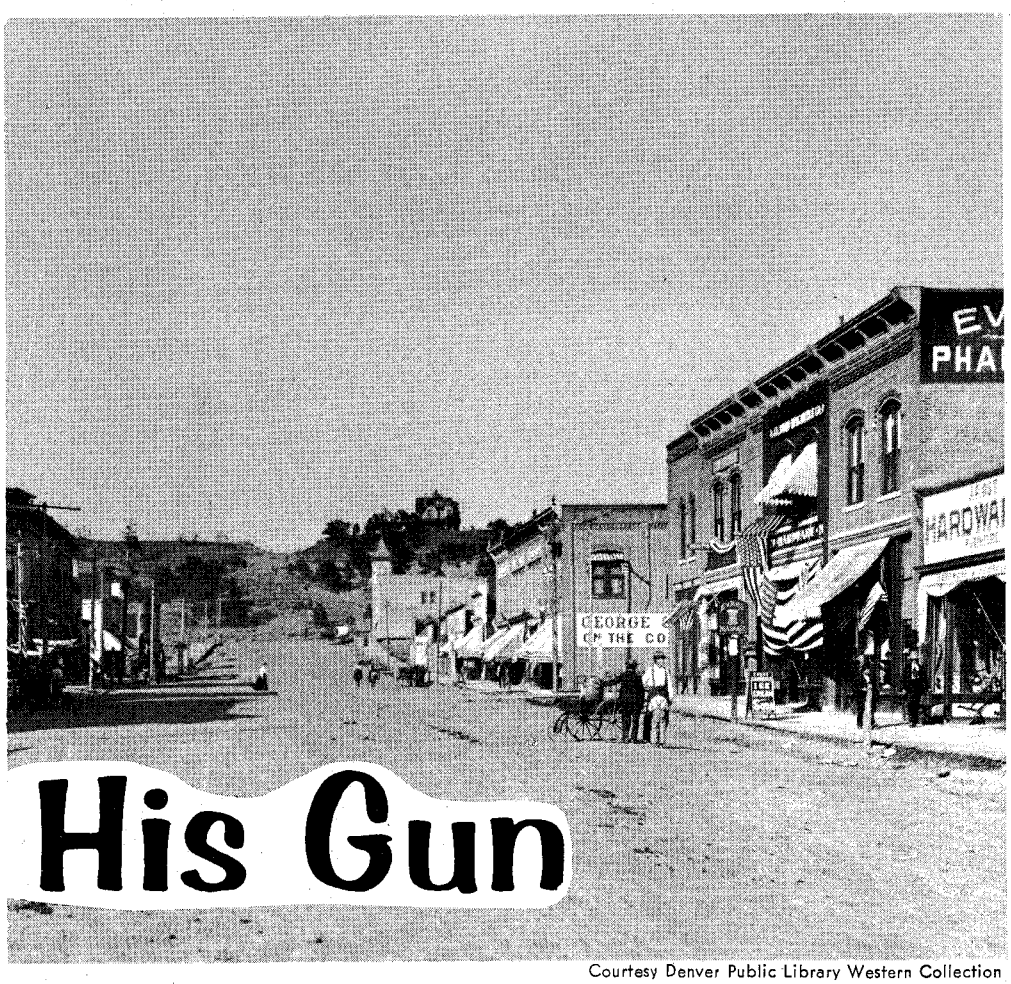

His Gun

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Left, Main Street, Newcastle, Wyoming in 1903. In 1892 Johnny Owens was elected sheriff of Weston County, of which Newcastle was the county seat. He held the office for 14 years.

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Wild Old Days!

LONELIEST GRAVE IN THE WORLD

By Gerald K. Street

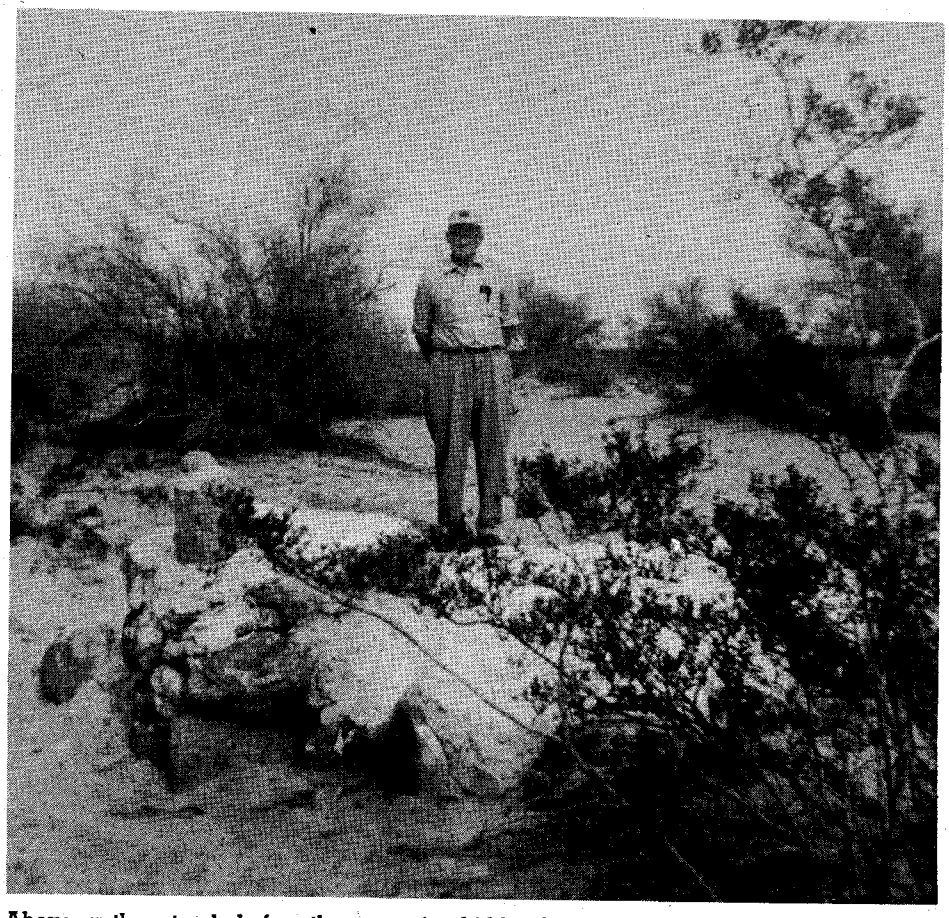
FAR UP in the badlands where no visible habitation exists today due to lack of water is a lonely grave cemented into a crypt with a headstone. Extraordinary pains were taken to insure its permanence.

A local miner from nearby Blythe, California and I only recently stumbled upon it while he was showing me some claims only recently acquired. Not even he knew of this concealed tomb until we accidentally came upon it.

The locale is about twenty miles southwest of Blythe—a port-of-entry agricultural paradise which is irrigated from the winding Colorado River, and some ten miles west of the old town of Ripley. Many people from these two desert towns have frequently, in the past, driven within three miles of this grave to drop refuse in the city dump; however, the roads around the tomb show small use except by occasional miners who frequent Mule Mountain claims nearby and these passersby would just naturally miss seeing the gravesite due to its isolation within an area which is surrounded by dense desert growth.

The history of this grave dates back to April 1, 1911. The city librarian at Blythe knows about it, as do a few other senior citizens. Yet, except for the kindness exhibited by a friend of the long-gone cowboy, who labored to fashion the crypt and who wrote the facts of the case into the mixture before the cement dried, all would have been mostly forgotten.

In the old days, though, nearly everyone must have known the circumstances, as there is evidence that two water wells (now apparently dry) were used by sheepherders and various others whose rotted-down barbed wire enclosures still remain. Rains and strong desert winds have washed away or altered old roads to such an extent a person must almost mark his way in order not to become lost, because the general area is rather low, tree-shrouded and mostly all looks alike. Since present trails are hardly roads at all, it would be almost impossible for a tenderfoot to find his way out at night if he could worm his car to the foot of Mule Mountain. In daylight, if one marks the way so that he knows which of the many trails to turn on, one should certainly be able to exit properly. Because of many impassable gullies, trails are winding and intersect frequently. In fact, it was while my friend and I were temporarily befogged that we stumbled upon this isolated grave. The deceased was a cowboy from Santa Barbara, California, hunting wild horses which roamed the area.



Above, author stands before the gravesite, hidden by greasewood and palo verde trees, in a spot long since forgotten by most. Photos Courtesy Author

Below, miner Harold J. Smith stands before the headstone of the grave. The Spanish words, "Rest In Peace" can be seen etched in the cement.

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IT WAS APRIL 1911. Winter's cold winds had changed into gentle, cool breezes from the south and snows had melted on the mountain peaks.

Two cowboys sat under a palo verde tree, hunched over an open campfire while sipping coffee and silently watching dawn break forth over the Chocolate Mountains in distant Arizona. Their bedrolls were tied up, and chaps and guns buckled on in preparation for their day's work. The saddle horses stamped restlessly beside their stakes, and fat, blue quail, attracted by daylight, were emerging from their hiding places.

Suddenly one of the cowboys pointed silently toward the nearby water well where there was a tin tank full of fresh, cool water. The other cowboy braced himself and then both men silently dashed forth to their saddles. Without a word, they were soon astride their mounts, ropes in hand, at the ready, very stealthily moving forward.

Lynn Patterson, the thirty-three-year-old cowboy from Santa Barbara's coast country, suddenly let his rope go around the shining, powerful neck of a beautiful wild horse, the apparent leader of his herd. Jack Marlow roped a filly before the remaining horses thundered away.

Jack soon secured his mare to a nearby ironwood tree limb; as he glanced around to locate Lynn, he saw the younger man disappearing in a dust cloud, desperately holding on to his roped prize as the powerful animal struggled to regain its freedom.

Then there was a bigger spurt of dust in the distance and Jack Marlow saw both horses stumble and fall to earth together with a mighty thud. Mounting his horse, he rushed to the scene and came upon his partner and the two prostrate horses lying in the loose sand. Lynn's bleeding head lay close to the wild horse's hard hind heels; he lay quite still. The saddle horse quickly regained its feet and trotted off fearfully to the water well. But the beautiful black stallion lay trapped there, with one of its forelegs buried in a concealed gopher hole, twisted and broken.

Kneeling beside his friend's body, Jack felt the pulse and put an ear to the mouth. There was no breath. The wild horse's hoof had kicked his pal squarely in the head and broken his skull. He had died instantly.

Slowly, sadly, Jack Marlow arose and turned his attention to the stallion. Jack soon realized that it was in a hopeless state, with bones protruding from the bleeding leg. The dead cowboy's partner drew his .45, fired one shot and ended the creature's wild, free, unlucky life.

A MEXICAN sheepherder soon came by in his cart, driving two long-eared donkeys. He stopped and aided Jack in digging the lonely grave and burying his friend. Later, Jack persuaded the Mexican to drive his cart into Ripley, purchase five sacks of cement, and bring it back to Lynn Patterson's resting place. Together then, the two men and a half-dozen miners (who furnished rock from their claims) made a lasting monument over the cowboy's last home, complete with headstone. Jack scratched these words atop the wet cement mound—still plainly visible.

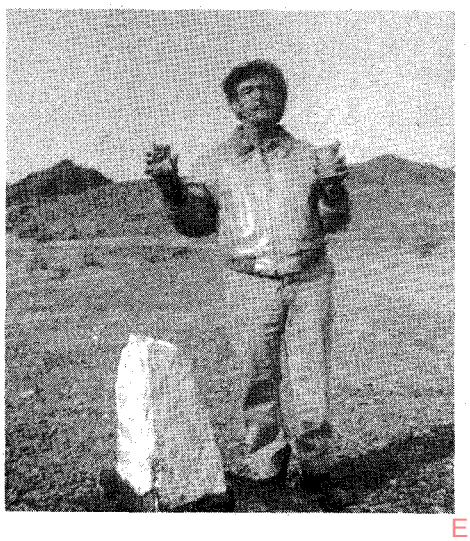
MY FRIEND, LYNN PATTERSON, AGED 33 YEARS, OF SANTA BARBARA DIED APRIL 1, 1911, KILLED BY WILD HORSE WHEN ANIMAL FELL IN GOPHER HOLE.

The Mexican wrote, on the opposite side, in even more distinguishable Spanish words:

DES CANSE EN PAZ.
(REST IN PEACE)

As we walked silently away from the spot, I thought about how many thousands of men and women have lost their lives in the early days of this country. And, with one final glance, I felt that, of all the thousands, surely this *one* could certainly *DES CANSE EN PAZ*—here in so lonely and lovely a spot, with colorful mountains in the background and only wild, pretty quail to make their tracks around him in the loose desert sands.

Very near the gravesite Smith shows one of his own mineral monument markers. Tobacco cans are generally used to keep papers showing ownership dry.



OLD BLUE

By John London

OLD BLUE, one of the greatest cow ponies that ever lived, has been dead for more than thirty years, but the veteran cowhands of the Warren Ranches in northern Colorado still fondly remember him.

There was no pedigree attached to Old Blue; he just came out of good range pony stock on both sides. He was foaled on the Terry Division of the Warren Ranches and spent all of his life on their ranges. He was of average height, a brown and white paint. He had the deep chest and strong straight forelegs that are so characteristic of range ponies—features necessary to hold down a roped steer or recalcitrant dogie without any effort at all.

There was something about Blue's personality which made one sense the wide open spaces and strong winds of the prairies where he was born and worked. He didn't belong to any particular rider—he was every rider's favorite horse. He seemed to know instinctively what was expected of him and did it. He was like a skilled surgeon in his profession—whenever a tough job had to be done, Old Blue was called upon to do it. Many cowhands can tell you how he brought them straight home after dark from the remotest corners of the range—and he knew the short cuts, too. Stories are told about this horse that are unbelievable, yet men who knew and rode him, swear they are true.

There are few incidents on a large ranch which cause the experienced cowboy to hesitate, but one that will inevitably strike a note of fear is the diamond-backed prairie rattler. Meeting one of these slithering streaks of lightning can cause the bravest rider to turn pale. His horse will shy and he finds himself in the dust on more or less equal terms with the snake.

Old Blue was more than equal to an emergency such as this. Frank, a Warren Ranch cowhand, had such an encounter one day on the Meadow Springs Ranch. It was the first time he and Blue had ever met a rattler. Much to Frank's surprise, Blue stood his ground at the first sound of the low, tinny rattle. Instead of throwing his rider and bolting, Blue's keen eyes sighted the reptile under a branch of low-lying sage and, without a moment's hesitation, literally beat the snake to the draw and stomped him into the dust. Frank sat astride as Blue reared and struck his death-dealing blows.

(Continued on the following page)

Old Blue's cairn at the entrance to the Terry Ranch.
Photo Courtesy Author

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ANOTHER well-known Blue "legend" took place in the winter of 1928-'29. The snow lay deep and heavy on the ground and the mercury had dropped to twenty-five below. A few weeks earlier, a small group of cows had borne calves outside the barns and corrals of the Warren Ranch. The men fought several bitter battles with the elements to get all the calves rounded up. At dusk, Blue and his rider were desperately trying to make it back home through the deep drifts when, for some unknown reason, Blue hesitated. He cocked his ears into the howling wind, then lunged off in another direction.

Knowing that the horse usually had a reason for the things he did, the rider let him have rein. After ten minutes of struggling through deep snow, they came upon a calf curled under a sheltering outcropping, weak and almost frozen to death. The cowboy tied it across the pommel and Blue carried them safely home. The rider said he did not hear the bawling calf because of the wind, yet the horse had picked up the faint cry and sensed the direction from which it came.

Similar stories of Old Blue would fill a book. The ranch hands—prejudiced or not, swear that no smarter cow pony than Blue has ever lived. He could outrun, outride and outrope any other pony on the Warren ranges. He was a friend to all the cowhands, in work or in play. His loyalty, devotion, intelligence—and his escapades too—have become a part of the tradition of the range country. After his death, Old Blue was buried beside the highway at the entrance to the Terry Ranch. A cairn marks the spot.

On the white wooden headstone, marking the last resting place of the horse that everybody loved, is carved:

ERECTED
to the
MEMORY
of
OLD BLUE
The Best Old
Cow Pony
That Ever Pulled
On a Rope
By The
Cow Punchers
of the
7 X L
OUTFIT
Rest In Peace
And Good Will.

WHEN IT'S GOING TO RAIN

By Allton Turner

"WHEN the owl hoots three times, no more, no less," said the old Indian, "time to plant corn. Rain soon."

The white man who had received this advice listened intently night after night for the owl to hoot three times. But it always hooted four times. Who, who—who, whoo. Finally after a month's impatient waiting he definitely heard an owl hoot three times and three times only. Hurriedly he planted his corn and began a vigil of watching the sky. After another month during which his seed had all been eaten by crows and rodents, he accosted the old Indian.

"Me hear too," replied the Indian. "Young owl. Don't know much."

So all signs of rain fail in dry weather. Some old-timers say that if the wind blows in southwestern New Mexico from the south or east for three days in a row, it is going to bring rain from the Gulf of Mexico. Some say that if a powderhorn can be hung on the moon, it is dry; if not, it is a wet moon and rain will soon follow. Or, if the whirlwinds spin clockwise it is a sign of dry weather; if they turn counter-clockwise, it will rain in May or June; the regular July and August rainy season will be dry. I've seen some seven-year drouths and then I've seen some long dry spells. We've cut soapweeds and run them through a chopping machine to pulp them so hungry cattle could get a little nourishment. We've burned the thorns off cactus so cattle could eat them without getting sore mouths. They'll eat mistletoe, too, if you can find any. I've seen cattle eat all the leaves off mesquite bushes, as bitter as they are—even broom (or turpentine) weeds. Some say that cows will give premature birth to their calves from eating broom weeds.

Sometimes what little grass there is (usually tabosa is all that is left standing) is so tough the cattle soon don't have any upper front teeth for biting. Jackrabbits get so skinny they don't even make good jerky. It takes three of them to feed one coyote litter—if the mammy could ever get up enough strength to catch one, let alone three.

Some years it's so dry the juniper and cedar trees don't leaf out all year. One year cattle were dying all over the range and we didn't have enough money or credit to buy cottonseed cake or any other kind of feed to carry them through. We just drove around over the range, skinning them for what their hides would bring. Then we'd make another round after the coyotes and buzzards had picked the bones clean and ship those bones to the glue factory.

One evening about sundown I was getting pretty weary. My knives were dull. My back was killing me and the hides on the wagon were stinking to high heaven and I guess I was, too, but didn't give a durn. I'd skin just one more and head for the ranch. Just as I jerked the hide from that last critter, she got up and ran off, bawling. Haunted me for days.

WHEN there isn't enough wind to turn all the windmill wheels and you shut some of them down and still have to pump water, cattle drink ten times as much as when water is plentiful. They figure they'd just as well hang around and sup the mud. There's nothing to eat where they've been, anyway.

And it's always colder when you're driving an old poor cow slow-like trying to get her to a feed pen. You walk a while, trying to get a little circulation in your legs to thaw your feet out a bit before they drop off. After walking a while on feet that don't fit the ground (they were made to straddle a hoss) you decide to get back on and come back after that old biddy in the morning. She won't be far. But, when you try to re-mount your horse he has a different idea. All of a sudden he's not leg weary anymore or you're so stiff you jab him in a tender place with a boot toe and he jerks loose. Your fingers are too numb from the cold to hold onto the bridle reins. Maybe it ain't but a mile or two to the ranch, but it's a helluva long way afoot, especially when that old gentle grain horse stays just out of reach all the way and you're cussing every frosted breath you can spare.

A feller sure gets tired spending half the morning tailing up a bunch of cows too weak to h'ist themselves up. He squats down behind a old pore critter, wraps her stinking bush of a tail around his neck, and tries to come up with her rear end. She flops over on her side without even trying to help. Your partner comes to handle the front end (a horse gets up with his front end first, but a cow, her hind end is first). When she finally gets to standing alone and the tailer-uppers step aside, she charges one of them and goes down again.

It gets kind of discouraging when there ain't enough cow chips to make a good smudge to keep the potato bugs out of the garden. No leaves left on any of the plants; just skinny little stalks. Not even enough left to feed a grasshopper that's too weak to hop. You sit on the mourners' bench at the bank trying to get an extension on your loan to carry you through till fall or till spring. If it doesn't rain, you may have to rob a bank to feed your family. In fact, if it doesn't rain, you've already robbed the bank for whatever mortgage they've got on your cattle.

You'd like to ship your cattle, but they wouldn't bring enough to pay the freight—if they lived to make the trip to any market. Nevertheless, good, wet years have ruined more cowmen than drouthy years. When it rains good and the grass grows dark green and cattle lie around chewing their contented cuds, you know in your bones you'll never see another dry year and so you increase your herd. As soon as that happens, every owl in the country will hoot four times.

"Sheriff, you've got to do something about them hoss thieves!"

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Undercover Agent for Wells Fargo

(Continued from page 9)

his life. We got him onto a Stretcher and Carried him home. He lived with Bob Winders and had come to the Country with them, and it had always been home to him. He did not die then, but his Suffering was intense—he was a Cripple and could hardly get around and a couple of years later Died from the Effects of this wound.

Charley Cunningham left the Country very soon after the Shooting, and I did not meet him for some years, and then met him in the Cripple Creek District where he was running a Saloon and Dance Hall. I had quite a few talks with him and he was truly sorry about Lazzard and I think that he would have Killed Lazzard had he met him—but he had never seen him since the Night of the Shooting.

A SHORT TIME before this Shooting between Smith and Cunningham, there had been a Train Robbery at Pantana, on the Southern Pacific, and it was the last case that Charley Smith ever worked on.

We got to the Scene of the Robbery the next day. The messenger was named Smith. I interviewed him and he gave me the Particulars of the Robbery. He said that there was only 2 men in the Robbery and that he did not see any Horses at all. Among other things that he told me was that both of their Six-shooters had black handles, and they looked like they were New.

I started at the Railroad, and Cut for Sign of a trail. Manuel, the Mexican Yacci Indian that was always with me and a Wizard on a trail, took one side and I took the other, Each to make a half Circle and Meet at a given point on the R. R. near by. I had got nearly half way round when I found the trail of two men afoot, headed towards the Rincon Mountains. I called Manuel, and together we Examined and measured these tracks —we had only one well-defined track at the scene of the holdup and we compared this one with one that we had found on this trail. They were the same, So we knew that we had the trail of the Robbers. We could see that they were headed towards Mountain Springs, which was right at the foot of the mountain, and on the Old Stage Road—we kept on this trail. There was only 2 men and no Horses—we had about made up our minds that there were only 2 men and that they had left their Horses at the Mountain Springs.

Charley Smith had the balance of the Posse and our two Horses with him and they were Keeping in the background while Manuel and I were working on foot, for it was hard trailing, as the Country was very dry. As we neared the Springs, it was getting Dark so that we Could not trail and be Certain that we were right, So we made a careful examination of one Spring that was a little appart from the Big one—there were no tracks there. So we went into Camp for the Night—Manuel and I both Knew we could pick up the trail the next morning. But that night come a terrific Rain

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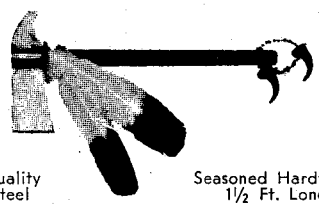

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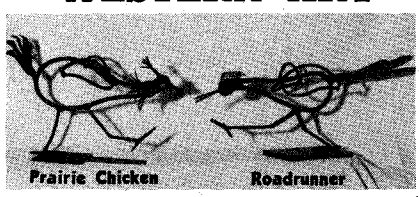

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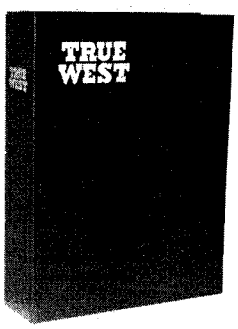

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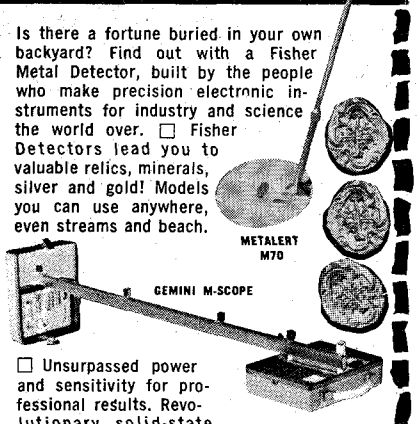

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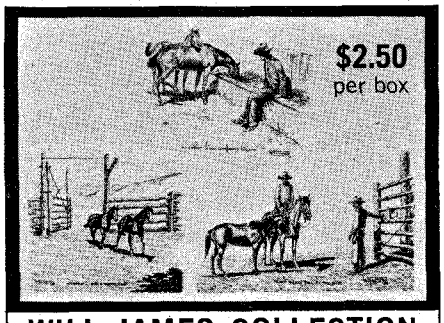

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Storm that was nearly a Cloud burst, and in the Morning, there was no trail. Everything in that Section was washed out and any Cutting for any sign was Entirely useless.

We rode into Benson where there was a telegraph office and we Could give, and also get, information. About the first one that I heard from was Virgil Earp, who was in Tombstone—Charley Smith and I both wanted to see the Old Boy badly. He come down on the Stage and we met him at Benson. Virgil Earp had been in California Ever since they tried to assassinate him when he was City Marshal in Tombstone.

That evening, close to dark, we had got word of two men Horseback on the Rincon Mountains, and we were going to leave for there before daylight in the Morning. Virg wanted to go with us, so we got him a good horse and outfit at Benson and we all left before day.

Virg had shown us his Arm and told us all about how it got along—the Surgeons had taken out the whole Elbow and there was nothing there but flesh. Manuel had been out among the Mexicans, Scouting for information, and had only met Virg a few minutes that night. In the morning, as we were nearing the Rincons, we had an open Mesa to cross and we were Crossing it at a good Stiff Gallop, so that we would be past it before it got light enough to be seen from a distance. Virg had let his arm dangle and he noticed Manuel observing him closely, So he let his arm flop around for Virg knew how Supersticious this Class of Indian and Mexican was, and in a very few Minutes, Manuel Come rushing up to me with, "My God, Boss, what is the matter with that man?" I knew Manuel and his supersticions, and as we were where we Could Ease up or Stop and not be seen, I had to Stop the whole outfit and get Virg to get off his horse and Show Manuel his arm, and then we told him all about it. He had heard of it, and was very much interested. He felt of the arm, lifted it up, and let it fall, and was much impressed—and he and Virg become great friends. He looked out for Virg on all occasions and took care of Virg's horse for him on the whole trip—Virg was much amused at Manuel.

After we had got the trail of two horsemen, we were climbing up the mountain and were following a Canyon. Manuel took one side and I the other, and they had gone up on my side. Manuel was higher up than I was, and could see the trail in places, so as to make it Easier for me and also save time. As soon as we were sure that they were headed for the Spring that was on top of the Mountain, and Known to Charley Smith, Manuel, and myself, we then took the Easy way and when we got to the top rim, we halted the outfit. Manuel and I cut for Sign and soon found the trail which led to the Spring.

THE TOP of the mountain was a beautiful place of Even ground of about 5 or 6 acres, And a Spring that flowed water sufficient to have Irrigated much more Ground than there was there. The water flowed for about 100 feet and disappeared—it was clear as Crystall and Cold as Icewater. It was a very interesting Sight for Virg and he was much taken with it.

It was nearly night, and the only place on these Mountains to Camp. We Concluded to Stop for there was good feed for the Horses and As soon as they were Cared for, Manuel and I took a Scout arround before it was too dark to see anything. We found where there had been a Camp, and we also found that there was another horse had joined them there—but we could only find where two men had Camped and it looked like they had spent 2 or 3 nights there. So the sense of the party was that the third horseman had joined them in the Morning and gone on with them, for we found the trail going off the Mountain and there was 3 horses made the trail. This trail was headed towards the Tanka Verdi, which was opposite from where they had Come on to the Mountain.

We were gone at Daylight and Kept the trail well. Shortly after Noon, we were down on the Mesas where there were a good many Mexicans living, and it seemed that Every family had the Smallpox. Our trail took us into a creek, and we found where they had Come out just below a house that was flying a Yellow Flag, the Sign for Smallpox. We had a Consultation—for it would be a very neat trick for these men, if they were the Train Robbers, to go into this house and hoist a Yellow Flag and a Posse would go by them.

I could not stand it, and I Said that I was going to see anyway, for we could not get the trail past there. I rode up to the door, and when I got off my horse they were all there—Charley Smith and Manuel went to the Door with me. It was not locked, and I pushed it open, and an old Man raised up out of a chair where he had been Dozing and Said to me in good English, "We have the Smallpox here." I said that I only wanted to see what kind they had—he said the Black—there were 2 Daughters, 1 Son, and his wife that were in that room, all with Smallpox, and he had it some years before and was taking Care of them. Just as we were about to mount our horses, he come to the door and said that he did not think that there was any dainger for us, for they had all passed the fever stage. He told me that he had seen one man ride past there about 2 hours before, but he thought there were more with him for he had heard the Horses. There was a Road passed there and we Could not tell anything by that and all we could do was to watch for where they left the Road.

I sent Manuel out ahead to see what he could learn from some of the Mexicans. He soon Come back and told me that there were 2 men in Camp up the creek about a mile from the last house. We started right off, and when we got about there, we stopped and Manuel and I went out on a Scout. From a point high above the Creek, we could see two men and 3 horses—we could not see any third man. We got back, and made a ride for their Camp, and when we rode in, we knew both of them—2 Cow Boys from a Ranch just below Tres Alemos, on the San Pedro River. They were look-

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ing for Stray Cattle, and the Riddle of the third horse on the Rincon Mountain was that they camped there and left their Pack horse there while they went down arround the Mountain Spring, and then arround the mountain, and Come up from that side. It was on that Side that they were seen and that is the information that we got in Benson and theirs was the trail that we had followed and the Pack horse made the third Horse track from the Camp at the Spring on the Mountain.

We were blowed up and Could not get any trace of any one else, So we Started on our home journey—Virgil Earp left us at Benson to return to California, and it was some years later before I met Virg again.

A SHORT TIME after this, there was another Train Robbery at the Same place and the same Messenger—Smith. I felt Sure when I talked to this messenger that if Ever he was held up again, that there would be a fight. I Knew Smith quite well and I was sure that he would fight—but here was another holdup and he did not put up a fight. I was surprised and a little hurt, for it looked like I had been Mistaken in the man. The more that I thought about it, the more I felt sure that there was some reason for it. Now, that reason could be attributed to several Causes. Smith, the Messenger, was in Tucson, and when I got to the Scene of the Robbery, which was about Noon, there was a Switch Engine there and they offered to take me in to Tucson—which was only a few miles away—and bring me back. I had my men rest and feed the Horses at Pantana, And I run into Tucson.

I met Smith at the Depot, and I could see that there was something the matter with him. I questioned him Closely and quite pointedly, and he finally said to me, "There is a reason, and a good one, but you Couldn't drag it out of me with that Borox Team," and I Knew that he would not give it up. But I was very thougherly Convinced that Smith was not implicated in the Robbery in Any way.

There was a Route Agent in that Territory by the name of . . . Gault. He was not a Stout man at all for he was afflicted with Tubercoloses, and as I left Smith, Gault Come to Me and said, "Fred, Come back with me to Smith and I will tell you all about it." Every one that Knew Gault was his friend, and loved him for his quiet ways and lovable disposition. When He, Smith, and I were together, he said, "Fred, the whole and only reason that there was not a fight at the Robbery was me—I was in the Car coming to Tucson, and I just couldn't Stand it to take any chances in a fight." He said that Smith was going to, and wanted to make a fight, and that he, Gault, just begged him and implored him not to make a fight, as he said he just Knew that he would get Killed—and he finally succeeded in getting Smith to promice not to make any resistance. So that was the reason why Smith did not fight.

Smith described the same two men who had held him up before, even to the Black handles of their Pistols. I got right back there and got off at the Scene of the Holdup. My men were there and we got the Trail right away, and we run it right to Mountain Springs and Night come on.

During the Afternoon, there was a U. S. Sargent and Six Men Come to me—they were from Fort Huachuca and the Sargent had orders from the Commanding Officer, Col. Sandy Forsythe, to dismount any or all of his men to furnish me Horses. (Our horses were all better than theirs, for theirs were too Fat, and in the Scouting several become overheated and two of them Died that night.)

Fred Burke, Chief Special Officer of the S. P. Ry., and John Thacker, a Special Officer for Wells Fargo and Co. Express,—were Coming and would be there in the morning. They had arrainged to have the U. S. Marshal, Meade, to Join them on the Train with a Posse.

We were at Camp, and at Daylight Manuel and I took the trail. We followed it up the Mountain about a half a mile, and it led us to a Cave, and in that Cave we found much Evidence—We found the Rubber handles to the Sixshooters, Showing that they had changed handles on their Guns, we found the Masks and many other things. We also found some remnants of a lunch, and in digging arround, I found a Biscuit. Unobserved, I put that Biscuit in the Bosom of my Shirt, for I Knew that Biscuit, had eaten several like it, and I Knew that there was only one person in that Country

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that could make Biscuits like it. It was a man and he was named George Wolfork, and he Kept a little Eating house and Corral at Pantana—and I just Knew that George was going to tell who had got that Lunch.

CHARLEY SMITH Knew George Wolfork well—Knew him in Texas before he went to Arizona—And was the man to go against Wolfork to get the Information. I got Charley off to one Side and told him what I had, and gave him the Biscuit, which he Knew like I did, and he left for Pantana, less than two miles distant.

We returned down to the Camp, and Manuel, who had gone on a trail that led away from the Cave, was at the Camp—he had trailed them right to Pantana on the old road. It was well that he had done so, for here come the U. S. Marshal and Posse, Fred Burke, and John Thacker. I told them all about the trail that led to the Cave, and the same one that led away from the Cave and to Pantana, but I did not tell them about the Biscuit or Charley Smith's Mission. They had met Charley, and he told them that he was going to Pantana to Send a Message to the Sheriff at Tombstone—and in Case that some one would get inquisitive, he did send the message.

They all wanted to go to the Cave but Some of them were most too Fat to take the Climb—Fred Burke was a very heavy man and lame, having been shot in the Knee some years before. I had Known Fred Burke since I had been a Boy, and we were friends. Burke could not make that climb, and so stated. I got a chance and told him that I would get him up there, Even if I had to Carry him—which made him laugh. There was in the Soldier Squad, a large, Powerful Sorrell Horse, Capable of carrying Fred Burke anywhere. (Burke weighed over 200 pounds.) I went to the Sargent and told him about this, and he said, "My orders are to help you, but if they were not, I would gladly help you." So we put Fred Burke on the Hurricane Deck of the Sorrell Horse and he made the trip fine, but it seemed that I had Stirred up trouble for myself.

This U. S. Marshal, W. K. Meade, went to the Sargent and wanted a Horse also—for Meade was a fat man himself. The Sargent told him he could not do it. Meade said to him, "You let this man, Dodge, have the Best horse you got." The Sargent told him that I could have all the Horses that he had if I wanted them—this did not make Meade feel any better, for he did not like me. And I did not like him, but if he had asked me I would have got him a horse.

W. K. Meade had posed as a Mining Man, and was one in a way, back in the Tombstone days, during the troubles there, and was one of the Supporters of Sheriff John Behan—and so the feeling between me and Meade was of long standing. He Shot off his Mouth to an Extended extent, until I had to call him—and while I was about it I called him good and hard—not very polite, but earnestly, vehement, and plain. Fred Burke took a hand and told Meade a few—Meade Knew that Burke had the Southern Pacific Ry. behind him, so Meade subsided much like the Pussyfoot that he was. In his Official position, he later took it up by letter with Col. Forsythe, and the Col. called him down quite hard—for the Col. did not like Meade either. (John Thacker, with water on both Shoulders, Kept out of it.) We all finally Come into Pantana, for it was the Consenses of opinion that the Robbers had come in there and taken a train from there—which way we did not Know.

Charley Smith had done his work, and George Wolfork had told him all he Knew. George W. said that 2 men that had come there were evidently from a freight train that had gone west the morning before the Train Robbery, and the Conductor of that freight train was named George Green. George W. said that these men Come to his place and had Breakfast, and they had him put up Lunch Enough for 4 Men and had gone down the Track towards where the Robbery took place—This was the first Robbery. George could give no names, but he did give a good description of both men, for he had seen them both twice. This Train passed through Pantana Early in the Morning, and this same Conductor and Train Crew passed through Pantana going East towards El Paso the Early morning after the Train Robbery. George W. had not seen these men again—untill some time later. This Robbery—the 1st—was on April 27th, 1887.

THE NEXT TIME was on August 10th, 1887. The manner of Stopping the Train was much the same, Only this time, the Engine turned over but the Engineer and Fireman jumped and were not hurt much. This, of Course, Called out not only the Express Officers, but the Railroad Officers as well. George W. had again seen these two men, the Same ones that he had seen before—they come to his place for Breakfast and had him put up a big lunch. George Baked a Pan of Biscuits and they were used in this Lunch. And it was one of these Biscuits that I had found. George could not give any names, but his discription was perfect of the men, and they were the same that had been there at the time of the other Robbery—He was also sure that they had come off of the Early freight train. The Conductor of that Train was the same George Green, and he was the Conductor of the same Train Going East again the morning after.

George Wolfork had exacted a promice from Charley Smith that he would not be bothered any by being taken away from his place any more than it was necessary but he had agreed that he would testify in Court to what he had told Charley Smith.

After Charley Smith had told me all this, we Conferred together. It was evident that we must tell Thacker and Fred Burke and were lothe to tell W. K. Meade, (for Charley Smith did not like him any more than I did and our dislike was for the same reasons) but as the United States Marshal, he must be included, So I called Thacker, Burke, and Meade off and away from Every one

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Else, and when the five of us was Entirely alone, I said that there was some information that I had that they must be told, and then I addressed myself directly to W. K. Meade. I said that I was giving information in his presence, but I wanted it distinctly understood that I was giving this to the United States Marshal and not to the Man, W. K. Meade, who held the appointment. Then I gave them all that I had—how I had found the Biscuit and Knew it, all about Charley Smith's pull with George W., how I had sent Charley in to work on George W., and then all that there was that had been got from George W.

Thacker was full of Foxy Visions, Fred Burke was logical and Careful. It was Evident that a lot of work had yet to be done, For while George W. could identify the men who had come there, The Biscuit I found in the Cave, etc., All would be a link in a chain of Circumstancial Evidence, yet it did not prove that these two men were at the Scene of the Robbery.

There had been taken by the Robbers, $1000.00 in Mexican Silver which might become a Clue.

FRED BURKE had to return to San Francisco in a few days, and the whole Case was left in the hands of the Officers and John Thacker. Thacker and I worked together as much as it was possible, but Charley Smith and I worked continuously. We got the time of the running of the trains of which George Green was the Conductor, and it was soon plain to be seen that he was an accomplice. We Also got the names of the two men who George W. had seen and would know. Charley Smith took George W. to El Paso, and without George W. being seen, he saw the two men that we had the names of—they lived in El Paso and their names were Jack Smith and Dick Myers, and George W. identified them as the two men who had been to his place twice. They and George Green were friends.

We were working on the Mexican Silver, trying to find where it was Exchanged. Thacker was sure that it was Paso Del Norte, but Charley Smith and I reasoned otherwise, and I finally found the Place where it was Exchanged—it was at Nogales, Arizona. (This place had two Exchanges—one on the Sonora Side and one on the Arizona side.) Thacker was in Tucson, and I sent to him to meet me in Benson, which he did, and together we went to Nogales—we got all that we wanted.

We went over our Evidence carefully and was ready to make the Arrests. I sent for Charley Smith to meet us in Benson, which he did. We were all in Benson, waiting for the Eastbound Passenger Train, when Thacker received a Telegram that the Train into El Paso, early that morning, had been held up about 4 or 5 miles East of El Paso by 2 men, and the Messenger, J. Ernest Smith, had killed both the men and they had, that morning, been identified as Jack Smith and Dick Myers. Thacker and I went on to El Paso and Charley Smith returned to Tombstone.

When Thacker and I got to El Paso,

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we found that the two men that we wanted as Principals were dead and that George Green had jumped the Country. (He was later arrested in Fort Worth and brought back to El Paso, where he Pled Guilty and got a sentence of 5 years in the Penetentiary.)

Charley Smith had worked hard on the Case, and it was through him that the first information was obtained, but he did not get one cent of the reward. I was not offered any of it—of Course. I would not, and could not, accept any of it, but Charley Smith was Entitled to Share in it—and it was through the Report and Argument of John Thacker that the whole ammount together with other remunerations were paid to *(Messenger)* Smith, who was known to his fellow workers as "Windy" Smith. Thacker's Manipulations of Reward money was known in Arizona—I do not know whether he received any Cut out of this one or not.

A Ton of Coal for Baby Doe

(Continued from page 13)

quite late. We offered to take her home in the buggy, but she said she was used to walking and liked to do it. Before leaving, she ordered a ton of coal to be delivered at her cabin on Saturday.

Just as I had finished loading a ton onto the coal wagon, Dad came out and told me to put on about 3,000 pounds. I told him that I was sure Mrs. Tabor had ordered only a ton because she had repeated it several times just like everything else she had said the other night.

He leaned against the coal bin and told me that this was one of the times when she had money to pay for a ton. By the time that was used up, she might not have any money. She would rather freeze to death than buy something she could not pay for. A ton and a half would at least last longer and would give her more time to raise some cash. She couldn't tell by looking at the pile that there was more than a ton and would therefore have no reason to feel that she was accepting charity.

With a twinkle in his blue eyes, Dad smiled and said, "Now get busy with that shovel and don't ask so many questions."

BLUE AND JIM worked up a good sweat lugging that heavy load up the gradual grade from Denver's 12th and Poplar to the head of East 7th Street. Too bad they had to work so hard on a no-profit sale. I rested the horses before taking a run at the small hill in front of the coal bin where Baby Doe was waiting for us.

It took me a long time to unload because she stood there, all the time talking and expecting an occasional answer which she could not hear over the noise of the shoveling. She asked me a good many times if I were sure it was a full ton and if I were sure that the scales were right. While she was telling about her wedding in the White House, I was looking at her feet wrapped in gunny sacks. Besides attempting to visualize those feet in beautiful slippers, I was trying to see if she had any shoes under the gunny sacks. I wasn't sure then and do not know now.

For years she wore the same automobile bonnet, one of those formerly favored by elegant ladies when they went riding in an open-air Pierce Arrow. A scarf over the top and tied under the chin held the bonnet on her head against the worst blizzard. In spite of all my efforts, I failed to remove the sight in front of my eyes and replace it with a vision of her in a bridal veil.

Her powers along this line exceeded mine, however, as she ceased talking in a low voice about the collapse of their empire and expounded vociferously about the grandeur which would be hers as soon as the Matchless was opened up again.

"Of course," she said, "it will never be the same without Mr. Tabor."

As I look back now and think of the Windsor Hotel and Tabor Theatre as I knew them, it is hard to picture these two structures as she so elaborately described their openings. As run-down as the Windsor became, it was still a palace compared with that one-room cabin of Mrs. Tabor's which I could look into from the open door.

Once the wagon was empty, I had her sign the portion of the ticket acknowledging the delivery of one ton of coal. She carefully counted out the $11.75, after which I made a big flourish as I marked the other portion of the ticket with a big "PAID," dated it, and signed my name. Then I told her to be sure and keep the receipt because she was such a good customer that we didn't want any errors to spring up.

By that time we were such bosom buddies that she wanted to take me into the mine, an offer which I turned down with the true excuse that I had to get back to the store and take out some more coal. Naturally I didn't tell her that the Matchless looked the same to me as all the other holes in the ground I had seen in Tennessee Park, St. Kevin, Vicksburg, Johnny Hill, Oro, or Iowa Gulch. Another reason was that I did not want a boy added to the list of people who had been in the mine and were now accused of walking out of there with a pocketful of precious metal.

NOT MORE than two weeks later, I returned to the office after making a delivery. Before I could climb down from the wagon seat, Dad rushed out and said, "Hurry up and load about 1,000 pounds. Don't stop to weigh it; deliver it up to Mrs. Tabor. Don't tell the other drivers where you are going."

"But," I protested, "she hasn't made a dent in that last order."

"Yes, I know, but she will dent it awfully fast when cold weather sets in. I just saw her downtown. You will have time to get up there and get out before she returns home."

"Is she your complete responsibility?" I couldn't help but ask.

Again with that twinkle in his blue eyes, he said, "Now get busy with that shovel and don't ask so many questions. We wouldn't want her to freeze to death, would we?"

Blue and Jim didn't work up a sweat

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on this trip. The load was light, and never before were there so many people on East 7th Street who wanted to stop and talk. Before pulling into her place, I stopped the horses and stood up on the seat to get a good look down the street. The coast was clear.

With that assurance it was just by chance that I happened to glance up and see her coming in. She must have gotten a ride with someone with a fast horse. I threw the shovel on top of the unloaded coal and went bouncing out of there over a route which had no road.

Many years later, I read that Baby Doe had a shotgun which she used to keep off trespassers. I didn't rush off her property that day to keep from getting shot. I made the quick exit so that a pioneer mining lady could keep her self-respect.

Shoshone War Party

(Continued from page 23)

lady manager stared at me and said slowly, "Have you ever been to Manchester?"

"I lived near there once," I replied.

"You are Victor White. Do you remember me?"

Something struck me. This woman's hair, at seventy, was still a beautiful natural red—but it was bobbed. I smiled, "No, something seems familiar about you but I really don't know who you are."

"How's your mother?"

I had to admit that my mother had passed away.

"Oh, I'm sorry. And you don't remember the Kaufmans that you and your mother came to visit at Manchester?"

"You've cut your hair!" I exclaimed. "Of course, I remember."

Mr. Kaufman came in just then, a man in his nineties, still sturdy and robust but slowed down a bit. "Hello, Victor." He put out his hand and I took it. We talked about old times and asked questions. I told them I was a Western writer.

The old gentleman's eyes sort of glinted. "Stop in some time and I'll tell you experiences I had in Idaho in the seventies before I was married."

Within a few days, I called at the Kaufmans with a pad and pencil. Mr. Kaufman asked, "Are you ready to hear some simple truth that you won't be able to believe?"

"I'll believe it if you tell me it's true," I told him.

The old man sat on the steps and motioned me down beside him. There was no boastfulness in his tone and no excitement, just a plain quiet recital of something he seemed to think somebody ought to write down so people would know how it happened.

I think the article I wrote immediately and which was first published over two decades ago is worth repeating.

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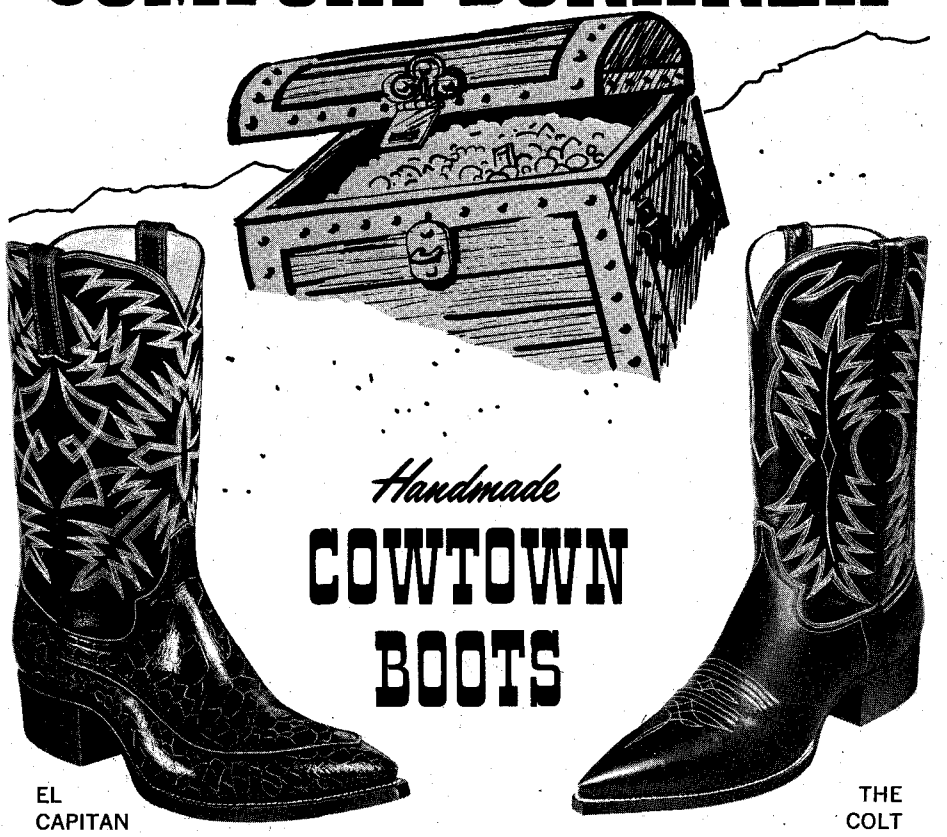

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with whom he was to live and bargain—an intense love for good horseflesh. Besides the two superb beasts which drew the wagon on which was loaded his traps and all worldly possessions, Kaufman brought a third fine mare tied behind. None of the three horses could be called draft animals. Without them Kaufman would have been practically helpless in an unexplored country where his nearest white neighbor was an unknown number of miles away in a direction equally unknown.

Near the sunset of one especially fine spring day, Kaufman drew his team to a halt on a slight eminence overlooking a small verdant valley. An exclamation of delight escaped from his tired body as fervently as Archimedes must have exclaimed, "Eureka!" (I have found it.)

Here was a perfect spot in which to set up housekeeping. The clear stream creeping through the level alder bottom beyond the clearing, the craggy mountains out-thrust eastward, the larger stream nearby which he had crossed only a few hours before, all gave promise of profitable trapping. Within thirty days Kaufman had erected a first-rate log cabin. He was making good recoveries from his traps. Short treks into nearby mountains rewarded him with plentiful game to be dried and smoked for the winter. Occasionally Indians stopped at his cabin to trade or to chat in signs or by means of the few words of their language Kaufman could understand. Sometimes they came singly; sometimes in pairs. Sometimes there would be hunting parties of six or a dozen. They were mostly Shoshones or kindred tribes who were temporarily at peace with the white men after the wild period of recurring warfare occasioned by the coming, first, of the Pony Express, and later by the stringing of the singing wires of the telegraph. Kaufman got along with them, even enjoyed their visits. And most of them seemed to have a reasonable respect for the white man who had come into their midst.

One evening in the middle of June, Kaufman was walking up from the meadow where he had just let loose one of the horses he had ridden into the hills, when he saw a small party of U. S. soldiers approaching the cabin.

Kaufman stopped in surprise. The soldiers rode up hurriedly, a sergeant of cavalry with five men. The sergeant dismounted and motioned his men to the ground. "The Shoshones are on the warpath," he advised Kaufman tersely. "We're riding through warning what trappers and ranchers we're able to reach. Can you put us up with food and shelter for the night?"

Kaufman shrugged. "Such as it is," he indicated the small log cabin with a sweep of his hand. "I have only two bunks. One is my own. You may have the other. Your men will have to sleep on the floor or outside under canvas. You are welcome to what food I can offer."

The sergeant nodded. He gave his men brief orders. At Kaufman's suggestion, one brought a fresh bucket of water from the spring. Kaufman went personally with another to a root house he had constructed nearby and they brought back a quarter of fresh venison.

During the meal the sergeant explained that Kaufman was in an extremely hazardous position and advised him by all means to get his stuff packed and leave the country at once. Kaufman considered the matter at considerable length.

"They'd attack me as quickly on the move as if I stay here," he decided finally.

"I must warn you that you stay at your own risk," came the reply.

Kaufman smiled slightly, perhaps thinking how little assistance the army would be able to give him in any case. These were the first soldiers he had seen and their main duty at the moment seemed to be in making the most of his excellent food and refreshing water. "I'll have to take my own chances with the Shoshones," he said slowly. "I know a few of them. We get along all right."

"You've never seen them on the warpath," the sergeant warned ominously, "but it's up to you what you do."

KAUFMAN prepared both bunks. He lay down in the upper, and aside from being disturbed considerably by the man's snoring below him, spent a restful night. Two of the soldiers spelled each other guarding the cabin entrance. In the morning, just before leaving, the trooper in charge made one more appeal. "I'd like you to come with us a few miles, and bring a shovel with you. There are some bodies to be buried."

Kaufman looked at the soldier, truly surprised. "You didn't mention anything like this last night."

"No use spoiling your sleep. Get your horse and a shovel."

Kaufman hurried down to the pasture land where his three horses were grazing. Kaufman never took the trouble to tether the animals. In a few minutes he was mounted. Stopping at the root house, against which a shovel was leaning, he picked up the tool and spurred after the soldiers who were already riding in the direction from which Kaufman had first entered the valley.

They rode some five miles. An hour before noon they crossed the larger stream. Almost immediately upon emerging from the comparatively shallow water, they came upon a scene of such unbelievable violence that Kaufman could not avoid a feeling of nausea. A canvas-covered prairie schooner had been wrecked, overturned and set on fire. Little wisps of dry ash smoke curled slowly upward when the heavily booted soldiers disturbed the debris searching for anything of value that might remain. All the men shortly set about digging graves for five unfortunate victims whose multilated bodies lay about the wagon.

Close together were the bodies of a man and woman. Both had been shot several times through the face and head. Alongside were the bodies of three children. Kaufman estimated the oldest, a girl, to be about twelve. There was a boy, perhaps ten, and a smaller sister, likely about seven. The cruel manner in

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which the children had met death was manifest.

No sign of any weapon remained. The pioneer family's horses had been taken. There was no way of telling how or why the unfair struggle between the enraged Indians and the prospective settlers had originated, but the scene thoroughly satisfied Kaufman that the legend he had often heard that Indians never killed children but took them prisoner to be raised by the tribe, was certainly not always true. Here lay a mute mysterious example of Indian ferocity which was never to be solved or explained. Thoroughly sick at his stomach, Kaufman worked with the others to bury the bodies.

When it was done the sergeant approached him. "I trust after what you've seen," he said, "you will understand our warning to get away at once." Kaufman did not answer.

When the job was completed, the soldiers went on and left him. The trapper mounted his horse and rode slowly back toward his cabin, thinking the matter over and carefully weighing his chances. The decision finally reached was that he would stay. He could not see but that there was more danger in being caught by the Indians on the move, than if they were to come and find him. The cabin, at least, would offer some slight protection if he should decide to fight a small roving band of redskins to protect his life.

FOR three days nothing happened. Kaufman went about his trapping as usual. He did not bother to tether his horses or take any special precautions. Rather, he persisted in the theory that the Indians were his friends and would not harm him.

On the evening of the fourth day after the soldiers had departed, Kaufman was on his way from the spring with a pail of water when he became aware of a party of Shoshones waiting for him at his cabin door. The sight of them produced considerable shock. The white man, however, continued up the path. As he drew near in the failing light, he perceived a vast difference in these Indians from any with which he had previously dealt.

The leader of the party was unquestionably some sort of chief. His prominently arched nose and rugged features stood out in a face in which Kaufman believed he recognized features of strong character. The chief's cheekbones were reddened with war paint. One very bright blotch was in the center of his forehead and he wore the usual head ornament of eagle feathers. The seven braves with him were equally formidable. They were sleek, deeply muscled fellows, of unquestioned strength and determination. All unnecessary portions of clothing had been disbanded. They were stripped for combat and wearing war paint.

Kaufman would not have been able to describe his feelings as he approached this silent, ominous group of men. He moved forward, however, apparently as undisturbed as if these were only casual visitors. As he set down his bucket of water, the chief spoke in a gibberish which Kaufman did not understand. Suddenly a ninth man appeared from near a bush a few feet to his left. This fellow had a sallow skin and was dressed partly like an Indian and partly like a white man.

This newcomer spoke almost perfect English. "The chief wants food and shelter for the night," he stated.

Kaufman faced the chief squarely, looked with feigned calm from one to another of the serious-faced armed men behind him, and then turned back to the interpreter. The trapper forced himself to shrug with apparent disinterest. "Explain to the chief that he is my guest," he said. "What I have is also his, as his would be mine if I were to come to his tepee in need of food and rest."

The interpreter explained this to the chief and Kaufman believed he saw some slight relaxation of the Indian's unsmiling face. Kaufman took up his pail and entered the cabin. "Tell the chief to come in," he repeated. "He and his men are welcome."

Inside the small cabin, the Indians made a considerable crowd. Kaufman explained that it would take a while to prepare food, that he must go to the root house for supplies. The chief acquiesced but as Kaufman proceeded toward the small building he found two braves accompanying him, one on either side. Each wore a wicked, long knife on the left side of his belt and each carried a murderous rock-weighted tomahawk. At no time was either Indian more than three feet dis-

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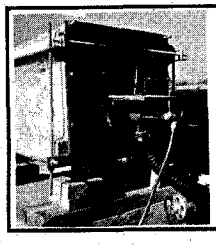

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tant. Kaufman breathed with considerable relief when the short journey was completed and he began preparing a plenteous meal.

The Indians ate in silence. The white man ate with them, not for a moment letting it appear that their presence was affecting his appetite. Near the end of the meal the chief again began to talk. The half-breed interpreter informed Kaufman that he was to give no information to any soldiers who might follow the next day or at any time later.

Kaufman objected to this on the ground that the soldiers would be able to read sign and know he was lying. The chief replied that Kaufman might tell them to read what sign they would but that he would tell them nothing. To this Kaufman agreed.

AN hour after dinner, the chief gave orders to two of the braves to sleep in the open, guarding the outside. He then prepared to climb into Kaufman's upper berth to sleep.

Kaufman tapped the chief's shoulder and shook his head quite vigorously. The chief drew back, his features darkening. The trapper wondered if he had miscalculated. Turning to the interpreter, he said, "Tell the chief that the upper bed is mine. When I come to his lodge I do not expect to use his blankets. He should not use mine. He may sleep in the lower bed. His men may use the floor."

Kaufman believed he detected a trace of a smile on the interpreter's lips but it remained but a second. None of the Indians had relaxed his serious expression. Kaufman was greatly relieved to see the chief nod when the interpreter delivered his message and straightway, the huge warrior prepared himself for rest. Before entirely relaxing, however, the chief spoke again. The interpreter told Kaufman, "The chief says it is likely you have a gun under your pillow, but you will not shoot him in his sleep because to do so would destroy the mutual confidence which means your own life, and upon which your entire future must depend."

IT WAS TRUE that Kaufman had a revolver beneath his pillow. He marveled for some time over the chief's uncanny instincts in that regard and even more so at the red man's feeling of assurance that Kaufman would make no attempt to use the weapon. Kaufman himself fell asleep toward morning and was awakened by the Shoshone's rather impatient hand shaking his shoulder. The interpreter explained that the chief desired breakfast.

An excellent meal was speedily prepared. Kaufman also asked the interpreter to inform the chief that he would prepare something for them to take along. This seemed to please the Indian.

Kaufman was congratulating himself at his own sagacity, little realizing that his greatest danger was still to come. Day was barely streaking the eastern mountaintops when the Shoshones prepared to depart. Suddenly the chief spoke and the interpreter turned to Kaufman. "He wants to take your horses."

Kaufman decided upon the same course he had already been using. "Tell the chief he cannot have the horses. To take them would leave me practically destitute."

As the words were translated the chief's features darkened. He called in several of his braves, then spoke again. Kaufman noted a new attitude of tension among the red men. "The chief says he needs your horses. His own are fatigued. He has far to travel."

Kaufman shook his head adamantly. "No."

The interpreter turned to the Indian. Kaufman noticed the expectant, impatient look on the chief's face and thought his bluff would work. The interpreter, however, seemed to think otherwise. Instead of relaying the message, he turned back to Kaufman and said in a low warning voice, "You are making a mistake which will cost your life. Your horses may save the life of the chief and his men. He considers it a matter of your life or his. Do you wish to change your mind?"

Kaufman hesitated. For some reason

This is typical Idaho country where Kaufman trapped. The Shoshone camps looked like this when they were camped for longer periods.

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the half-breed was befriending him. Perhaps because he was partly white himself. The chief had become impatient. He started to speak to his braves but the interpreter interrupted him. The chief's face changed. He spoke to his three braves and they hurried out.

"I told him you said he might borrow your horses," the interpreter said to Kaufman.

The trapper nodded. He realized fully that his bluff would never have worked. No more was said. Both the chief and the interpreter disappeared, following the seven braves. A few minutes later, Kaufman stood in the doorway of his cabin and, looking toward the meadow, saw the Indians add his own three fine horses to their caravan and ride away. They disappeared to the north in a low ground mist which the rising sun had scattered over the earth.

KAUFMAN sat down on his door step. He was greatly relieved and also greatly burdened. His traps were scattered over several miles of territory. It was necessary to cover long distances in his hunting forays. Without even one horse, his life would become a poor and hazardous one indeed. And how was he to make his way out of the country with nothing to draw the wagon which was to have carried his very successful catch of furs?

The day dragged on while Kaufman momentarily awaited sign or sight of some party of soldiers pursuing the Indians. No soldiers came. The next morning Kaufman set off early to tend what traps he could conveniently reach on foot. The third and fourth day passed with no sign of either red man or white. At the end of ten days Kaufman was back at his traps, having worked out the best routine possible on foot. Action was imperative. He could not just sit. He would gather what furs he could and trust to luck.

One night nearly three weeks after the Indian war party had paid him its unwelcome visit, Kaufman was awakened by the sound of hoofbeats. Two or three horses were passing close to the cabin. Kaufman estimated it must be past midnight. He reached for the revolver under his pillow, then discarded the thought. If the horses meant soldiers he would not need the gun. If it were another Indian party, showing a weapon would not be advisable.

Kaufman lay listening. Soon he heard voices. They were very dim, yet plain enough that he knew Indians were talking within a few feet of his cabin door. He waited and listened, unable to think of anything that would better his predicament. After a time, the voices stopped. He heard hoofbeats again. The first faint glow of coming daylight seeped into the cabin. Still there was no further sound. Kaufman got up and dressed. He went to the door and looked out. It was not light enough to see far, but he noticed the fresh tracks of two horses less than ten feet from his doorway. Evidently two riders had paused there to discuss something and then had gone on.

There was nothing further to be done until complete daylight so Kaufman started preparing breakfast. By the time it was finished, visibility was good. He picked up his rifle from a corner of the cabin and went outside as he usually did when starting a round of his traps.

You can imagine Harry Kaufman's surprise when he finally raised his head and looked toward the fertile pasture nearer the small stream. His own three fine horses were grazing there, and with them were three other beasts which, while not as good as his own, were considerably above the average run of Indian horseflesh.

Kaufman never received any explanation of the matter; he never asked any. But from that day until the day he died in Seattle, Washington in the early spring of 1943, nobody was ever able to tell him that all Indians were horse thieves. Neither would he believe that Indians would always spare the lives of children and raise them in their own tribes. "Half the stuff you read about the red man is all poppycock," he would say.

Kaufman was active and healthy throughout his long useful life. He was doing practically all the janitor work and refinishing in the thirty-apartment building which he operated. When his time finally came, he called to his wife. "I feel kind of faint," he told her. He sat down on a step where he was working and shortly lapsed into unconsciousness. Two hours later he was dead. But he had lived sixty-eight years longer than he would have if he had refused to lend some Shoshone Indians three horses when they happened to need them.

Home Base for the Mustangers

(Continued from page 33)

ficers left for Laredo's Fort McIntosh after rounding up an escort, mules, a wagon, and supplies for their trip across frontier Texas. They chose the so-called "outer" road to Laredo because it was considered safer and easier to travel than the "river road," a shorter route skirting the north bank of the Rio Grande.

The troop rode north into the region then known as the Wild Horse Desert. This was a sparsely settled area between the Nueces River and the Mexican border—an area populated principally by horned toads, lizards, javelinas, deer, a few stray longhorns, and thousands of wild horses—the mustangs.

The mustangs were a mongrel breed, mainly descendants of the Spanish Barb or Arabian-Moorish horses brought to the New World by the Spaniards. Most mustangs were smaller than the domestic horses then popular on the frontier. They usually followed lead stallions in herds called manadas, and were prized for their speed by the Plains Indians. However, the early settlers were wary of the wild ones, well known for their bad tempers. With their hoofs and teeth they fought anyone who tried to put a rope on them. Some veteran cowhands even regarded the wild mustangs as more dangerous than a pack of cornered javelinas or a treed mountain lion.

The mustangs multiplied rapidly on the open plains. An early traveler told

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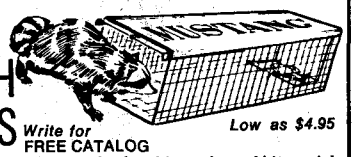

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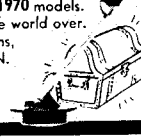

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of meeting "a drove of mustangs so large that it took us fully an hour to pass. . . . As far as the eye could extend, nothing was visible except a dense mass of horses."

Only a few of the wild breed were seen by Lee and his men until they reached a little town called San Antonio Viejo, about thirty-five miles northwest of Ringgold Barracks. There, Lee's party rode into a camp of eight or ten bearded and dirty mustangers.

MUSTANGERS were men who traveled around, catching and selling wild horses. They set up base camps at places like San Antonio Viejo, which was a long-time, natural gathering spot for the horses. The mustangs came there for water which collected in a shallow lake or marsh fed by several arroyos. In turn, the natural flow was supplemented by water from hand-dug wells, built and lined with stones by the town's pioneers.

Since the wild horses brought about one-tenth the price of domesticated stock, the mustangers often turned to sidelines such as stage and train robbery, cattle rustling, ransacking border villages and ranchos, and robbing and murdering travelers. Often they threw lawmen off their trail by leaving Indian sign at the scene of their crimes. A few well-placed arrows or arrowheads, a moccasin or a headdress could send the mustangers' would-be captors off in search of a Comanche raiding party.

The mustanger groups and their camps attracted not only adventurous horse wranglers, but known outlaws and criminals. Knowing these aspects of the mustangers' reputation, Lee and his companions kept their distance as they watched the horsemen chase and capture some twenty colts.

The colts were roped as Lee watched, but often the mustangers drove the horses into fences which bottle-necked to become small pens. Many such mustang traps were built in the Wild Horse Desert and some still stand in and around San Antonio Viejo.

Another popular method of capture was "creasing." The mustangers attempted to graze or "crease" a muscle tendon in the horse's neck with a rifle shot. This would leave the animal stunned —if the shot were well placed. Shooting low would kill the mustang if neck veins were hit; a too-high shot was, of course, a complete miss.

Some of the mustangs were shot *after* being captured. Stallions which couldn't be tamed were either killed or turned loose. The remainder were sold at eight to fifteen dollars a head and delivered by the mustangers to ranches or settlements.

Lee's troop encountered a second band of mustangers just a few miles north of San Antonio Viejo. Again they watched as the band roped a roan mare. In the same herd, Lee saw an iron-gray mare which he commented on and seemed to admire. Lee's fondness for the type became history; his famous mount during the Civil War years was an iron-gray horse named Traveler.

ALTHOUGH now a ghost town, the San Antonio Viejo visited by Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Lee was a growing community which survived geographic isolation, raiding bandits from across the border, and economic ups-and-downs for more than a century before it began to decline.

San Antonio Viejo was founded in 1775 and in 1805 was designated as the principal settlement of a Spanish land grant to Victoriano Gonzales. Along with the Gonzales clan, other early settlers included the Guerra, Garza, Perez, Falcon, and Muñoz families. Their descendants still reside in the area, though no one lives in the deserted village.

In 1892 Francisco Guerra, co-owner of the local general store, was appointed first postmaster of San Antonio Viejo. Two years later the office's name was changed to Cuevitas (Spanish for "little caves") probably because of the old name's similarity to the much larger San Antonio, the metropolis located in Bexar County, Texas.

The Cuevitas post office was discontinued in 1934—the town's population had dwindled to less than twenty-five. Today, no one lives in San Antonio Viejo. But the Muñoz family still raises some horses in the area, and often a visitor can spot the small head and delicate features of the Spanish Barbs—ancestors of the mustangs.

Wagon Tracks Ago

(Continued from page 27)

ing full well what my answer would be, he didn't wait for an answer.

"Well—this fellow had his double-box wagon stacked high with boxes of white Stetson hats. I don't know where he got them but I sure know what happened to 'em! His idea was to sell them to trading posts in Indian country—or to Indians if he found any camps. He seemed a little green about this part of the world and we didn't nose into his business. A lot of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes wore those stiff-brimmed black hats with low round crowns. This man figured if he didn't make many sales to the Indians he'd have no trouble selling the white Stetsons to Texans out in the Panhandle.

"He was driving four horses but I don't know why. Those hats weren't heavy—a two-horse team could have handled the load easy enough, and with four horses he could have gone on and left us with our heavy loads of groceries and such stuff.

"Anyhow, it was out of El Reno a-ways that he caught up with us and just trailed along behind—seemed to want to for some reason or other. Mine was the last wagon in our train and being right ahead of his I kinda kept an eye on him. You never could tell about strangers. He wasn't too good a driver. Several times he bounced his load in chuckholes when he could have pulled over to miss 'em.

"We made fair time that day and had slanted toward the South Canadian River. When we came close to the bank there was a sidling place where the road had been repaired with a dirt fill. It was a tricky spot and we all pulled

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over a bit to the high side—just being careful. But danged if this driver didn't come straight on like he never even saw the fill. His horses had more sense and the lead team started to pull around it but he yanked 'em back in line. Both teams cleared the fill, but the wagon started to shift a little—then slid sidewise as the fill started to give way.

"I had stopped my wagon and jumped to the ground when I saw trouble coming. I yelled 'Jump!' and ran back and grabbed hold of the bridle of the lead horse on the right and tried to steady him as the wagon tipped to its side, spilling that whole load of hats down the bank. The man was sure excited—yellin' and yankin' on the lines. Some of the other drivers had got there and we steadied the teams and got them untangled, and righted the wagon as they pulled it ahead to a level spot.

"The man had left the horses and wagon to us and climbed down the steep bank where a few hat boxes had lodged close to the water in some bushes. Some of us went down to help him rescue what we could. Lids had come off some of the boxes as they rolled into the water and sank near the bank. We fished out the few soggy Stetsons that we could reach. A lot of boxes with lids still on hadn't waterlogged as yet and went bobbin' downstream till they disappeared round a bend.

"Of course, I never knew for sure but my guess would be that Injun bucks fished out a lot of those white Stetsons downstream and dried them out. If they did, I can see 'em now—struttin' around proud as peacocks!"

And Sanford may have been right.

NORTH, south, east and west across the frontier, wagons cut tracks in the sod of every territory and state. Possibly some of the largest wagons were those used by early settlers in Texas. Other picturesque vehicles were the Conestogas on the Santa Fe and Oregon Trails, the Texas Road and other arteries across the western lands. In addition to wagons there were stagecoaches and rigs of many descriptions, such as buggies, buckboards and carriages which hauled people, baggage and supplies in every direction.

Except on prairie stretches the going was seldom smooth. One of the most tortuous journeys in frontier history was a portion of the Butterfield Overland Mail route over the mountains in Arkansas. The coaches were pulled by two spans of mules or horses. On this "world's longest mail route," which lay between St. Louis and San Francisco, drivers vied with each other as they tried to set new records. While crossing the Ozarks the teams were urged to the limit on uphill grades and pushed into high gear on the more level and downhill stretches where passengers bounced like dice in a cup as iron wheels banged against flint rocks.

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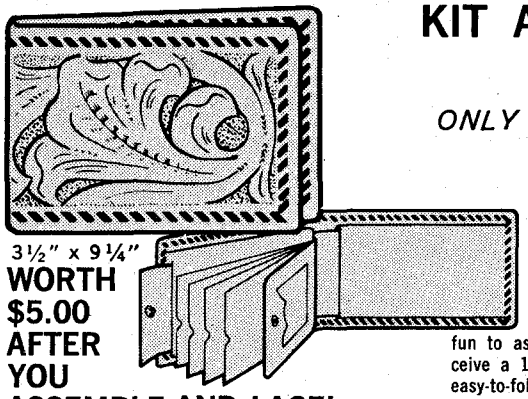

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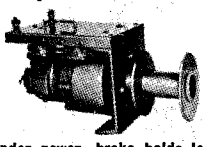

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to every facet of getting settled. They were pulled by teams of various sorts—cattle, mules and horses—occasionally odd mixtures of these, as when a mule and cow were teamed together by a homesteader west of El Reno.

A horse or mule has a neck unlike that of a cow. A horse-collar is shaped somewhat like a teardrop—small at the top and flaring out toward the bottom so as to conform to the animal's neck. A cow's neck is just the reverse—thick at the top, thinning toward the bottom. Cows (oxen) pull with ox yokes. So, to work a cow and a mule as a team a horse collar is placed around the cow's neck upside-down.

As settlements took root on the frontier more freighters were needed to haul supplies to the stores and trading posts. A lot of them got government contracts for hauling to various forts. Long before El Reno was thought of there was a trail which led from Fort Smith, Arkansas, to California—the "California Road." It never veered too far from the Canadian on its course through Indian Territory. As late as 1876 freighters were still using it to some extent when hauling supplies from Fort Smith to the Darlington Agency and Fort Reno.

Government wagons were sturdy, with heavy wheels and wide iron tires. As a rule they were pulled by six mules—lead team rather small, middle team larger, wheel mules usually fine big animals, with the driver managing the whole shebang with a single jerk-line.

About this time four freighters, with sixmule teams to a wagon, held a government contract for hauling freight from Wichita, Kansas to Fort Sill and Anadarko—two posts in Indian Territory. Many years before this, at the time the Five Civilized Tribes were settling in eastern Indian Territory, ox wagons were completing the work of keelboats, flatboats and steamboats on the Arkansas and its tributaries. Supplies hauled by these craft as far as they could navigate were loaded onto the big wagons and pulled by ox teams to their destinations.

When railroads moved into the country there was a greater demand for freighters. They loaded up at railheads and were on the road constantly, hauling to the big ranches in cattle country. Freighting became a flourishing business. Oxen were used mainly for hauling in summer because they could live on grass alone. In winter mules were used because they could forage better than oxen, although it was usually necessary to carry feed along.

As fences were strung, barbed wire became a chief item hauled to the big spreads. Cedar logs and posts were in much demand also. These were loaded on wagons at camps in the foothills of the mountains and along the canyons of the plains where crews cut the trees. But freight trade was far from being confined to barbed wire, posts, logs and food supplies. Anything needed by people on the frontier was likely to be found on a freighter's load.

BUT THESE WERE the professional freighters. Sod-busters and ranchers were making their own wagon tracks across the prairie after most of the freight wagons had ceased to roll—farmers and ranchers who hauled supplies to help make a living near the turn of the century and for a few years thereafter. Others freighted at odd times, between planting and harvesting of crops. Cowhands became temporary wagoners when their bosses sent them for emergency loads.

One pioneer family which moved to eastern Colorado needed a milch cow. The energetic head of the family hitched his team to a wagon and drove to the foothills where there were plenty of cedars. He cut them into post size and hauled them to settlements over in Kansas—enough to pay for a cow that cost $60.

Another family hitched their horses to two covered wagons and were on the road seventeen days, settling on a farm out from Boise City in the Oklahoma Panhandle. A ten-year old boy in the family broke sod while his dad built a dugout. Once a month a trip was made to Texhoma for supplies. This was typical of many pioneer families.

Dugouts were usually the first houses of homesteaders on the plains. Later a room or two might be added on top of their dugouts. Trips to town were few and far between—especially when the town was forty miles or so away. These supply points did a good business when a settler or rancher did drive in. When the wagon pulled out it was always stacked high with provisions.

Les and Margaret Cook, now on a farm near Cushing, Oklahoma, at one time worked on Colorado ranches. Les tells of crews who cut cedars along the slopes of Blue Mesa between Colorado Springs and Canyon. Sometimes there would be eight or ten men in a crew; then there might be just two buddies working at another location. The crew usually lived in a tent, unless an abandoned log cabin could be found nearby.

Cross-cut saws were used for felling the cedars. These were cut into fence-post lengths. Big trees were cut to length, then split up for posts. Cedar, in Colorado's climate, was good for a long time. Les saw many posts in old fences which had been there for forty years—a few big corner posts, maybe sixty.

Wagons loaded with salt were commonplace on the trails. Ranchers sent their men to the salines to haul back salt for livestock. Freighters saw the demand and added it to their list. In the early '80s one freighter had two ox teams and a mule team pulling his wagons from southern Kansas to the Salt Plains on the Cimarron in present Oklahoma and back.

During the period when Indians were on the rampage, freighters often became targets for the warriors. One example was the fate of two young ranch hands, Reuben Bristow and Fred Clark. In the fall of '78 they drove their wagon from the ranch toward some salt springs along the Cimarron where they were to camp overnight, load up with salt the next morning and return to the ranch. The scared mules, dragging the doubletree, were found the following day. A

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search by cowboys revealed the dead bodies of the young men—victims of their red foe.

IN ADDITION to Sanford Boren, I have known several other old-time freighters. When I was a kid on a farm near old Fort Supply, Dad sent me to town one day after a wagonload of lumber. The man who managed the Long Bell Lumberyard was Jack Innis, a soft-spoken, quiet fellow who was well liked by everyone. He helped me load the lumber that day. We talked a bit as we worked. I was especially interested in him because from his relatives I had learned he had freighted from Dodge City to Fort Supply in his younger days.

Many years after leaving Supply I met an old-timer who lived on a farm south of Chandler. This man, L. C. Fouquet, had come from France. His neat Oklahoma farmhouse was built of logs and was patterned somewhat after the little houses of French farmers—a big rock chimney at one end and a long, low sloping roof. When talking with Mr. Fouquet I happened to mention my old home in Supply. That did it! He told tale after tale of the days when he drove a freight wagon on the Dodge City-Fort Supply Trail before becoming a cook at the fort.

Our good friend Curtis Shaw of El Reno said his father Charles got a government contract to haul supplies from Dodge to Fort Supply when he was living near Ashland, Kansas, about 1889. Although Indian trouble had simmered down a lot by then there were still some who were far from docile—especially cantankerous were the young bucks. Occasionally as he drove the near 100-mile road between the two points Shaw saw mounted Indians on the prowl over the prairie and sometimes met them on the trail. The disdainful glances he got from the haughty redskins gave him an uneasy feeling. He was never attacked but always felt relieved when he neared his destination.

Soon after this he moved down into Oklahoma Territory and did some hauling for Fort Reno—the bulk of it firewood, mainly elm and post oak, which was cut along the North Canadian in the vicinity of present Lake Overholser at the west outskirts of Oklahoma City.

Early settlers in the country around Fort Supply traded at the fort. Other trading points were few and far between. About forty miles northwest of Fort Supply, over the Kansas line, was Englewood, a trading point for many settlers west of the fort. But for more isolated homesteaders this meant long hauls for needed provisions.

When the garrison pulled out of Fort Supply in 1891 the influx of settlers was steadily on the increase. They usually headed their wagons for the nearest post and returned home with enough supplies to last for a long time.

This need for closer trading centers led to the establishment of such towns as Supply, about a mile west of the fort; May, Dunlap, Gage, Woodward, Tangier, Fargo, Shattuck and others—sometimes just a single store—but these cut down the distance and relieved the lonesomeness of the prairie scene. Families bumped over the trails to these places where they got in some good visiting while stocking up on provisions.

Salt for their livestock was a necessity and money was scarce. The salt beds east along the Cimarron were the answer. Some of the farmers took turns in driving to the salines, loading their wagons and dividing the salt among their neighbors when they returned. A few settlers who were a little better fixed preferred to buy salt rather than make the trip.

IN THE CANYONS fingering out from Devil's Gap north of the fort were lots of cedars. Settlers and ranchers cut the cedars in the draws and hauled them away for fence posts. On a farm north of Geary in Blaine County where my grandfather settled around 1893 there was a fence line of cedar posts that remained for well over fifty years—in fact Dad showed me some of them still standing around 1955. Homesteaders around that part of the country found an abundant supply along the South Canadian and in the Gyp Hills north of the North Canadian River. Today a few log cabins may still be seen that were built from cedars which splotched these hills and canyon slopes.

In 1899 C. C. Roberts moved from Oplis, Kansas to Woodward, Oklahoma Territory, and from there to Cimarron County in 1908. Cattle raising became a

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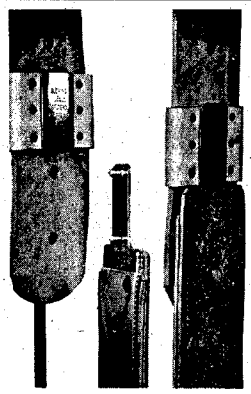

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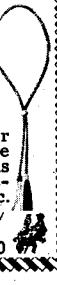

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During the days when wagons rolled along the Cutoff, bandit gangs and hostile Indians made so many attacks on the caravans that the fort was built at a strategic point and garrisoned by troops who escorted the wagons through the Cimarron breaks to the main trail in Kansas.

Soon after the huge cattle spreads took over, nesters began moving in. As cattlemen saw them settling on the ranges which they themselves had usurped from the Indians and buffalo, trouble flared. But the settlers' wagons were not to be stopped. It was then they began hauling barbed wire for the ranges that were being fenced.

When Roberts moved to Cimarron County men were there who had worked for the English Syndicate, the old 101, the J J Ranch in the Texas Panhandle and other big outfits. He listened to many tales about this vast country where living was rough, and still is unless you have a liking for a land of far horizons—a place some people might call lonely.

Roberts turned to freighting to supplement his earnings. He usually drove six horses—four on tongue, two in lead; when snow was real bad—six head, two by two. When weather was good he sometimes used eight—four on tongue, four on lead. Coupled behind his wagon was a trail wagon.

Most of his hauling was from Texline, Texas; sometimes from Clayton, New Mexico and Dalhart, Texas. Freight hauled to those places was mostly maize and corn. Coming back, the load was oil cake in 100-pound sacks.

"Ranchers would call in to the warehouse and ask for so much cake," Roberts said. "Freighters loaded up and hauled it to them. I knew just about every rancher in this part of the country and so I was kept pretty busy. Most hauls were from thirty-five to forty miles one way.

"We loaded our wagons during the night and were on the road before daylight. If all went well, a wagon would pull in at some ranch headquarters late in the evening and unload at night. On long trips—say, some seventy-five miles to some ranch up in Colorado—I would go by home and spend the night and head out the next day.

"Handling 100-pound sacks of cake was heavy work. The price paid for hauling around here was from $1 to $1.25 per sack. On long hauls it was usually $1.75 per sack. I well remember one seventy-five mile haul to a rancher in Colorado. He had agreed to pay $1.75. I stopped overnight at my place and pulled into the ranch headquarters late the next evening. The owner was away and I guess his foreman figured he would knock down on the price and line his own pockets with some extra money. He tried to pay me $1.50 per sack. I balked but he held out. Reckon he thought I'd have to come to his terms. We had a few words and I told him that unless he forked over the right amount I would haul the load back to Texline and his boss would be charged for the extra hauling. So he paid the price that had been agreed on. Many ranch owners lived in town and left the ramrodding to their foremen who usually were reliable men who wouldn't try to pull any shady deals.

"I made two trips with cake to Colorado that winter. Each time I stopped at my place for the night, then drove on to Colorado early the next morning, winding around through the Cimarron breaks on the Easley ranch and crossing the Cimarron below Watson crossing about fourteen miles east of Black Mesa.

"When I freighted to Colorado in 1918 there was snow all winter long from six inches to two feet deep. I guess it was a little bit like what they had in the days of the big ranches out here."

Trails across the frontier left many scenes of tragedy where settlers and freighters battled renegades—red and white. The Oregon and Santa Fe Trails; the Great Comanche War Trail; California Road; Texas Road; Shawnee Trail; Chisholm Trail and many more—any road where pioneers traveled was a likely place for holdups and bloodshed.

Freighting, whether it was done by men with government contracts, by ranch hands or by farmers, was rugged work and during the earlier days, very dangerous. Folks still talk of the killing of Pat Hennessey and three others when they were attacked a few miles north of the Cimarron crossing on the Chisholm Trail, July 3, 1874. Controversy exists as to whether Indians or whites committed the awful crime. Some say it was Indians; others disclaim this since prints of high-heeled boots were much in evidence at the scene. Probably no one but the victims will ever know. But whether this was the deviltry of Indians or whites, it points to the fact that freighters such as these were brave men—wagon tracks ago.

Chuckwagon Etiquette

(Continued from page 21)

threw the harness on the chuckwagon string.

A roundup cook didn't only have to be a cook but he had to know how to handle the ribbons on four to six horses and know how to herd them over country where the sign of a road meant you were coming into somebody's back yard. Seeing a chuckwagon outfit start out in the morning was something like watching a cyclone start.

One of Lue's favorite stories at a campfire briefing was about a Chinese chuckwagon cook. "One roundup down in the Panhandle country," Lue would

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begin, "an outfit showed up on the range with their home ranch cook, a shriveled-up little Chinaman who couldn't have weighed a hundred pounds. Every hand around the first-night stand wondered how that little guy was going to manage a four-horse team hook-up next morning. The outfit carried two horse wranglers to handle the meanest looking bunch of animals that any of us had ever spotted in a cavvy string.

"We were working mighty barren country that roundup, and most every outfit caried an extra wagon loaded with firewood, because outside of sagebrush and cactus there was little sign of anything that could burn and give heat. The Chink's outfit carried such an extra wagon, loaded down with pretty heavy scrub pine logs that they'd hack slices off of as they went along.

"Every hand was keeping his eyes peeled while riding circle that morning, expecting any minute to see a chuckwagon come popping over the skyline with four runaway horses and a scared-to-death Chinaman handling the ribbons. What they really saw when the outfit finally popped into sight, was a string of four sweat-streaked animals, gentle as so many Shetland ponies, trotting along with a sober-faced Oriental handling the ribbons and swinging a blacksnake to keep them going.

"Nobody ever quite figured it out until next day one of the hands just stuck in close to camp to get a bit of horse education from the cook. What the Chinaman did after loading his wagon, was to rough-lock his wheels with stud chain, and then with some more chain, fasten a couple of heavy logs off the firewood wagon to act as an anchor drag behind the tailgate. Then he had the wranglers hitch up his string; climbed into the wagon and hooted for clearance. Those frisky horses out of the cavvy started to act up all right, but they hadn't dragged that locked wheel chuckwagon for long before they got the idea. By the time they were a mile out of camp, they'd known they had been in harness."

AFTER a chuckwagon outfit moved into a new campsite for the day, the first thing the camp cook did after unhitching his teams and setting down his tailgate, was to start rigging himself a couple of Dutch oven layouts.

First he dug a couple of holes in the side of some sloping ground and, taking a couple of shovels of hot coals out of the fire he had had his flunky get going, poured them into the hole and patted them down even. On top of this went the Dutch oven, a square sheet-iron affair like an iron box. The dirt was banked around the Dutch oven to hold the heat, and some more hot coals were shoveled on top of the lid. If there were baking to be done, the cook got busy with the dough and started at his tailgate bench. Meanwhile, his flunky or swamper kept the open fire going and rigged up an iron stake support for the outfit's coffee pot to be hooked on.

While his bread was baking, the cook hauled a hind quarter of a yearling out of the mess box and started slicing off slabs of steak about an inch thick and

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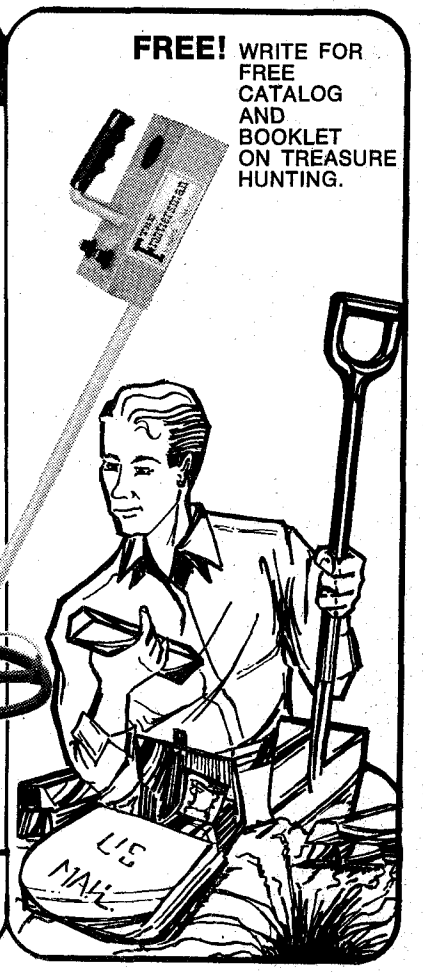

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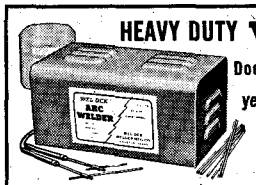

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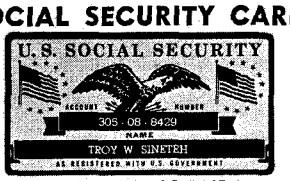

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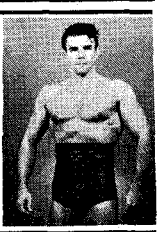

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about as big around as a man's hand. All this time, he watched the cloud of dust across the range. When the cloud broke into a dozen streaks, he knew the crew boss has ordered the men to knock off for a meal and the hands were racing for home.

Then the cook grabbed up his mess of steaks and tossed them into a pan of flour. Meanwhile, a big kettle with about six inches of red-hot, crackling lard was sizzling over one of the Dutch ovens. Into the hot lard went the flour-coated steaks. In minutes, he had meat that melted in your mouth, coated within a crisp, brown batter. Steaming boiled potatoes were fogging up from another Dutch oven and over the open fire the coffee pot was fuming.

Then came the eating tools. Tin cups, plates, knives, forks and spoons. By the time the roundup crew had dragged their saddles off their horses and changed mounts back at the cavvy, everything was ready.

Up they came to the chuckwagon, one at a time, grabbing themselves a tin plate, eating tools and a tin cup. They passed from one Dutch oven to another, loading up heavy and always watching for something they might have missed. Plates filled, they dropped cross-legged on the ground in the shade of the chuckwagon and dug in. Until you've seen a roundup crew tear into a mess of chuckwagon grub, you haven't seen anything in eating etiquette.

There were three rules which couldn't be broken. The first one was never put back anything you had grabbed. If you stabbed into a pickle barrel and speared an onion instead of a pickle, you never tried to rake it off your fork and stab again. "Take 'em as they come," was the chuckwagon rule. Break that rule and you'll find yourself hoofing it down the trail talking to yourself.

The second piece of chuckwagon etiquette was to always do honors to the "wreck pan" (that's the dish pan). The camp cook always spotted the wreck pan under the tailgate. When a hand finished a meal, he was supposed to carry his eating tools over to the wreck pan and drop them in. Lord help the hand that set his coffee cup or tin plate down on the ground or ever left them on the tailgate. What the camp cook didn't tell him, the rest of the crew would, because where water was hauled along and the ground was your table, a bit of dirt on the bottom of your plate or cup might mean you'd be chewing grit for the next meal.

The third rule of etiquette around a chuckwagon didn't fit the crew, but applied to drifter and stray hands who would drop in about meal time. You often hear strangers to the West talk about the hospitality of the cow country. Folks out West don't figure it that way at all. They're just giving what they'd expect to get if they were in a like spot. No man was ever denied a feed and shelter for himself and his horse in the cattle country. A man who did would be rated lower than a snake track in a wagon rut. But the chuckwagon held one rule about drifters around feed time. That was to earn his feed.

Around a chuckwagon there was always firewood to be gathered up or split; water to be carted from the spring or water hole; or always a mess of dishes to be washed up. An old hand coming into a range layout didn't say a word about getting fed, even if it was between meal times. He just started hunting around for an ax or water pail and automatically the cook started getting him a meal. If he rode in just at meal time, he grabbed his eating tools with the rest of the boys and ate, but when he tossed his utensils into the wreck pan he stood by with a flour sack dish towel ready to do his share.

That sort of hombre was always welcome. It was the coyote that lit and took the wrinkles out of his belly, then mounted up to be on his way without even offering to scrape his plate, that got the hook-end of the camp cook's language.

OLD LUE'S favorite briefing yarn was about just such an incident. "One time down in the coulee country, we had just squatted alongside the wagon for our noon meal when a young fellow comes riding in on a horse that was about ready to drop. The boys were already at it, so a nod from the cook sent him after his tin plate and a helping big enough for two men. The young fellow never said a word while he was eating, but we all noticed that he kept glancing back over the trail he'd just traveled.

"After he'd cleaned his plate, he got up and started stacking the tin dishes in the wreck pan. About then we all spotted some dust far across country in the direction the young stranger had just popped up from. He saw it too, but said nothing, just kept on with his dish washing and stacking. By the time he was through, that cloud of dust wasn't very far across the range. We could see it was made by a half dozen horsemen, riding hell-bent. None of us said anything but old Sour-Face started cussing more than usual and bellowed at the cavvy wrangler to rope out a pinto Sour-Face claimed as his own and bring it over to the chuckwagon. All this time the young fellow was still messing in the wreck pan, getting kinda nervous-like but holding to his job.

"Finally, right before us all, old Sour-Face says, 'Stranger, I like the looks of that piece of horseflesh you just rode in. How'll you trade for my pinto even up?'

"Sour-Face winked his eye sort of bat-like as the young man nodded. 'It's a trade.'

"With that he changed his saddle off his worn-out horse, slapped it on Sour-Face's raring-to-go pinto, and was moving across the range like a deer with a taste of birdshot in its rear. A few minutes later, the party of horsemen rode in. None of us even blinked surprise when we saw the sheriff. We just kept our mouths shut.

"The old sheriff said a lot of things when he learned the man he was after had just traded Sour-Face out of a fresh mount, but Sour-Face soon had the posse eating too fast to do much thinking. The young stranger that had stuck

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to his chuckwagon rule of etiquette had been in a shooting scrape and stood a good chance of stretching a rope if he was caught. However, being caught wasn't half as important to that young ranny as showing he knew chuckwagon etiquette.

"Reckon it sorta paid off, him sticking to range etiquette," Lue would chuckle. "Leastwise, I never heard of the sheriff bringing back anyone to stand trial."

It didn't take much encouragement for old Lue to continue on with his spread of anecdotes. However, with each anecdote he attempted to play up some possible problem he might anticipate coming up the next day with his trail party. Old Lue was the envy of every trail boss in northern Montana. Seldom was his party ever known to have dude, beasts—or worst of all—camp gripers trouble.

Twenty Notches on His Gun

(Continued from page 35)

OWENS later moved north. From about 1879 to 1886 he ran the "Hog Ranch" at Three Mile near Fort Laramie, where sporting women lived. Many prospectors who had evaded the military and had gone into the Black Hills came back to the Three Mile ranch for supplies. The store there bore the following sign above the door, inscribed by a drunken soldier: "Pay Today and Trust Tomorrow."

On one occasion some road agents visited the Three Mile and told Johnny that they intended to hold up the stage coach with the payroll at Eagle's Nest. Why they disclosed their plans to Owens is not of record, but it was an established fact that he had the confidence of outlaws as well as law-abiding citizens.

Owens was a good friend of the owner of the stage line, and made up his mind that the coach would not be robbed. Immediately he went on horseback to Chug Springs, where he knew the stage would stop to change horses. He reached the Springs about the same time as the stage. George Lathrop and a soldier, who was acting as guard, were on the boot. Owens told Driver Lathrop to tell the soldier to ride inside, that he intended to ride beside the driver. The soldier protested, but Lathrop sensed that there was something in the wind, so he was made to relinquish the seat to Owens. Johnny tied his saddle horse alongside the near wheel stage horse, climbed up beside Lathrop and laid his gun across his lap, without a word of explanation. He also wore his six-shooters.

In less than five minutes the wheels of the stagecoach rolled ahead. As the coach approached the grey chalk bluffs near Eagle's Nest, a sharp command rang out. "Halt! Throw up your hands."

Three agents appeared in the dusk. Owens did not move. Then he waved his hand carelessly and said, "Not tonight, boys."

The agents disappeared without a word, and the payroll was delivered at Fort Laramie intact. That was the last time the "brake was put on" by any driver of the Concord coaches on the Black Hills line at the request of road agents.

Those close to Owens knew that he had been in love with the wife of an army officer at Fort Laramie, and she with him, but because of his respect for and loyalty to her husband, Johnny broke off the romance. Later he married Maisie Mathers who worked for him at Three Mile. The marriage ended in divorce.

JOHNNY sold his holdings near Fort Laramie and bought a billiard room in Cheyenne. He soon sold that and went to Fort Collins, Colorado, but the frontier again beckoned.

When the railway reached Lusk, Wyoming in 1886 Owens opened a dance hall and saloon. The residents of the town called his place the "Street Car Line" because there was a row of small shacks in the rear of the dance hall which looked like street cars, one for each girl.

While serving as marshal of Lusk, Owens shot a desperado named McCoy who had killed the constable. McCoy had rushed out of the saloon where the shooting occurred and was about to make his getaway on horseback when Johnny Owens appeared with a double-barreled shotgun. He fired one warning shot. When McCoy did not stop, Owens clipped him in the shoulder, knocking him off his horse.

As the outlaw hit the ground his revolver flew from his hand, landing about two or three feet away. Although Owens' shotgun by then was empty he gambled that McCoy would forget that fact in his excitement.

"Throw up your hands!" Owens commanded. "Don't move!"

When McCoy hesitated as if he intended to retrieve his gun, Owens advanced, keeping him covered with the empty shotgun. In a second more he had McCoy's revolver. Making sure that it was loaded, Owens dropped his shotgun and took McCoy prisoner.

Johnny's career as marshal in Lusk was tempestuous. He escorted murderers to Cheyenne; thwarted a lynch mob; and was constantly endeavoring to keep the peace. At last, upon the advice of his good friend, John Hunton, he resigned from the job. In his diary, Hunton does not make it clear why he persuaded Owens to resign, but does not seem to place any blame on him.

Owens continued to follow the frontier and moved over to Newcastle on Wyoming's eastern border. The place was young and wild and was near enough to the Black Hills to have an air of excitement. There for years Johnny owned the Castle Theatre and ran "The House of Blazes," a large gambling and sporting establishment so-called because guns often blazed behind its scarred walls. The huge building was frame and was so honeycombed with small rooms and corridors that, according to an old-timer, a person unfamiliar with the inside could wander around in it lost for hours! (It burned down in 1937.)

ABOUT 1892 Johnny's friends urged him to run for the office of sheriff of Weston County, of which Newcastle was the county seat. Although most of the residents of the county were Repub-

(Continued on page 60)

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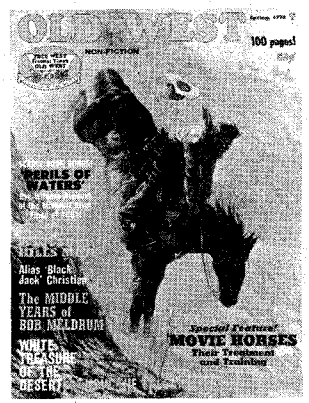

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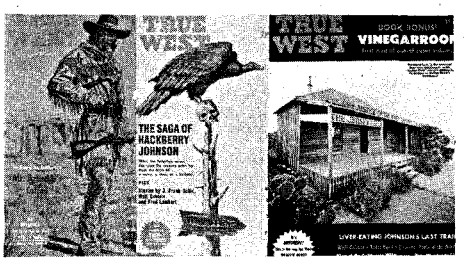

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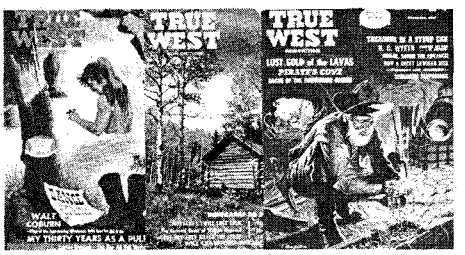

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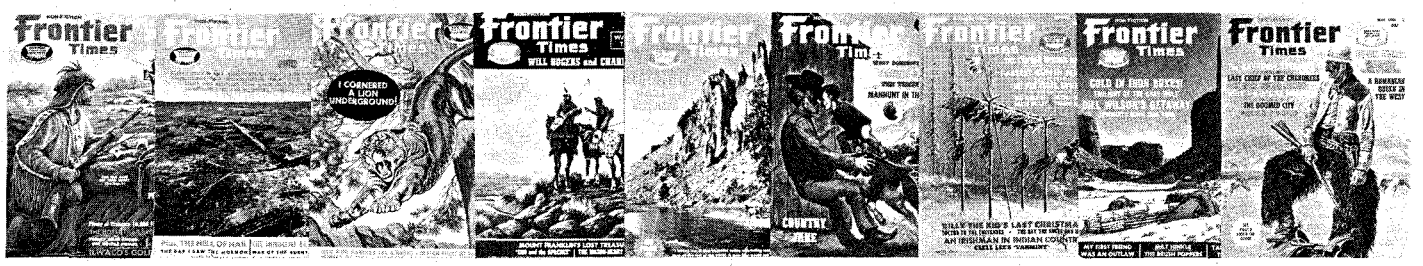

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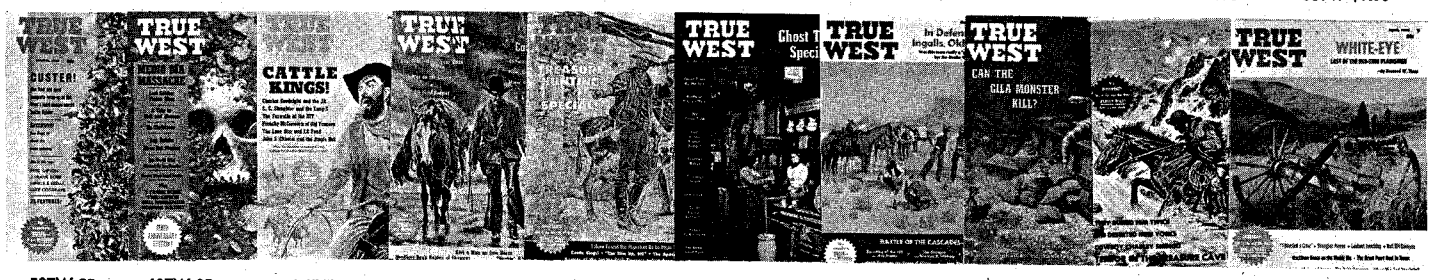

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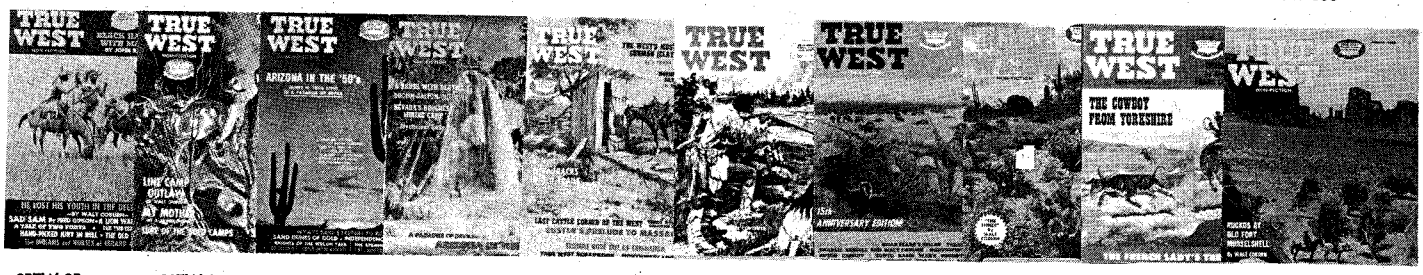

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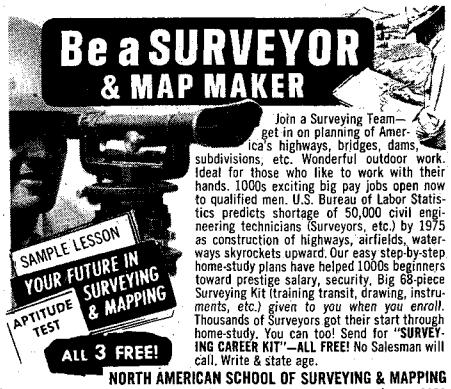

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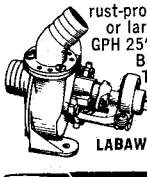

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Twenty Notches on His Gun

(Continued from page 57)

licans—and Owens was a Democrat—he was so popular that he was elected sheriff by a large majority. He held the office for fourteen years and practically wiped out stock stealing in northeastern Wyoming.

One time two lives were saved because of Sheriff Owens' clear head and caution. When a 4J steer was found butchered with only the tenderloin and the kidney fat taken, George Keeline, its owner, immediately notified Al Sproul, sheriff of Johnson County, and Johnny Owens, sheriff of Weston County. Both men loaded their saddles on the train and met at Gillette to form a posse. Nine men were deputized and started out for the rustler's hideout which had been located by one of Keeline's men.

A blinding snowstorm struck and traveling was slow. By the time the posse reached the rustlers' camp, the outlaws had fled. The posse continued, however, and sometimes the men were almost within gunshot range but the rustlers, who were stealing fresh horses whenever they could, managed to keep ahead.

On the third day the posse split, planning to meet later at a designated spot. Later in the day four of the posse, led by Owens, saw two riders across a canyon, but since they did not recognize their horses, the posse decided that the men were strangers. One of the posse urged Owens to let him shoot the riders' horses and thus bring them down. Owens said, "No."

For a time the posse played hide and seek with the pair of riders and then Joe LeFors insisted on shooting. Owens still refused. He said that they could head off the pair at a large rock ahead on the trail. He said he would ride out to the men and if they began to shoot, then LeFors and Keeline could return the fire. Owens did this and overtook the riders before they reached the rock. As soon as he came within talking distance Owens pulled out his gun and ordered the men to stop. They threw up their hands.

In order to keep from going snowblind, all of the men in the posse were wearing snow masks which they had made from pieces of leather. When Owens came up to the two strangers they were so frightened they could not speak. As they removed their masks, Owens saw that he had been pursuing his own men. Through his calmness and determination not to shoot unless necessary, a near tragedy was averted.

ONE of Johnny Owens' greatest achievements was the breaking up of the Truax gang of cattle rustlers. They had come into Wyoming from New Mexico and were making wholesale raids and getting away with them so well that they began to think they were too slick to be caught. After these rustlers made a big raid southwest of Newcastle, they set up camp on Rush Creek.

Sheriff Owens got wind of their location and with Joe LeFors, a stock detective, took a small posse and went after them. When the officers arrived within shouting distance of the desperadoes' camp, Owens ordered the thieves to surrender. In answer, a volley of rifle bullets struck the ground just ahead of the posse.

Owens had armed his men with the best and most up-to-date firearms.

"If they want a fight, boys, let 'em have it!" he snapped. And before the rustlers knew what was happening, the sheriff had picked off two of them. The others threw up their hands at once. This was the end of the Truax gang in Wyoming.

According to local legend it was Owens who gave Black Thunder Creek its name. In the early days when wild horses roamed the range, a black stallion used to lead his band along the banks of an unnamed creek. Owens and a companion were riding in the vicinity one day when the big beautiful stallion leapt from a draw and swept past them like the wind.

"Look!" exclaimed Owens, "there goes Black Thunder!" And so the creek on which they had seen the wild horse received its name.

For years Owens kept a stable of fine racing horses. His grey gelding, K. C., placed second in the half-mile at the State Fair in Douglas, Wyoming in 1905.

He eventually married again and became the father of a son named Sterling. In later years the boy, who worked on the police force in Casper, Wyoming, called himself "Bob." Owens' second wife died and was buried in Newcastle. Years later Owens met his first wife who was then confined to a wheel chair, almost helpless as the result of an accident. He remarried her. In speaking of her to one of his close friends he said, "I was shocked to see that the once beautiful and healthy woman had become a pitiful invalid. You probably don't remember her; you were too young. She lived with me at Fort Laramie when I was running my place there."

Many persons who knew the couple commented upon Johnny's tender consideration for this invalid woman.

When he was night watchman in Cambria, a coal camp near Newcastle, Owens was severely criticized for shooting a drunken man, but the majority of people thought he did the only thing he could do under the circumstances. The man was known as a troublemaker, and one night when very drunk he staggered into a saloon and began to abuse Owens. Then he pulled out a revolver and shot at Owens, grazing his head. Owens calmly pulled his gun and shot the man dead.

Johnny Owens took part in the last fight in Wyoming between Indians and white men. In October 1903, Chief Eagle Feather led twenty-five Sioux into Wyoming to hunt antelope. Since such hunting was forbidden by Wyoming law, Sheriff Billy Miller attempted to turn the Indians back to their reservation at Pine Ridge, South Dakota. They refused to go. When Miller attempted to arrest the Indians they opened fire, killing Deputy Louis Falkenburg.

Sheriff Miller's posse, including Owens, then opened fire. In the fight which followed, Sheriff Miller, Chief Eagle Feather, Chief Black Kettle and

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two other Indians were fatally wounded. Owens was credited with most of the Indian casualties.

Several Indians were arrested later and charged with murder, but were released because the state's witnesses could not identify them.

AS SHERIFF of Weston County, Owens had an uncanny way of checking up on every newcomer before the person even realized that he was being noticed.

Generosity was also one of Johnny Owens' outstanding characteristics. He always tried to help those in trouble and to talk them into going straight. He would feed the hungry at the jail, give them good advice, and send them on their way with money in their pockets.

Most of the money which he made gambling he gave to charity and to the local church. When a woman from the State Children's Home canvassed the business men of Newcastle for donations, many of them gave her $1.00 each. Johnny Owens contributed $75.00. Some of the citizens were angry and accused Johnny of trying to show them up as cheapskates. Johnny insisted that he was not trying to outdo anyone. "I only believe," he said, "that each one of us should afford to donate to such a cause."

He was exceedingly generous in entertaining his friends. Whenever a celebration or a gathering took place in Newcastle his house bulged with visitors.

In his later years Owens talked freely to one of his old-time friends, telling him in detail about his various experiences. He described how he killed Doc Connett, a gambler; how he killed the Indians on Lightning Creek; how he shot Bill McCoy at Lusk; and how he regretted killing Jockey Blissard.

By some, Johnny Owens was regarded as a veritable Robin Hood. Others considered him a tyrant and a racketeer. His long and colorful career came to a close on his eighty-fourth birthday. He died in Worland, Wyoming on August 11, 1927 and was buried in Newcastle beside the grave of his second wife.

It was his wish that his grave be marked only by a simple marker.

"I am only a plain, rough man," he often said. "And when I die, just put a plain, rough stone at my head."

Gunfight at Cutthroat Gap

(Continued from page 19)

cared nothing about this impudence and attempted rascality, but they felt insulted to think he would attempt to enforce his edict with a shotgun," reported the *Oklahoman* two days later.

If Morris' warning were a joke, the miners weren't laughing. If it were for real, they weren't accommodating. Morris had more than managed to arouse the ire of the citizens.

In an arrogant tone Morris tried to explain, saying that "he took his gun with him, thinking he might find a covey of quail." His excuse was not convincing. Morris was politely but sternly asked to leave town and not attempt to trespass again.

"There are many theories as to the object of this bad break," reported the *Oklahoman*, "but the most plausible is that Morris is in a conspiracy. Some think the land office officials are backing them. All agree that Morris is trying to put a damper on Wildman's growth, or is trying to get some blood money."

Wildman, rollicking, festering, flourishing, was pushing ahead. Wagons carrying new arrivals were an hourly occurrence. Blasting in the mines became a regular ear-popper to the residents. Main Street's rocky surface was ground into a fine dust, making it extra necessary for the miners to wash their throats in the nearest saloon. Burros hitched to the post outside and bewhiskered hard-rockers inside extolling their latest strikes made up a typical everyday scene. Wildman had plans.

IT WAS A LONG, hot summer in 1902. Already E. A. Williams had been shot at while crossing Henry Smith's land just north of Wildman. Of course, whoever took the pot shots didn't stay around to answer the consequences.

Tensions were growing rapidly. A showdown was coming. Only about ten miles east of Wildman and just north of Baker's Peak, Cutthroat Gap was being explored for golden nuggets as early as December 1897 by William Smiley, an inveterate mountain boomer. Once a deputy sheriff at St. Joseph, Missouri, he feared no one and least of all homesteaders.

He had been among the Wildman miners who, in 1900, had succeeded in getting Judge Irwin to clamp down on the Indian Agent's ejecting excursions. Smiley and his wife had settled in Wildman and had several mining claims nearby. He was well liked and respected there, and that his friends would stop at nothing to help him would soon be evident.

On November 25, 1901, the Smileys moved to Cutthroat Gap in the southeast quarter of section seven. Smiley staked six mining claims and erected a log cabin nearby.

Also settling on the quarter-section was a homesteader, Alexander P. Wynn. On May 1, 1902, the Lawton sheriff served Smiley with a notice that Wynn was contesting his right to the land, and Smiley was to appear in court on the 14th.

Justice of the Peace D. R. Widmer was not impressed with Smiley's assay reports. He ruled defendant Smiley guilty of trespassing and ordered him to pay all court costs. Smiley was furious. He had no intentions of abandoning his claims. He had been there when Alex Wynn later picked the same tract of land. Ed Wynn homesteaded the quarter adjoining his brother, and neighbor John Eurey had an entry on a tract adjoining Ed Wynn.

On the fateful afternoon of August 14, 1902, Smiley's partner, E. M. Dixon, was a visitor. Smiley, his plump little wife, and Dixon were sitting outside the cabin, fanning themselves in the sweltering heat, when the trio of homesteaders walked up to the miners carrying rifles under their arms.

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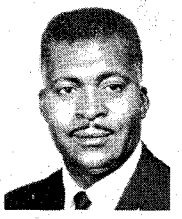

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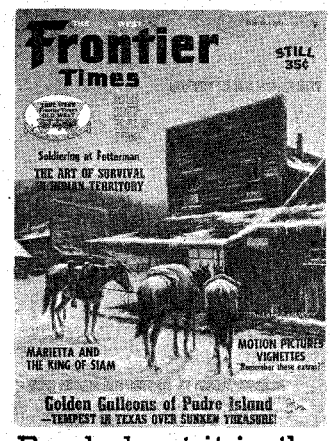

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versation, the settlers began shouting in "vile language and loud curses." Once before Alex Wynn had sworn that he would get Smiley off the property "if he had to kill him and drag him off."

Then, suddenly, before Smiley could reply, the trio of homesteaders opened fire. Bullets shattered the windows as Smiley jumped up, running into the house to snatch up his Winchester. Dixon, who already had his pistols strapped on, rushed for cover behind the corner of the house. Mrs. Smiley frantically scrambled for cover behind the cabin, trembling with fear.

Filled with anger, Smiley and Dixon returned the gunfire. Bullets ricocheted off the rocks, echoing from hill to hill through the mountains, sounding as if a full-scale war had broken out. The house was "literally riddled with bullets, and Smiley and Dixon had many narrow escapes," the *Mineral Kingdom* reported later.

In the wild exchange, Ed Wynn was hit. He gasped and fell dead from behind his rocky perch. His brother Alex was badly wounded and writhing in pain. Seeing his precarious predicament, John Eurey held up both hands and shouted he was giving up.

THE PITCHED BATTLE was brief, but was long enough to draw every homesteader in the country. Smiley feared a lynching and quickly fled with his wife to Oreana, a mining camp about three miles south. Before Dixon could escape, a posse of citizens arrested him and took him to Hobart, where swift justice was being planned.

Smiley and his wife stopped shortly in Oreana, then rode on to Wildman. They had eluded the sheriff's posse for six days when finally found. Lawton's *News* told the story of their capture on August 21:

"Deputy Sheriff Ed B. Chapman called at the *News* office yesterday and gave a correct report of the taking of Smiley, one of the killers of Ed Wynn.

"Just a little before arriving at Wildman, he came upon a posse of citizens with Winchesters, and upon inquiry it was discovered that they also were seeking Smiley and had sent their runner on into Wildman on a tour of investigation.

"At their request, Mr. Chapman led them on a short distance with the understanding that they were to do his bidding. They soon met the runner who reported Smiley was in Wildman.

"Chapman ordered them to wait while he went on in and made the arrest. This was easily done as no resistance was made, Smiley evidently being in fear of his life at the hands of the mob.

"He feared to start with the sheriff for Lawton, until finally a number of Wildman citizens volunteered to accompany the party. The party arrived in Lawton Tuesday evening and Smiley and wife were lodged in jail."

It was late in September before Dixon was taken from the Hobart jail to Lawton. Once before, Sheriff Painter had gone to Hobart for Dixon but the authorities there refused to release him. Sheriff Painter was tired of making the 60-mile ride to Hobart for nothing. This time, he cabled the governor and brought with him an order for Dixon's release. The Hobart sheriff didn't refuse Painter his prisoner a second time.

Smiley and Dixon were spirited out of Lawton and placed in the federal jail at Guthrie on November 24. Just why is not clear. Perhaps a necktie party was brewing. Their trial came up on April 15, 1903, and a large percentage of the spectators were miners, there to see whether their compatriots got a fair break.

After almost a full day of argument, questioning witnesses and reviewing testimony, County Attorney Cunningham closed his argument by asking the jury to find Smiley and Dixon guilty of murder. At six o'clock that evening, the jury began its deliberation. For eight hours the room was locked. Finally, at two o'clock the jurors went to bed.

At ten o'clock the following morning, court reconvened. All was tense as the jurors walked solemnly back into the courtroom. When they had taken their seats, Judge F. E. Gillett asked: "Mr. Foreman, has the jury reached a verdict?"

The room was quiet. Smiley and Dixon sat frozen to their seats.

"It has, your honor." The foreman then presented the jury's verdict to the clerk to read:

"We, the jury, sworn to try the case of the Territory of Oklahoma versus William Smiley and E. M. Dixon, do find the defendants guilty of manslaughter in the second degree."

The courtroom was a bedlam as the miners in the audience shouted in angry disgust. Judge Gillett pounded his wooden gavel on the desk for order to be restored. Reluctantly, the miners sat down. Smiley and Dixon each received a two-years sentence to the Territorial prison.

THE MINERS' press, the *Mineral Kingdom*, had plenty to say of the unbelievable outcome of the trial while reviewing the case sometime later. Editor Frank Davis believed the two miners had been railroaded. For months he ran editorials attempting to get a new trail.

Smiley and Dixon were lucky in one respect. They didn't begin serving their sentences until two years later.

On December 27, 1903, an application was made to Governor Tom Ferguson for their pardon, while Editor Davis reported more of his findings.

"The cowardly villains who began the fight went into court and swore that Smiley and Dixon began the fight and pursued them, keeping up the shooting long after they had quit firing and were trying to get away," stated Davis. "This false testimony is what caused the jury to return a verdict of guilty.

"Alex Wynn stated the evening after the fight when he was supposed to be fatally wounded, and might be expected to tell the truth if ever, that they went to Smiley's house to drive them off the land and that they, the Wynns, fired the first two shots."

In June 1905, the miners took their case to the Territorial Supreme Court

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and presented affidavits supporting their application for a new trial. Their efforts were for naught, for the high court ruled their evidence was not sufficient for a new trial.

Nothing remained for Smiley and Dixon but to serve their terms. In July 1905 they were taken to the Leavenworth Federal Prison. After a year they were granted a pardon.

It would seem that all has been said on the unfortunate, yet not altogether unprovoked battle in Cutthroat Gap. However, founder and past editor of the Roosevelt *Herald*, Guy H. Parker, who once had stock in the mines at Wildman, tells another story, long buried since the bloody gunfight.

Parker, remembering back as if it were yesterday, recounted that everyone realized Smiley didn't kill Ed Wynn. It was actually his wife who had fired the fatal bullet. But Smiley, being the courageous man he was, admitted he was the guilty party, even though others knew better.

From the first, Wildman's residents were plagued with ill-luck. Its days were numbered from an economic standpoint, and those days were made miserable by those who opposed mining. While a lone sunburnt miner labored arduously at the bottom of his shaft, it wasn't unusual to be caught helpless as a rock came crashing down. Perhaps just as bad, a sourdough would return to his mine after a previous hard day's work, only to find it clogged with rocks and boulders.

Then there were the wild, disorganized attempts to scare the miners out. The memory of one such event is yet plain in the mind of Charlie Williams, son of E. A., who at that time was only a youngster. Once after Will Williams had been away tending to business, he returned home to find a piece of paper with a crude pencil drawing of a human figure hanging from a tree limb. Scrawled below was this grim threat: "You'd better go to Mexico while you can."

Lawyer Charles Morris once publicly accused the miners of being "turbulent characters who have given the peace officers of the county much trouble." Just what Morris meant, the miners were not sure. If hard toil from dawn to dusk at the bottom of a mine shaft meant turbulent, then they were. If visions of a better life tomorrow meant turbulent, then they were.

The gold seekers were a tenacious breed. With disappointment, however, came some success, even though short-lived. On July 22, 1904, the Great Western Mining & Milling Company bought five claims at Wildman belonging to J. A. Parsons. The price was $15,000. Three days later, that company purchased the Klondike Mine from E. A. Williams, brother Will, and D. W. Oakes for $10,000. Wildman's miners were elated.

Within two years, however, Wildman was all but nonexistent. The bonanzas the gold seekers had hoped to find remained elusive.

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Captain Tough and His Scouts

(Continued from page 31)

and returned to report to Blunt who asked for support from Gen. Samuel R. Curtis who in turn directed Gen. F. J. Herron, near Springfield, to go to his aid.

Blunt would not wait for Herron but wanted to stand against Hindman in spite of Crawford's advice. When the forces met, a sharp encounter ensued but neither force gave or gained. Finally Hindman ordered Col. Emmet McDonald "with his regiment to lead and show Joe Shelby [the Confederate commander of Cavalry] how to do it." The Rebels formed but seemed hesitant to charge.

Crawford later wrote: "After waiting quite a while I sent Captain Russell with a few picked men, and Captain Tough with his scouts, forward to stir things up. They moved out in front of the Rebel line and opened fire. That was impudence that Southern chivalry could not endure. Some fellow from Pike County gave a whoop, which brought forth that old discordant sound known as the Rebel yell, and that in turn infused courage sufficient to enable them to make a start."

The Confederate forces advanced within forty yards of the Union lines when they were greeted with a deadly volley which seemed to cut them down. Those not killed or seriously wounded turned and fled "faster than they came, followed closely by the reserve battalion of the Second Kansas, until the field was cleared in the other direction."

The fight had been predicted by Tough the day before. In later years Pvt. Greene wrote that on the morning of December 5 Tough had raced into the camp of a detachment of Co. A, Ninth Kansas. He reported an advancing enemy party and the Kansans soon assembled in readiness to repell an attack. It never came and by dark the troops were told to prepare a quick supper for themselves. "Captain Tough came to our mess fire to get a cup of coffee," Greene reported, "and told us that we would have all the fight we wanted in a day or two.

"He greatly mistook my inclination if he thought I wanted any fight at all," Greene confessed. "I wanted to turn Lanterwasser [his horse] into a bluegrass pasture and then lie down and sleep for a month!"

Tough's service was not all in organized fighting. Most of the stories which have filtered down through the years tell of his adventures in the irregularity of guerrilla warfare. Then, as now, it was messy business not calculated to illustrate the chivalry of civilized combatants.

On one occasion Tough came upon the body of one of his own men, the head almost missing as a result of a gunpowder blast. Tough was later to learn that the man had been killed, his mouth stuffed with black powder, a fuse inserted and the human bomb touched off. True to character Tough immediately set out after the perpetrators. After riding about thirty miles Tough and his men came suddenly on seven horsemen whom they took to be Confederates. Pretending he was a bushwhacker Tough galloped into their camp as if he were seeking William C. Quantrill, the guerrilla leader. As their conversation led on, one of the bushwhackers began to brag of some action they had seen earlier in the day. It seems they had caught one of Tough's scouts that morning, killed him, loaded him up with powder and "blowed his old mug to hell."

Within minutes the bushwhackers were dead.

TOUGH himself was not immune from enemy bullets. On one occasion he was being pursued by a pack of Missourians and was shot through the leg, his horse being killed at the same time. Tough quickly recovered from his fall and crawled into a dense thicket, leaving a plain trail of blood after him. Knowledge of Tough's accuracy with a weapon deterred his pursuers from trailing him into the brush and they decided to wait him out. For two days they watched the thicket but finally concluding he had died, they rode away.

Tough, however, was very much alive though his wound had become infected and gangrenous. Somehow he discovered his pursuers had departed so he built a small fire, heated the end of a metal ramrod and cauterized the wound after having first cut away the rotted flesh with a bowie knife.

In the winter of 1862-1863 Tough was with Blunt at Van Buren, Arkansas, then saw service in the Indian Territory. When Lawrence was sacked by Quantrill that August he was near Perryville in present Oklahoma. By October, 1863, however, Tough and Blunt were back in Kansas only to suffer stinging defeat at the hands of that same Quantrill near Baxter Springs. This encounter, still known in Kansas as the Massacre at Baxter Springs, was perhaps second only to the Lawrence raid in its ferocity and devastation.

General Blunt, then commanding the District of the Frontier with headquarters at Fort Scott, Kansas, had received word that Fort Smith was seriously threatened by the enemy. Feeling his presence was needed there he proceeded south with part of his staff on October 4. In addition he had an escort of two companies of cavalry, his band and all the papers and records of his headquarters. By noon of October 6 the detachment was nearing Baxter Springs, which then was nothing more than a homestead and the camp of Lt. James B. Pond's detachment of the Third Wisconsin Cavalry.

Within 400 yards of the camp, but still out of sight of it because of the terrain, Blunt spied a force of about 100 cavalry dressed in Federal uniforms. Surprisingly the force, upon spying Blunt, adopted a skirmish formation as if ready to fight. Blunt halted his own troops and ordered Tough forward to scout out the situation.

After a quick reconnoiter he discovered the force was actually Confederates under command of Col. Quantrill. Just as he was reporting, Quantrill began a desultory firing on Blunt's command. In the distance from the direction of the Third Wisconsin's camp, additional firing could be heard. That distant firing

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signalled the death of Scout John Fry, the ex-Pony Express rider who, with a dispatch rider named Hazlewood, had ridden into Pond's camp the night before. Through a drenching rain they had carried dispatches up from Fort Blunt in the Indian country. Now, in the warmth of the noonday sun, Fry and Hazlewood were walking out a short distance from the camp to discharge the damp powder in their weapons. As they walked through the timber they accidentally discovered a ring of bushwhackers waiting in concealment for the order to attack the camp. The scouts were fired on and Fry was killed immediately. Hazlewood, though wounded, escaped death by falling down an embankment from which he made his way back to camp.

Thus, as Johnny Fry met his death, General Blunt was attacked by Quantrill. Possibly from surprise, or shock, the forces of the general were overcome with fear and began a chaotic retreat from the field. The general was dismayed and with Maj. H. Z. Curtis, Maj. B. S. Henning and Tough attempted to rally the men to fight. Finally, after much exhorting and threats, about fifteen men returned to snipe and thrust at the enemy.

Blunt's tactics with this small force were to hit and run, always remaining just beyond the reach of Quantrill's men and forcing him to assume Blunt was parrying while a large force came up from the rear.

As Blunt fought, Lt. Pond's command, which numbered about seventy-five men since most of the cavalry had been sent out on a foraging expedition, engaged in hand to hand combat with the enemy. At times the Rebels actually entered Pond's defensive breastworks but the little Union force held and the enemy was each time repulsed.

THE general's own command was now nearly obliterated. In the first helter-skelter retreat, and directly after, over ninety of his small force had been killed or wounded. Wagons were burned with troopers' bodies still inside. The band's wagon, full of musicians, was overturned, the non-combatants killed and the wagon fired. Sgt. Jack Splane, Co. I, Third Wisconsin, was one of those forced to surrender. Though promised humane treatment as a prisoner of war he was instead removed of his arms and shot after first having been told to "tell old God that the last man you saw on earth was Quantrill." Fortunately Splane lived.

Bodies of men and horses were everywhere; the stench of death intermingled with the odor of the burning wagons. Quantrill assumed the battle was won and formed his men in line before the camp of Lt. Pond. It was two in the afternoon.

From the Confederate ranks a flag of truce appeared and was carried toward the camp by George Todd who demanded the surrender of Pond's force. He also demanded, in the name of Colonel Quantrill of the First Regiment, First Brigade, Army of the South, an exchange of prisoners. "I answered that I had taken no prisoners," Pond later reported. "I had wounded several of his men, whom I had seen fall from their horses, and would see that they were cared for, provided he would do the same by our men."

Todd told Pond that he had twelve privates and Adjutant General Curtis prisoner and that Quantrill had lost about fifty of his own men killed. "If I would promise to take care of his wounded, and see that they were paroled after they were able to leave, he would promise me that no harm should befall Major Curtis or our men," Pond continued. "This, I think, was intended for a blind to find out what I had done, as they had already murdered Major Curtis and all the prisoners."

The lieutenant was correct. Major Curtis, though taken alive, was later found dead, as were several other similarly captured.

By all military standards Quantrill should now have been able to successfully attack the camp and wipe out Pond's small command. Instead the enemy wheeled and marched southward, out of sight of the Union troops. Captain Tough was sent to determine their course and reported back that they were continuing their march into the Indian country and were apparently not planning a new attack at Baxter Springs.

Why had Quantrill foregone this easy victory? Perhaps he still was under the impression that a larger Union force was on its way from the north. According to his own report he merely "did not think it prudent to attack the fort again, and,

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as we had wounded men already to carry, and it was so far to bring them I concluded that I would leave the fort. So at 5 p.m. I took up the line of march due south on the old Texas road."

The fight at Baxter Springs received considerable attention in Kansas newspapers. Captain Tough was mentioned many times for his bravery and composure under fire. The Leavenworth *Daily Conservative*, October 10, stated that "Capt. Tough and Major Henning both displayed great intrepidity, coolness and judgment in that unfortunate affair, courageously seconding the efforts of Gen. Blunt in endeavoring to rally his men, and have won praises from everyone who saw the affair."

According to the official report eighty persons, ten of whom were civilians, were killed in the fight and eighteen more wounded. The number of Confederates killed was not determined but were estimated in numbers up to twenty.

The massacre at Baxter Springs is the last documented appearance of William Tough in the Civil War. Many stories survive of his deeds in action but they are not dated nor can they be located in time or place.

After the war was over, Tough married and settled down in Kansas City to breed horses. In the 1870s he was appointed United States marshal for Kansas and was involved in one of the state's first labor strikes. During the Boer War, Tough and his sons sold horses to the British cavalry. Between wars and public service Captain Tough managed his highly successful horse farms in eastern Kansas.

The old warrior died in 1904. His doctor wrote: "He was a courteous gentleman, strong and firm and quiet. He had a host of devoted friends. He died slowly of a very painful disease. His courage was superb and his cheerfulness kept its pace.

"He was a great man."

Bob Olinger As I Knew Him

(Continued from page 12)

ble also for Fort Stockton and Fort Davis, near the Rio Grande. Uncertainty as to the location of the state line between New Mexico and Texas increased the problem of the Rangers, who were obligated to remain within the confines of their own jurisdiction.

The emergency created by the Peg Leg robbery provoked the participation of the Federal Government which, of course, was not subject to state lines. The Post Office Department procured the appointment of several United States Deputy Marshals for the purpose of capturing stage robbers, counterfeiters, and moonshiners. Both Texas and southeast New Mexico were infested with criminals playing hide-and-seek with the Rangers. Bob Olinger was appointed as one of the Deputy Marshals and received his commission at Fort Stockton, Texas.

From the first he was active in carrying out the dangerous duties of his office. When a warrant was placed in his hands he did not hesitate to attempt an arrest, regardless of how desperate the man might be. In some cases he had to "capture the man by killing him," as the quaint but grim phrase of the time was. I think the first occasion of this sort was Bob Olinger's undertaking to arrest Tom Hill, alias Peter Crain (also Chilson). Hill resisted arrest and Bob shot him. In telling me about this case Bob said Hill was the first man he ever killed and that he regretted doing it, but that under the circumstances he could do nothing else.

Olinger's detractors have made much of his killing John Jones; they cite this as his liking to kill regardless of lack of provocation. The facts are not so damaging as represented. Bob told me about this occurrence and I think I know whereof I speak. Bad feelings had been created between the two by meddlers who carried stories to each, primarily regarding the killing of John Beckwith, the younger son of Hugh Beckwith, by John Jones at Seven Rivers in 1879. Realizing that a quarrel was imminent, Bob Olinger refused to go to John Jones' cow camp to discuss their grievances, but sent word that he would meet Jones at the camp of Pearce and Paxton—neutral ground. John Jones, a large and fearless man, arrived armed to the teeth and seeking trouble. When he dismounted he took his rifle from its scabbard, cocked it, and throwing it across his arm, walked toward Bob who had come out of the house and was standing by the door.

When John Jones said belligerently, "I came to settle with you about those lies I've heard you told about me killing John Beckwith," Bob stepped quickly toward Jones and asked, "What sort of settlement do you want, John?" Jones fired, but the bullets missed. Bob then, in self-defense fired.

The killing of John Jones was very unfortunate, but it was not premeditated nor done in a cowardly manner. When the two hot-blooded men, both armed, quarreled, the likelihood was great that the matter would terminate in death. The previous friendship of these men and their families made this shooting doubly unfortunate. I know well that this tragic death was a source of much regret to Bob Olinger, for he told not only me but many others that he felt regret for that killing.

I WISH TO present a positive denial to the charge that Bob Olinger treacherously killed a Mexican, Paz Chavez, when the man offered his hand to Olinger in friendly greeting. Bob Olinger was not present when Paz Chavez was killed at Bob Dow's stage stand. He was killed by Buck (W. W.) Guyse and Dave Peverhouse, Deputy Sheriffs sent out to arrest Chavez. They said that he resisted arrest and that they had to shoot him.

As a law-enforcement officer Bob Olinger was considerate and generous. In 1880 I received a letter from him saying that if Dave Peverhouse was at our place, or if we knew of his whereabouts, Dave should be informed that his family was at Pope's crossing and needed his assistance. Peverhouse was on the dodge because of trouble in Texas. He was at that time at our home on the Hondo in preparation for leaving for Arizona.

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When told of Bob's letter Dave feared that it was a trap, but was finally convinced of its truth.

Mother had planned leaving for Van Wyck's at Seven Rivers to deliver a wagonload of flour [the Caseys had a grist mill] and she offered to take Peverhouse. He had been expecting his family for some time but his wife had not written. When a letter did arrive and Bob discovered that it was from Dave's relatives and that it verified his surmise that the man had done nothing serious in Texas, Bob put the letter into another envelope and sent it to Alexander.

["Alexander" must have been a law enforcement officer who wrote to Olinger about arresting Peverhouse. The context indicates this. But I cannot find any mention of Alexander anywhere. I think Alexander had written Olinger about Peverhouse. Peverhouse at first distrusted Olinger and thought the letter from his wife a scheme to trap him. But the letter from his wife was genuine.—Eve Ball]

Alexander had been very attentive to my sister, Ellen, and Bob Olinger knew of this. Bob's friendly interest in our family caused him to attempt to ascertain whether or not this man was imposing on my sister by winning her confidence. One evening when Bob was a guest in our home we amused ourselves by smoking cards and writing on them. Bob used this device for satisfying himself on this doubt. He wrote a name on a card and showed it to Ellen; then asked if she'd seen it before. She denied having either seen it or knowing anyone of that name. I asked to see the card but Bob threw it into the fire. Later he told me what he had done.

I MET Bob Olinger in December 1877 when I was helping my brothers take our cattle into Texas. That was shortly before the beginning of the Lincoln County War, when we stopped a few days at Seven Rivers. When I first saw him he was looking through a pair of field glasses at a man who was cutting off the water at the springs. When he was introduced I noticed spots on his face caused by an attack of smallpox from which he was recuperating. Because I, too, had suffered from that disease not long before, each of us felt a bond of sympathy and interest for the other.

Because I was in Texas [she attended the Ursuline Academy at San Antonio] I did not see Bob again for a long time, but after my return we met in Roswell a time or two. It should be remembered that Mother was in Texas trying to recover her cattle while the Lincoln County War was in progress. They had been held by rustlers. When she went to Seven Rivers on this mission she stopped at the home of Mrs. Staffored, mother of the Olinger boys. Bob was so helpful to Mother that she thought very highly of him and after our return to the Hondo he frequently came to our house.

Bob was at our home the Sunday before he was killed by Billy the Kid. He spoke of the Kid but not in an unfriendly way. I recall a Mexican girl's having come to the house to see Bob when she heard he was visiting us. [She wanted to save the life of the Kid.] She asked him whether or not she should marry the Kid. She explained that a law in Old Mexico required that procedure to save a life, and asked if that were true in New Mexico. Through an interpreter Bob explained that such was not the law in New Mexico and that she could not save Billy by that means.

The news of Bob Olinger's death at the hands of Billy the Kid was a great shock to our family. We learned of it from Captain and Mrs. J. C. Lea who were on their way from Roswell to Lincoln in a hack. They learned of the killing when they stopped at the Fritz ranch; they were told, too, that the Kid had escaped from jail and that he had killed both guards. Mrs. Lea was afraid to go to Lincoln and begged her husband to turn back. He decided to go to Picacho, get old man Kline, old man Kimbrell, and others to go to Lincoln with him.

We, too, were excited and eager to go to Lincoln and learn exactly what had occurred. Mother was unwilling to leave home though she was greatly concerned about Bob's death. She permitted my older brothers and me to go in the hack to Lincoln. Both Bob Olinger and Bell had been killed in a very brutal manner by the Kid. The comanding officer at Fort for that reason; but Bell's body was have them buried in the cemetery there. Bob had been a United States Deputy Marshal, and interment was made at the Fort for that reason; but Bell's body was sent to White Oaks, the family's home.

The hatred between Bob Olinger and the Kid has been greatly exaggerated though much of it was attributed to their having fought on opposite sides at the McSween house burning. Bob Olinger gave me another explanation: After the killing of John Jones at the cow camp of Pearce and Paxton, Billy the Kid, probably to curry favor with the Jones family, told old man Jones that the first time he got a chance he would kill Bob Olinger. Why he should have wished to avenge that death I do not know. Marion Turner, John Jones, and his brother, Jim, were believed by many to have been directly responsible for the death of McSween, leader of the Kid's side. It was several months later that the Kid made this threat against Olinger and during that time adjustments had been made by both antagonists. Bob Olinger knew of the threat made by the Kid to old man Jones, and that in itself was sufficient cause for bad blood between him and Billy.

The tension between them was intensified by an attempt to waylay and kill Bob Olinger in the vicinity of Red Bluff [on the Pecos] where the rocky cliffs from which the place takes its name provides concealment for ambush. Bob was on guard and was on the alert when approaching the bluff. He stumbled upon a man whom he suspected of being a spy and crossed the river rather than risk attack. From the east side he saw, through field glasses, three men hiding among the rocks. Each was heavily armed, and he identified one as Billy the Kid. His deduction was that the Kid was there for the purpose of making good his

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promise to old man Jones. Bob Olinger, however, made no attempt to retaliate.

When Pat Garrett became Sheriff and began his pursuit of the Kid, Bob Olinger was not a member of the posse kept in the field, nor was he present when the Kid surrendered to Garrett at Stinking Springs. However, Garrett had become acquainted with Bob and when he needed a trustworthy guard for the Kid, selected Bob as one not likely to permit the prisoner to escape.

Reports of Bob Olinger's rough treatment of the Kid while he was in custody are greatly exaggerated. Since guards and prisoners are both apt to talk, it was logical to expect that what was said was subject to additions. I do not profess to know what Bob Olinger may have said to his prisoner, but I do know that taunting a man condemned to death would not have been in character. In all probability Bob was a careful guard and strict with his prisoner. He may have disapproved of Bell's easy-going behaviour with the Kid and felt obligated to warn both Bell and Garrett. And after the Kid's escape, owing to carelessness on Bell's part, Garrett was ready to admit, over the bodies of his two guards, that the terrible outcome might have been avoided had he heeded the advice given him by Bob Olinger.

Of this I am sure: Bob Olinger went to his death bravely to become a worthy peace officer. He was across the street from the old Murphy store in which the Kid was confined when he heard the shot that killed Bell. No doubt he thought that the Kid's friends were staging a rescue. Upon his last visit in our home he had told me that he anticipated such a move on their part. When the manager of the hotel shouted, "They're fighting at the courthouse," Bob Olinger, foolhardy to the last, dashed across the street to meet death at the hands of the Kid.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

that most of the miners went after the also infamous town of Panamint was deserted.

Incidentally, Panamint is an interesting ghost town in the Panamint Mountains and is reached by way of Surprise Canyon, the entrance to which is not far from the ghost town of Ballarat. One can drive part-way up the canyon but must hike the rest of the way unless a four-wheel-drive vehicle is used.—Clayton Kanagy, 2930 Colorado Avenue, Santa Monica, California 90404

Murder Near Cotulla, Texas

Dear Sir:

We certainly do enjoy reading the true stories in your magazines. I especially liked "How to Tame a Town" by J. E. Tompkins in the October '69 TRUE WEST.

I have heard a story about two men who were supposed to have been killed at a cow camp on the banks of Rios Creek near the Nueces River near Cotulla, Texas, at or near a place known as Fort Ewell. One of the men was thought to be Edward Davis Grumbles and the other was a man by the name of Kercheville. They were said to have been killed by someone who slipped into their camp at night while they were asleep. Their buddies out on watch heard the shots and came into camp, but the killers were gone. There was nothing to bury the dead men in, as the story goes, so a lady who lived near the fort gave them a quilt box and the two were buried together in it. This was around 1879.

I would certainly appreciate hearing from anyone who can give a detailed account of this, as Edward Davis Grumbles was a brother of my grandfather.—Ernestine Grumbles (Mrs. E. F.) Bales, 4322 Randall Drive, Corpus Christi, Texas 78411

Tie Hacks Remembered

Dear Mr. Small:

I enjoyed reading about "Vic, King of the Tie Hacks" because I met a lot of these old-timers years ago, and even cut ties, along with cedar poles, while I was working in a Swede logging camp near Crandon, Wisconsin.

My first experience with "hewed ties" came when I helped my dad load several thousand of them into boxcars. The ties were oak, maple and hemlock—I think green hemlock is the heaviest tie I've ever handled. We used timber tongs ("Swede hooks") to carry them until the pile got waist high, then we used a special-made, heavy duty lifting stick with heavy barbs in the center to lift the ties shoulder high while a third man pushed it onto the pile. At that time wages were $1.00 per day.

I could have made good wages loading ties but my father collected my pay along with his and went on a king-sized drunk. In about a week he staggered home, his tongue feeling like the "business end of a porcupine."

Later I got a job as a gandy-dancer on the "Big G" and handled a lot of these big hewed lunkers. A few of these old hand-made ties can still be found on some little-used back track. The railroads used to put extra-wide ties under the rail joints for strength and those with extra-wide ends on the curves with the wide end under the lower rail for more support. Later, hewed ties were saved for use on the curves and the sawed ones used on straight track.

Shortly after I started on the railroad I learned to "spike" and even though it was hard work I liked it much better than "diggin' graves" for those big ties. Those square-faced, #2 shovels kept a bow in your back. A ten-pound spike maul was used most of the time but I had an eight-pound frog maul I used for many years.

Most of the old tie hacks used a broad-ax for trimming the logs into ties but a large single or double bit ax also could be used. Most of these old axes are in secondhand stores now, or museums, or have been melted down with other scrap iron, or are gathering dust in some dark corner of a farmer's barn or shed.—Walt Thayer, Wenatchee, Wisconsin.

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Laura Shay Collins

About 1921 was the last heard of Laura (Shay) Collins, my mother, when she lived in Sioux City, Iowa. I understand there were other children besides myself and I have reason to believe there were anywhere from three to seven children. Some of them were admitted to an orphans' home in Sioux City about 1919. I believe one of the boys' first name was Mossmen. The family came to Sheldon, Iowa from somewhere in Oklahoma prior to 1919. I believe they were from Frederick, Oklahoma but I am not sure. The father's name was possibly Guillielmo L. Collins and one of my sisters could have been Doris Collins. Possibly a girl named Enid Collins was born at Frederick, Oklahoma. I would appreciate anyone writing to me if they know anything about my mother or family.—Jay Farnsworth, Box 747, Babbitt, Nevada 89416

John Kohut

I would like to locate the grave of John Kohut who served in the Confederate Army with the Trans-Mississippi wagontrain hauling supplies from Matamoros, Mexico to Natchez, Mississippi. I would like to get in touch with someone who has a record of his train. He may not have a marker but if he has, it should be somewhere along the route from Matamoros to Blanconia, San Felipe, Millican, and Alexandria. He suffered a sunstroke while cutting grass for hay for the army horses.—R. W. Cervenka, 323 North Lakeview Drive, Waco, Texas 76705

George C. Ball

The staff of the William S. Hart County Museum is seeking information on the life and identity of Geo. C. Ball. From information we have received from other museums, we feel that the following might be helpful in tracing Mr. Ball's identity. He was probably involved with the Sioux in South Dakota from 1890 to 1910. Possibly this involvement occurred in or near the Rosebud or Pine Ridge Reservations. Our information as to Mr. Ball's occupation indicates he was a collector of Indian artifacts or an Indian trader. Any information or sources you may be able to offer on the life or the identity of this gentleman will be greatly appreciated.—Lloyd P. Hiatt, Supervisor, William S. Hart County Park, 24151 North Newhall Avenue, Newhall, California 91321

James M. McDonald-Patricia O'Neill

On December 23, 1923, I married James Murdock McDonald, a soldier of World War 1 returned to Camp Meade, Maryland for discharge. He rejoined a month later and went to Camp Lewis, Washington. I had a job in Washington, D. C., so remained there. Walter D. McDonald was born at Walter Reid, October 28, 1924, and brought James out of the army. He joined the Coast Guard, was stationed at Cape May, New Jersey, then Ferrandina, Florida, then went to Connecticut Coast Guard College to become diesel machinist on the *Fredric Lee*. He was drowned in Charlestown Harbor, Boston, Massachusetts, and buried in Arlington Cemetery in 1927.

Never have I been able to trace any relatives. First he was at Calgary, Alberta, then Spokane where his father, Alexander McDonald, was sheriff. His mother was French, named Margaret. His war insurance was made out to a sister, Margaret, at Calgary. I have written to every Alexander McDonald supplied by the Census Bureau. At one time James returned to Spokane to hunt his folks, and said they were dead.

We had a beautiful daughter in 1926 who later became a night club entertainer under the name Patricia O'Neill. I have not heard from her in eleven years. My son Walter just came back to Kansas City after sixteen years in Fairbanks Alaska, and wants to know about his father and sister. She inherited her father's brown eyes, black hair and fine figure. Patricia has a son, James O'Neill, age twenty-one. I am now eighty-two, so won't have much more time to wonder about my family. I would be glad to hear from anyone who knows where Patricia is now.

I was born nine miles west of Kansas City, Kansas. My family was the first in the state, the Grinters. Moses came to Kansas in 1828 and built a big brick house on a hill above the river, where he ran a ferry. We are now trying to save this house, the oldest in Wyandotte County.—Sibyl S. McDonald, 1312 Indiana, Kansas City, Missouri 64129

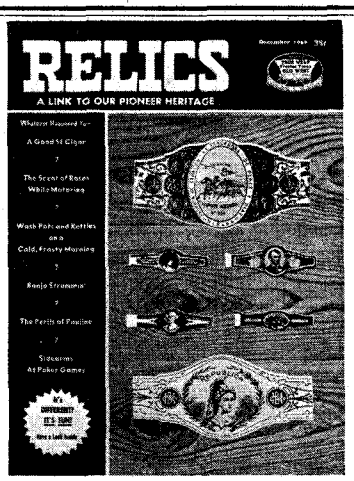
Davis

I am searching for the parents' names of my great-grandfather, Christopher Columbus Davis. His mother's maiden name, Dodd, supposed to be either part or full Cherokee Indian and a sister of Jim Dodd.

C. C. Davis (called Columbus) born April 19, 1851 in Austin, Texas, died November 13, 1915 in Big Wells, Texas, married (1) before 1880 to a lady of Austin, had two children; married (2) about 1881 to Laura McDonald born April 30, 1857, daughter of J. C. and Eliza McDonald. J. C. born about 1823, Louisiana; Eliza born about 1831, Louisiana.

Columbus and Laura Davis lived at the following places in Texas: 1881, Iuka, a

(Continued on page 72)



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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 69)

small town near Pleasanton, now nonexistent; 1883, Poteet; 1887, Talver; 1889, near Barksdale; later Big Wells.

C. Columbus Davis was an old trail driver with headquarters in Uvalde, Texas. He also built many reservoirs around Big Wells which are still in use today.

C. Columbus had a sister Cynthia who married Jim Dodd. They had a son Jim and a daughter Cynthia, later lived in Oklahoma.

C. Columbus' father was in the Texas Rangers. Listed on the rolls is Columbus Davis, February 5, 1858 to August 5, 1858, born Austin, Texas. Is this my great-great-grandfather?—Mrs. Beverly L. Despines, Rural Route 1, Box 53, Trivoli, Illinois 61569

David and Preticia Bruton

As I traveled through Jack County, Texas last summer on vacation I had the pleasure of meeting an old gentleman who knew my grandparents on my father's side of the family. My grandparents passed on ten to twenty years before my time. He showed me their graves which lie about twelve miles southwest of Jacksboro and ten miles southeast of Bryson, Texas in a small cemetery called Dark Corners. They had only some sandstone markers on their graves with just their initials on them and they are getting quite dim. The letters D.D.B. on Grandfather's stands for David (middle name unknown) Bruton Grandmother's has P. B. which stands for Preticia (called Patsy, middle initial unknown) Bruton. No date of birth or death is on them and I understand these records were destroyed by fire in the Jacksboro Courthouse years ago.

All I know is that Grandfather fought in the Civil War and was wounded in one hand. Grandmother died in either 1909 or 1910. They were the parents of Jessy James, Levy, Acey, Richard David, and one other brother and, I believe, two sisters, names unknown. Jessy left Texas around 1900 to come west. About forty years later a fellow told my sister in Phoenix, Arizona that he had met him about thirty years before while Jessy was driving a bunch of horses from Texas. This fellow stayed in Phoenix and said that Jessy came on into California. That was the last that was ever heard from him. He was single when he left Texas. Richard Bruton was my father. All Jessy's brothers and sisters have passed on. If Jessy married and left any children I would like to hear from them.—H. L. Bruton, 2155 Highway 86, Apartment 143, El Centro, California 92243

Mapels-Purselley-Williams

Dan Mapels was a U. S. Marshal and Marion Dow Mapels was a U. S. Deputy Marshal around 1878 in Indian Territory. Christopher C. Williams was a private in Company B, 1st Battalion, Massachusetts Heavy Artillery and later joined Simpson's Regiment, Company F, as a corporal. I do not know much about Purselley except that he joined the Confederate Army in Arkansas. After the war he came to Hood County. If anyone knows anything about these men, please contact me.—Allen Purselley, Route 2, Granbury, Texas 76048

William Isom Puckett

I hope to find people with the same name as mine. My grandfather, William Isom Puckett (birthplace unknown) married a lady whose last name was Copley in St. Louis, Missouri. Their daughter, Hattie, was born there. They then moved to Rock Ford, Colorado where a son, William Isom Puckett, was born in 1883. He is my father. When he was a young man they moved to Baggs, Wyoming and were there a while before moving to Oregon. The Puckett boys broke up and went different ways. I don't know if it was in St. Louis that some stayed.—Buddie Puckett, Box 162, Dayton, Washington 99328

George William Moore

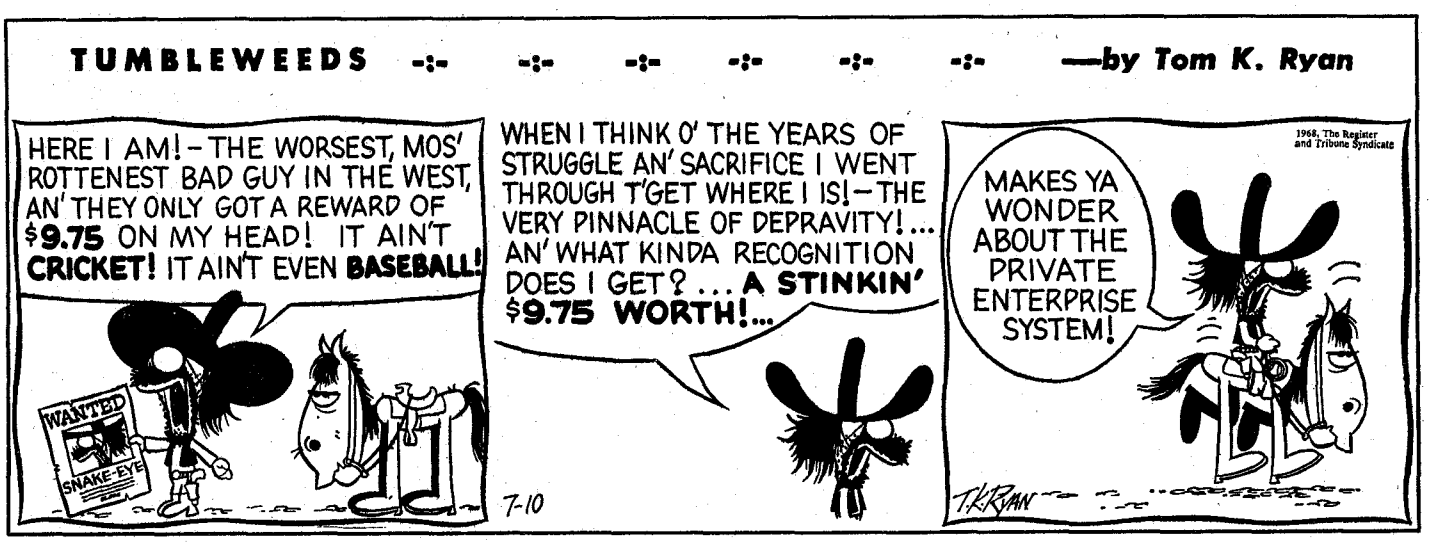
My husband's great-grandfather George William (Billy) Moore homesteaded property at Sulphur Springs, Hopkins County, Texas. By his first wife (name unknown) two daughters were born, Nancy and Sarah Ann, and one son John. His second wife was Polly Vaden (Vaiden) who was my husband's great-grandmother. They had six children, Lou or Lutie who married a Johnson; Emma who married Preacher Middleton and lived in Searcy, Arkansas; William Isom who married Rosa Logston and lived at Sulphur Springs, Texas; Thomas Harrison who married Fanny Miller and lived at Ore City, Upshur County, Texas; Eli T. Moore who married Ida Mae Davidson and lived in Fort Worth, Texas; and Jasper Andrew Moore who married Elzada Morris and lived in Collinsville, Oklahoma, the latter being my husband's grandparents. We would very much like to correspond with the descendants of any of these families.—Mr. & Mrs. Ted Moore, Box 86, Santa Maria, California 93454

Pettit

I would greatly appreciate any information concerning my great-great-grandfather Ashford or Ashley Pettit, who lived in Alabama sometime around the Civil War, somewhere near Dodson and Duck Station. I have no idea where these places are in Alabama and would like to know so that I can make use of the federal census records. Ashley Petitt died around 1895 at the age of eighty-four. He married a Finley and had eleven children. I would like to contact their descendants. They were: Calib, who was killed in the Civil War; Mathew, who moved to Texas; Nathan, who moved to West Texas; William, Elmery, Zachariah, who moved to Cleburne County, Arkansas in the 1870s; Joseph my great-grandfather, who moved to Arkansas with Zachariah; John, Sennie, Frank, who moved to Arkansas; and Allison.—Glen Pettit, 364 Sutter Street, Medford, Oregon 97501

Altha Lee Neil

I would appreciate hearing from anyone knowing the whereabouts of Altha Lee Neil. The last time I saw her was in Dallas, Texas in 1936. Due to our leaving unexpectedly we lost track of her. I returned to Dallas in 1949 and was told that Altha was then living in Chicago, Illinois. No one could furnish me her address. Altha was born in San Antonio, Texas. I met her while she was attending the Thomas School for Girls at the same time I was attending Peacock Military College, both in San Antonio, in 1916. Anyone knowing her whereabouts would be appreciated by me and my family.—Stephen R. Hootaire, 1904 Colegrove Avenue, Montebello, California 90640



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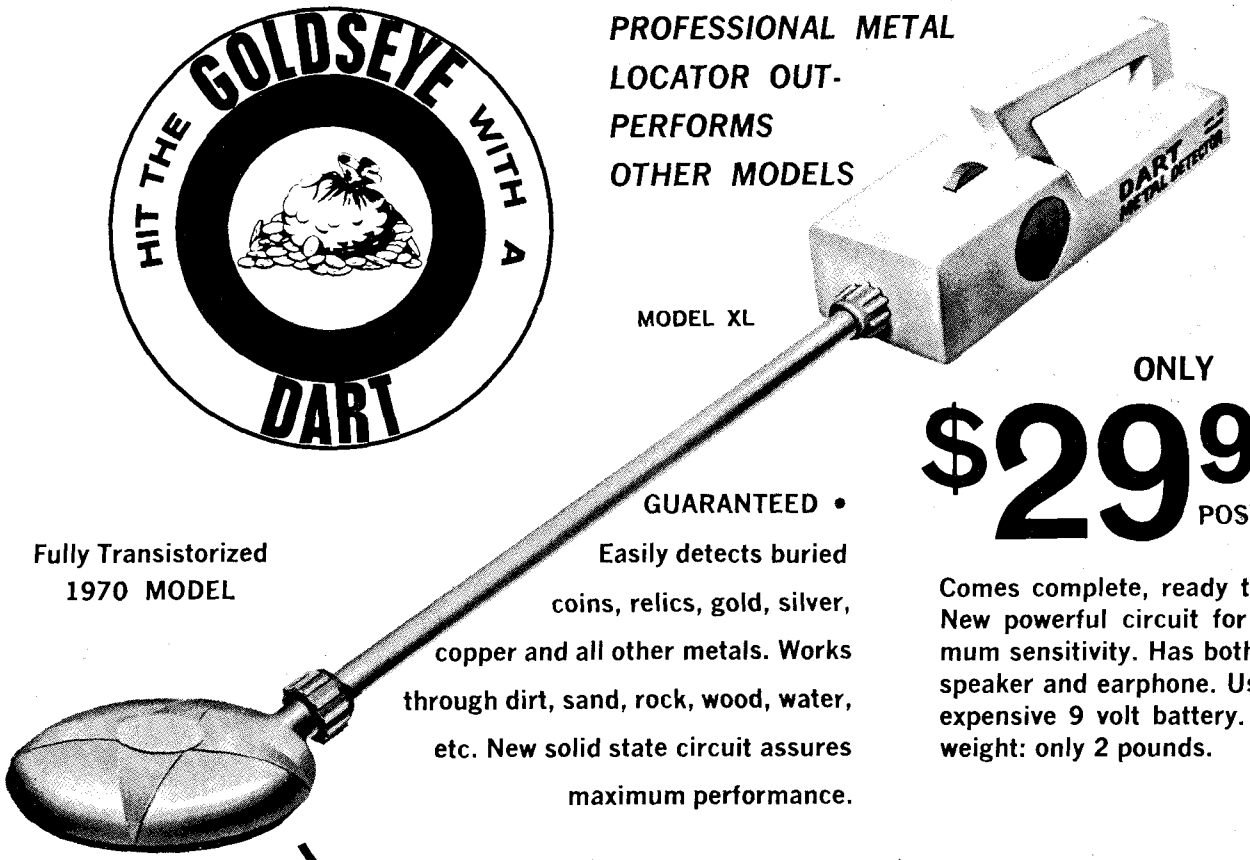

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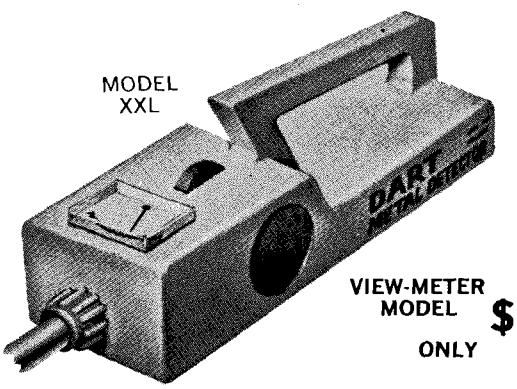

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